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THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY 1, 1850.

ART. I. *A Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion.* By THEODORE PARKER. 8vo, pp. 380. London: Chapman.

To describe the present age as one of great physical or mental activity would be only to repeat one of the commonplaces of the times. As little novelty would there be in an attempt to show that, notwithstanding its drawbacks, there are advantages, of many kinds, which of necessity result from this activity. It is more to our present purpose to observe, that the operation of this restless and intense kind of life is not found to be in the main favourable as regards the religion inculcated in the New Testament. Its general effect, both on the Continent and in this country, has been to cause men to postpone the question of religion altogether, as a most subtle and troublesome affair; or else to dispose them to substitute a vague religiousness, half poetical, half philosophical, or half we know not what, in place of that more definite and authoritative faith which was of some value in the eyes of their fathers. That religion may give little trouble, it is made to be so personal as to cease to be relative, or so misty as to cease to be worthy of pursuit. Like a bastard clarity, it not only begins but ends with the individual; and isolation comes so far into the place of fellowship, personal bias into the place of an external authority, that every man claims to be a religion to himself, a priesthood to himself, a church—in fact, all things to himself.

It is only natural, however, that such a tendency in the public mind should call forth priests and preachers of the kind felt to be adapted to it. The hour must have its men. The demand will create the supply. The new race of prophets, accordingly, who have tendered their services in obedience to this call, are not few. Some of them are much too frothy and

mystical to do great harm to any one. Others are men of some earnestness and power—too much so, at least, to allow of its being safe that their doings should be wholly disregarded.

The effect of the labours of this latter class is twofold. They do much to strengthen the negative tendencies of society at large on this subject, and thus to prevent the accession of devout believers to the Church from that quarter. They do much, moreover, to weaken all spiritual conviction, and to diffuse an unsettled and vagrant cast of thinking and feeling within the Church itself. Many of our pious and simple-minded people, who are much more at home in deploring evils than in detecting the causes of them, are not a little bewildered and distressed by these appearances. Upon such persons the existing state of things has come as a blow struck in the dark. The effects of the impulsive force at work are manifest enough; but of the force itself, they see nothing—know nothing. The relations, however, of cause and effect in this case are strictly natural. The state of religion has always been powerfully affected by the state of society. The action between the world and the Church has ever been reciprocal. Even the supernatural is by no means independent of the natural. The action of the human is strong even upon what is in its nature divine. The plant is hardly more dependent on the nature of the soil and atmosphere for the kind of growth which it is to realize, than is religion on the temperament and circumstances of communities for its particular developments. A state of society deeply charged with religious indifference may call forth in some minds the reaction of religious bigotry; but it will do much, also, towards conforming the creed of others to its own flexible standard, reducing their feeling, by slow degrees, to the same level of coldness and barrenness. The mist is dense and cold, and there is no keeping its chilling force from the heart of the traveller. The pestilence is so strong without, that nothing can prevent its penetrating within the walls of the citadel itself. We have enough, assuredly, in the facts which come out broadly before us every day, to warrant the conclusion, that the religious convictions of men in our time are not, for the most part, in a healthy state. Almost everywhere we meet with either weakness or excess in this respect—a weakness that can hardly be said to include anything of a real spiritual life, or an excess in which religion seems lost in fanaticism. The former shows us what the scepticism of the world may do, when it insinuates itself into the Church; and the latter shows us what the restless and destructive passions of the world may do, when allowed to extend

their infections to the same enclosure. No doubt, the modern Church embraces many better elements than these, but these elements are so obvious and so pervading, as to demand grave attention from those who should be watchers in Israel.

Now, if these aspects of society, so little favourable to anything truly Christian, are to be amended, it is not enough that we should scowl upon them. To denounce these subtle tendencies in harsh language will avail little. The thing needed is, that they should be analyzed, exposed, and resisted, with weapons of their own order. We pretend not that our received theological systems are infallible. We admit that, in many respects, they may need softening and amending, and that one effect of the controversy now in process may be to bring to them such amendment. But the obvious tendency of the onset now made is, not so much to reform as to annihilate—not so much to give us a purer Christianity, as to practice a fraud upon us, by giving the name and place of Christianity to certain elements of a purely natural religion.

Our examination of the work at the head of this article will supply abundant proof on this point. Mr. Theodore Parker describes himself as ‘Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury, Mass.’ We have been informed that the Unitarian body of Massachusetts have refused to recognise Mr. Parker as being, in any honest sense, a Christian minister. Our present business, however, is not with Mr. Parker’s position as a man, but simply with his works as an author. These, we may presume, have done, and are still doing, their work of evil in America. We know that they are read considerably, and with mischievous effect, among ourselves.

Beside the volume intitled, a ‘Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion,’ Mr. Parker has published a volume of ‘Miscellaneous Writings,’ consisting mostly of papers designed to further the influence of his own strongly marked opinions on questions of religion and theology. The ‘Discourse’ extends to nearly four hundred closely printed pages, and is divided into five ‘Books,’ under the following titles:—‘I. Of Religion in General; or, a Discourse on the Religious Sentiment and its Manifestations.—II. The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to God; or, a Discourse of Inspiration.—III. The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to Jesus of Nazareth; or, a Discourse of Christianity.—IV. The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to the greatest of Books; or, a Discourse of the Bible.—V. The Relation of the Religious Sentiment to the greatest of Human Institutions; or, a Discourse of the Church.’ The chief papers in the ‘Miscellaneous Writings’ bear, as we

have intimated, on subjects of the same complexion, and we may quote from both volumes in our attempt to determine the tendency and value of Mr. Parker's speculations.

I. The **STYLE** of Mr. Parker is effective of its kind. The kind, however, is not natural—it is highly artificial; it is, throughout, of the *intense* cast. The ordinary and the extraordinary are given in the same tone; everything comes to you in the same weighty and emphatic diction. Channing had this fault; but, in him, the monotony is less felt, inasmuch as his manner is more easy. He speaks to you in one cadence, but that cadence is nearer the average that obtains in communications between men of cultivated minds, whereas Mr. Parker's tune is always set to a very high and loud key-note. His manner seems to suggest that he has a strong suspicion that his auditory is disposed to go to sleep, and that everything depends on his making it felt that he is himself wide awake. This uneasy feeling gives a sharp, angular, and startling effect to his whole manner.

Our own notion of a good style is, that it should resemble good talking, or good oral communication, in all the grades of such communication from the lowest to the highest. This conception embraces everything, from the most familiar chit-chat to the loftiest peal of oratorical thunder. Whatever is felt by any intelligent man to be varied and natural as heard, must be so felt as read; and whatever is monotonous as written, must be so felt, in a great degree, as spoken. It is a great mistake, we think, to suppose that a style which you do not hear well, is a style that would read well. If well spoken, it should be more effective as spoken than read. In speaking, you may give to your style the advantage of a good elocution; in writing, the only way to compensate for that loss is to give to your composition a greater amount of variety and vivacity. Good reading is speaking from a book, and good writing is the same. There are some preachers who express themselves naturally enough in all the common intercourses of life, but who begin to sing the moment they begin to preach. There are some authors, also, whose conversation is most natural, whose language and manner show a flexibility adapted to all the varieties of emotion, from 'grave to gay, from lively to severe,' but who no sooner begin to write, than a spell seems to come over them, and you see them swell on and on, in a stiff rhetorical fashion, as if moving to the tune of the 'Duke of York's March.' With these persons, to sit down to write is like dressing for a dinner party. Everything now is to be conventional. The good man is now haunted by that spectre—the *dignity* of authorship, and

in striving toward that dignity, loses all hold upon nature. He casts the great and little in the same mould, straining everything he says up to the same degree of tension—all of which is about as natural as that one's manner should be the same when bidding a neighbour good morning, and when telling him his house is on fire.

Mr. Parker's style is overspread with fault of this kind, and we refer to it in these decisive terms, because it is not his fault only, but one which has become, in a great measure, a vice of the age. It is a tendency toward a swollen, elephantine sort of display, which is allowed to pass, in many quarters, for a great deal more than it is worth; and into the imitation of which not a few of our young men are in danger of being seduced. It seems to be thought that our age is one in which the steam must always be kept at high pressure—one in which no man must hope to get attention to his wisdom, except as he shall appear to have become breathless in his earnestness to communicate it. The quiet, calm, pithy sentences, in which many of our old writers gave expression to their rich inner nature, are distrusted. Men dare not confide in such a method, high and noble as it was. Such profound sayings may have been well enough as addressed to the recluse, and such a manner of putting them forth may have done for people of leisurely taste, but the modern world has nothing of the recluse or the leisurely in it. If you would become its teacher, you must become striking. Your manner must be hurried and feverish, like its own, compressing great wisdom—or, rather, seeming to do so—within very narrow limits, and assuming it as certain that men may become wise now-a-days by intuition, rather than by labour. Our French neighbours have been our preceptors in this kind of taste, and it will be well if the French superficiality, and something worse, be not the result. For ourselves, we must confess, that the older we become, the less disposed are we to commit ourselves implicitly to the guidance of any man in whose style the rhetorician is very prominent. The passion to be very showy in this way is hardly compatible with a sincere love of truth. The man who would teach with accuracy must sometimes risk the charge of dulness.

Single passages from Mr. Parker's writings, like single passages from Gibbon's history, may seem to challenge praise rather than censure, as being remarkable for the terseness of their diction and the compression of their meaning. But it must be remembered, our complaint of Mr. Parker's style is not that it is all fault, but that it is faulty because at best it is strongly pervaded by mannerism; because this mannerism is of that dogmatic and rhetorical kind which is more favourable to

declamation than to calm and satisfactory discussion; and because a mannerism of any kind, so constantly recurring as in the pages of our author, must be wearisome. Take the following paragraph, which is the second that has met our eye on now opening the book, as an example:

‘Arts have their patron divinity. Phœbus-Apollo inspires the poet and artist; the Muses—daughters of Mercury and Jove—fire the bosom from their golden urn of truth; Thor, Ares, Mars, have power in war; a sober virgin-goddess directs the useful arts of life; a deity presides over agriculture, the labours of the smith, the shepherd, the weaver, and each art in life. He defends men engaged in these concerns. Every nation, city, or family, has its favourite god—a Zeus, Athena, Juno, Odin, Baal, Jehovah, Osiris, or Melkartha, who is supposed to be partial to the nation which is his ‘chosen people.’ Now, perhaps, no nation ever believed in many separate, *independent*, absolute deities. All the gods are not of equal might. One is King of all, the God of gods, who holds the others with an iron sway. Sometimes he is the All-Father, sometimes the All-Fate, which, in some ages, seems to be made a substitute for the one true God. Each nation trusts that its own god is greater than the gods of all other nations; or, in time of war, seeks to seduce the hostile gods by sacrifice, promise of temples and ceremonies, a pilgrimage or a vow. Thus the Romans invoked the gods of their enemy to come out of the beleaguered city and join with them, the conquerors of the world. The gods were to be had at a bargain. Jacob drives a trade with Elohim; the god receives a *human* service as adequate return for his own *divine* service. The promise of each is only ‘for value received.’—*Discourse*, p. 51.

Now, no one will deny that a man who writes thus must be a man of some power. Our complaint is that the power should be so artificial in its action, the art in it being so bad that you see it at every step. But we are not sure that this facility in chopping up thought into the smallest possible quantities is a desirable one, nor that minds are likely to be healthy which must receive their daily food in these homœopathic apportionments, or not at all. The mechanical process by which this is done being once mastered, to repeat it to any extent can hardly be difficult. But let any man read a hundred pages, in which every paragraph comes upon him in this precise manner, like a volley of grape-shot—every new sentence evincing a new striving towards condensation, point, or antithesis—and the transition from a style betraying such a ceaseless solicitude to strike and astonish, to such prose as we find in Cowper and Southey, must be felt, we think, as no small relief. If those authors do not aim at so much nervous energy as Mr. Parker, it is because they did not regard man’s nerves as destined to be always thus

upon the stretch ; and if they abound less in the volcanic, it is because our God-ordained existence upon earth did not present itself to them as abounding in such explosions. In nature, such actions of fire and storm are the exceptions, not the rule. We repeat, this intense style is one of the vices of our age ; and we find it almost as difficult to expect pure truth from a writer who is deeply fascinated with it, as to expect sobriety from a drunkard. It may be good in its own place, but Mr. Parker has it in all places. Were our author a trafficker, the notices in his window would not be of the tame sort—‘Selling off,’ ‘Reduced Prices,’ ‘Prime Cost’—the words would be—‘Tremendous Sacrifice!’ ‘Giving away!’—letters and notes of admiration being proportionately large.

II. Our business, however, is not so much with the style of Mr. Parker’s writings as with their substance and spirit. Their substance, we think we shall be able to show, is, to a great extent, fallacious, and their spirit, we regret to say, is not a little INTOLERANT. Of course, we have the usual professions of liberalism, and the usual denunciations against persecution—especially persecution for the sake of opinion. But our readers can hardly need to be reminded that it is not confined to the magistrate to be a persecutor. Persecution by the magistrate, or by the magistrate at the bidding of the priest, is only a particular mode of carrying out that common spirit of injustice and malevolence which the word persecution implies. The man who is unjust towards the opinions of his neighbour, and, above all, who is unjust towards the interest of his neighbour because of his opinions, is a persecutor. The malignant spirit is the same, whether the form in which it gets vent be seen in the heretic whose flesh is consuming at the stake, or in certain sleek and wily doings by which damage is made to fall on the reputation or social station of an antagonist. In our age, the more prevalent form of persecution is naturally of this indirect description. Among ourselves, the spirit and circumstances of the times are found to be stronger than the temper of the intolerant, and limit the effects of that temper to such injuries as man may inflict on man without the intervention of state power. But often it would seem as though the bitter waters of intolerance were rushing on with double impetuosity in the open or covert ways, still left to them, as the consequence of being shut out from so many of their old channels. One has known men, who while thundering their anathemas against persecution, have been themselves persecutors in their turn with all the constancy of habit. The man of another thinking has

been accounted,* and for this reason, as an enemy, not in avowal, but in fact; and it has been quietly assumed, that fidelity to the supposed truth which that man rejects, must demand that nothing shall be done which might in any way serve his reputation, however honest the doing of it might be, but that everything shall be done that may be done with expediency and safety to detract from his influence. Often may you see that it has been deemed really better that the truth itself should go unserved than that an opponent should become entitled to commendation in defending it. The men who shine in these amiabilities are sometimes haughty priests in long robes; and sometimes your great liberty folk, who have a special horror of all such people and such gear.

Mr. Parker may not go quite so far in this respect as some gentlemen of our acquaintance, but he is nevertheless an adept in securing ends of this nature after the approved modern fashion. Nothing can exceed the scorn with which he depicts the alleged imbecilities of the orthodox, or the loathing with which he lays bare the fraudulence, cowardice, selfishness,—monstrosities of all kinds, said to be chargeable on these persons. Not to think so lightly concerning the authority of Scripture as our author, is to suffer the penalty of being turned into the street by his hand, labelled to all beholders as a ‘fool;’ not to be as little dependent, moreover, as Mr. Parker himself on the sacred scriptures for religious doctrine, is to be exposed, after the same manner, with the word ‘knave’ in the place of fool. Hindoos, Buddhists, Mohammedans, savages in all grades, may err to any extent about the objects of their worship, and become base and atrocious to any extent in their worship itself, and all be a natural and venial affair;—but woe to the man who, while calling himself a Christian, shall fail to see with Mr. Parker that the authority of our supposed revelation is naught, and that the doctrines commonly said to be taught there are manifestly false. Such men, it would seem, are the culprits whom all should agree to execrate, exercising pity—large pity towards the rest. Such men, we are told, have no mission to our age, except to exemplify, in these later times, the living image of the Pharisee of a former time. It is thus our author writes on this topic:

‘The Pharisee is resolved, God willing, or God not willing, to keep up the form, so he would get into a false position were he *to dare to think*. His thought might not agree with the form, and *since he loves the dream of his fathers better than God’s truth*, he forbids all progress in the form. So he begins *by not preaching what he believes*, and so on comes to *preach what he believes not*. These are the men

who boast they have Abraham to their father; yet, as it has been said, they come of quite a different stock, which also is ancient and of great renown.

‘The Pharisee’s faith is in the letter, not in the spirit. Doubt in his presence, that the Book of Chronicles and the Book of Kings are not perfectly inspired and infallibly true; *on those very points where they are exactly opposite*; doubt that the Infinite God inspired David to denounce his enemies, Peter to *slay Ananias*, Paul to *predict events which never came to pass*, and Matthew and Luke, John and Mark, to make *historical statements which can never be reconciled*, and he sets you down as an infidel, though you keep all the commandments from your youth up, lack nothing, and live as John and Paul prayed they might live. With him the *unpardonable sin* is to doubt that ecclesiastical doctrine to be true which *reason revolts at*, and *conscience and faith spurn off with loathing*. With him *the Jews are more than the human race*. The Bible is his *master*, not his *friend*. He would not that you should take its poems as its authors took them; nor its narratives for what they are worth, as you take others. He will not allow you to accept the life of Christianity; but you must have its letter also, *of which Paul and Jesus said not a word*. If you would drink the water of life, *you must take likewise the mud it has been filtered through*, and drink out of an orthodox urn. You must shut up *reason, conscience, and common sense* when you come to those books, which above all others came out of this triple fountain. To those books he limits divine inspiration, and, in his modesty, has looked so deep into the councils of God, that he knows the live coal of inspiration has touched no lips but the Jewish. No; nor never shall. Does the Pharisee do this from true reverence for the word of God, which was in the beginning, which is life, and which lighteth every man that cometh into the world? Let others judge. But there is a blindness of the heart, to which the fabled darkness of Egypt was noon-day light. That is not the worst scepticism which, with the Saducee, denies both angel and resurrection, but that which *denies man the right to think, to doubt, to conclude*; which hopes for no light save from the ashes of the past, and *would hide God’s truth from the world with the flap of its long robe*.’—*Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 172, 173.

So soft spoken is our modern prophet when bearing witness against his neighbour. The italics in this extract are our own; they are given as indicating the tone of dogmatism with which the most doubtful questions are settled by our author; and the summary and exaggerated style in which all the virtues are allotted to the side of his own course of thinking, and all the vices to the side of the men who do not speculate after that same manner. Nothing, it would seem, can be more easy than to suppose that all the good qualities of our nature have contributed to make a man a deist; while nothing can be more

difficult than to suppose that any such influence can have had *anything* to do with sustaining modern orthodoxy. We might occupy many pages in exposing the assumption, misrepresentation, and injustice contained in this single extract, and the same might be done with nearly every second paragraph in the works of this most declamatory writer. Of course we do not deny that evils of the kind thus denounced more or less exist; but for a man to write in a fashion which, if it has any meaning, must be in effect to say that all men who receive the Scriptures after the manner which has been hitherto common among Christians, and not after the manner which until recently has been peculiar to professed deists, must be men who do so under the influence of the mob of despicable vices here imputed to them, is to give us libellous invective, in place of the discrimination and candour to be expected from a man engaged in the discussion of such themes. Mr. Parker complains of the hard names which orthodox religionists sometimes apply to men like himself—but is it for him to cast a stone of this sort? Has he not given us ample proof that there may be fanaticism in the assault upon orthodoxy, as truly as in the defence of it—that the man who believes little, may be quite as well skilled in the use of the *odium theologicum* as the man who believes much?

In this identification of particular opinions with particular forms of spiritual wickedness, so conspicuous in the writings of Mr. Parker, we find the root of all persecution. What inquisitor ever sent his victim to the stake because of his being *religious*? His known opinions are construed as proofs of his special depravity. So has it ever been with our sceptics who have become persecutors. Persecute religion!—you see them excited to expressions of sanctimonious amazement by the thought. No!—what they wish to suppress is not religion, but an absurd and mischievous fanaticism called by that name. Every man will see the expediency of this course. The ill name must be given before the hanging begins. For our part, from what we see in such writings as Mr. Parker's, and in the conduct of such rationalists on the continent as have had the power to persecute, we must confess we should be scarcely more hopeful of religious liberty under the sway of scepticism, than under that of superstition. If the latter would be eager to suppress religion as heresy, the former, we fear, would be no less intent on suppressing it as a nuisance. Take the following as a specimen of the candour which men who venture to think that Christianity does really include something supernatural have to lay their account with at almost every step from the hands of Mr. Parker:—

‘Men ask of this system, (Supernaturalism) ‘How do you know there is in man nothing but the product of sensation, or miraculous tradition; that man cannot approach God except by miracle; that these mediators received truth miraculously, taught all truth, nothing but the truth; that you have their words, pure and unmixed, in your Scriptures; that God has no farther revelation to make?’ The answer is—‘*We find it convenient to assume all this, and accordingly have banished Reason from the premises, for she asked troublesome questions. We condescend to no proof of the facts; you must take our word for that.*’ Thus the main doctrines of the theory rest on assumptions—on no facts.’—*Discourses*, p. 157.

The italics in this passage are marked by the author. We need not attempt to expose the ribald injustice—injustice to the extent of gross caricature, which is crowded into this short space. But it is proper to say that we could fill many pages with extracts of the same description.

III. But it is time we should come to the matter of RELIGION, in Mr. Parker’s view of it. Our author is a resolute disciple of what he calls ‘*absolute religion*,’ by which we are to understand those simplest elements of merely natural religion which are supposed to underlie all the local and temporary systems of religion the world has ever seen. The sentiment, the feeling which disposes all men to become, in some sense, religious, is described as imperishable, and the exercise of this feeling towards its object, whatever that object may be, is accounted as religion. In the judgment of Mr. Parker, Christianity itself, as taught by Christ, consists of nothing more or less than the fundamental and unchanging principles of the religion called ‘absolute.’ This is said to be its glory—the pledge of its immortality. Whatever may have become connected with it of another kind is the work of man, and, like all man’s works, will be subject to change, while the nature of man himself, and real Christianity as founded upon it, will be ever the same. Jesus taught Christianity because it is all this: it is not all this *because* he taught it. In this view, all religions are more or less true, but Christianity is the most true—that is, all other religions are more or less natural, but Christianity is the most natural. God is in all truth and in all goodness. In this sense—but only in this sense—he was eminently in Jesus. Religion being reduced to these simple moral elements, to the truth of which the moral consciousness in man is supposed to furnish the strongest possible response and confirmation, all *need* of special intervention, miracles, or

revelation in the ordinary sense, is superseded, and, as a consequence, the conclusion is, that nothing thus extraordinary has ever happened. 'God was no more in the history of the Hebrews than in the history of the Egyptians, except as the former can be shown to have been in possession of more moral or religious truth than the latter. The following passage gives the substance of the theory, which the author presents in all sorts of lights, in the course of his declamatory march.

'In passing judgments on different religious states, we are never to forget that there is no monopoly of Religion by any nation or age. Religion itself is one and the same. He that worships truly, by whatever form, worships the Only God: He hears the prayer, whether called Brama, Jehovah, Pan, or Lord, or called by no name at all. Each people has its Prophets and its Saints; and many a swarthy Indian, who bowed down to wood and stone—many a grim-faced Calmuck, who worshipped the great God of Storms—many a Grecian peasant, who did homage to Phœbus-Apollo, when the sun rose or went down—yes, many a savage, his hands smeared all over with human sacrifice, shall come from the east and the west, and sit down in the kingdom of God with Moses and Zoroaster, with Socrates and Jesus; while men who called daily on the only living God, who paid their tribute and bowed at the name of Christ, shall be cast out, because they did no more.'—*Discourse*, p. 83.

Now we hold, as firmly as Mr. Parker, that men will be 'judged by what they have, and not by what is withheld;' but, from his general view of religion, we dissent most emphatically, and from not a little in the strain of speculation by which he has arrived at this view. The process of reasoning which has conducted him to these results may be indicated in three or four propositions, each of which we shall briefly examine, and in the order which their nature suggests.

IV. It is laid down in Mr. Parker's scheme of argument, that *a written revelation from the past to the present—in the Christian sense of the term revelation—is not POSSIBLE.* This is the ground taken, not only by our author, but by a large school of speculators whom he may be said to represent. It is maintained, that there is a necessary inadequacy and insecurity in such a mode of communication, considered as the means of transmitting pure and definite thought from ages far remote to the men of a later time. No presentation of truth can have come to us from the past, which, through the necessary uncertainties of language, will not be much less trustworthy than the power of discerning it which each man possesses in his own mind.

It is worthy of observation, however, that this alleged insecurity

of language as the vehicle of ideas is quite a modern discovery. It is a new light, confined to this department of criticism, and which remained to be introduced by the sceptics of the present century. The fact of its recent origin is enough to justify suspicion as to its soundness. The principles relating to some portions of physical science are so little settled as to admit of something new every day, but it is not so with the principles of literary criticism. The men of two thousand years ago were as capable of judging in regard to the functions of language, as the men of our own day, and we know how they judged.

Nor is this all; it has not only been common to the men of all past time to regard the literature of bygone times as adequate to transmit the ideas of those times to their own; it is a fact that the men now in our view are themselves firm believers in this old doctrine in the case of all histories *save one*—the exception being to the province of history when appealed to in support of a divine revelation. The writings of Mr. Parker are as much historical as theological. His appeals to the facts of history, and his historical illustrations, come up in every page; and nothing can be farther from his manner than any sign of suspicion as to the general trustworthiness of his historical guides. Nor does he restrict his faith in the past to the great facts, or to the mere facts of that past;—he manifestly believes that the doctrines, the ideas of men, in those times, in the departments of the most subtle speculation, have come down to us in a state to be fully credited. He never doubts that we have the means of judging with certainty concerning the ideas of Plato or Aristotle, of Socrates or Confucius. Why, then, should not the channel of conveyance which is admitted to have been safe as regards the ideas of philosophers, be admitted as equally safe as regards the ideas of prophets or apostles?

Furthermore, our sceptic never fails to give us proof that he has the greatest imaginable confidence in the veracity of history in all cases in which it may be cited as *against* the validity of the scripture history. A Greek historian becomes as an oracle of truthfulness if he may be quoted against a Hebrew prophet, and even the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians become clear, and the chronology of the Chinese certain, when the object is to impeach the explicitness or the accuracy of our sacred records.

Our sceptic, moreover, believes, most unhesitatingly, in the statements of the scriptures themselves, whenever those statements are of a nature to seem to involve contradiction, and to require that the sacred writers should be put out of court on the ground of inconsistency. Nor can anything, it would seem, be more entitled to confidence, as a vehicle of thought, than the

language of our sacred books, so long as that language is restricted to an expression of the sentiments of natural religion only,—nothing, we are often told, can be more truthful in itself, or more historically just than such passages.

All these circumstances put together, force us to the conclusion that our opponents must have brought a strong sinister bias with them to these inquiries.

It may be said in reply that these gentlemen do not deny the *general* truthfulness of the sacred Scriptures; that they merely claim the right to judge concerning the historical credibility of those documents, as they would in the case of ordinary writings admitted to be of merely human origin; and that, as the result, they find, along with many conspicuous signs of truthfulness, an amount of imperfection and discrepancy which render anything beyond a partial submission to their authority impossible. But our complaint is, that these gentlemen do *not* estimate the credibility of the Christian Scriptures as they estimate the credibility of other writings which have descended to us from the same antiquity. The evidence admitted as abundantly conclusive in the latter case, has no such weight attached to it in the former. Admitting some apparent, or, if you please, for the sake of argument, real discrepancies in the sacred writings, it can never be made to appear that these are such as to affect the general integrity of these histories, and still less the general substance of the doctrines set forth in them. Who has ever questioned the historical claims, or the doctrinal substance of the writings of Plato or Aristotle, as Mr. Parker and his coadjutors have questioned both the history and contents of the New Testament? Our author, for example, can get rid of all the miracles of the Gospels and the Acts at one swoop, and then makes so odd a use of the shreds and patches, without beginnings or endings, that are left to him, as to find in Jesus and Paul the prophets of a merely natural religion—the apostles of a refined deism, in which the spiritual wants of our own philosophical theists have been beautifully anticipated! Could we regard this as the style in which historical authorities should be dealt with, we must confess that we should ourselves attach very little value to them for any purpose. Could we, moreover, bring ourselves to think that the doctrine of Jesus and Paul was really such as Mr. Parker represents, we should ourselves become converts forthwith to the new opinion, that language can never be an adequate medium for conveying the ideas of one age to the mind of another. The mischief in this case would be, that, believing thus much, we should feel compelled to believe a great deal more. We should not only feel

obliged to give up all faith in history, but, distrusting the power of language to this extent as employed by the ancients, we should be obliged to distrust it as employed by the moderns—in the *Times* newspaper no less than in Cicero—at church on Sundays no less than in the Epistle to the Romans.

We scarcely need say that the case of men who take this ground must have become somewhat desperate. To reduce the authority of the New Testament to their own standard, they leave *no authority to history*; and to mould the doctrine of the New Testament into conformity with their own dogmas, they leave *no certainty to language*. As Mr. Parker would say in the like case, to escape from a subjection to the truth, they take refuge in the *Ultima Thule* of absurdity. But the grotesque inconsistency of the hypothesis of which this absurdity forms a part, will be further conspicuous if we glance at the next proposition in the series of assumptions on which it rests.

V. It is alleged, then, *that supposing a written revelation from the remote past to the present to exist, it must be COMPARATIVELY VALUELESS*. This notion comes in part from the assumption, that the contents of any supposed revelation must have respect to the principles of natural religion, and to nothing more. 'There is no difference but of words,' says Mr. Parker, 'between revealed and natural religion, for all natural religion is revealed in us or it could not be felt, and all revealed religion is natural, or it would be of no use.'—p. 33. But to write thus is to juggle with language, not to use it honestly. Of course, what is revealed to man is meant to be of use to him; and to this end it must be 'natural'—that is, it must be so far adapted to his nature that his natural powers may readily comprehend it, and apply it to its proper uses. In this sense, all revealed truth must be natural; but this is not the sense in which the term 'natural' is used by our author. The idea intended to be conveyed is, that all religious truth must be natural in the sense of being truth which the natural capacities of man might *discover*. It must not only be such as he may apprehend when made known, but such as he may attain to the knowledge of without any supernatural aid. The capacity to receive natural truth when revealed, is thus confounded with the capacity to rise, by the force of reason, to the highest degree of knowledge that can be supposed possible to us even through the intervention of a revelation. The two things in this case are among the most distinct imaginable; but Mr. Parker is not alone in overlooking this distinction. It is the fault of

his whole brotherhood, and a large portion of their scepticism may be traced to this blunder.

Assuredly there are *facts*—facts embodying *truths* having respect to other natures than our own, and to other states of existence than ours, with which we could never become acquainted by means of our present faculties, but which these faculties may nevertheless be competent to receive as reasonable, when presented as matters of a revelation. That the soul will exist in separateness from the body, that it is indestructible in its nature, and that it is destined to live for ever, are points we may regard as taking with them more or less probable evidence; but our present powers do not enable us to see these points as facts, or as demonstrated truths. Now it must be sheer perverseness to pretend, that what *we* do not see as certainties in these respects, cannot be seen as certainty by any nature separate from our own; and if we once suppose that what is not certainty to us, may be certainty elsewhere, we can readily understand how the *announcing*, the *revealing* of the fact of such certainty might become expedient, and how the reception of such a revelation in aid of our own unsteady convictions might be felt to be altogether reasonable, and highly advantageous. In this view, we can account such a revelation possible, even probable, though its contents should be restricted to the principles of natural religion only, inasmuch as we can conceive of such a revelation as giving to those principles much greater clearness and certainty.

But if this may be the case with regard to facts which embody the principles of natural religion merely, may it not be the case in a still greater degree with regard to facts which embody truths of a much higher significance? The doctrines of the resurrection of the body, and of a general judgment, in whatever sense we understand them, are doctrines which point to facts, and facts beyond the range of those coming within the cognizance of natural religion. If there be any sense in which these doctrines may be true, and in which they could not have been discovered by our reason, then there is a sense in which they may have come to us in a revelation. So, again, in respect to the divine nature, the forgiveness of sin, and the presence of the divinity in the souls of men; to pretend that there is nothing true in relation to these facts which our reason has not penetrated and compassed, must be to rave, not to reason. But if there be any undiscovered truth in those connexions, then that truth may be of a nature to come to us as matter of revelation. ‘The question of miracles,’ says Mr. Parker, ‘is of no religious significance. They can be useful only to such as deny

‘our internal power of discerning truth,’ p. 208. Gently, good sir; the matter may not be settled thus. It is possible to be discriminating here. It is possible to distinguish between the nearer truth which this internal power may discern, and the remoter truth to which this power may not of itself attain, and thus the province of revelation may be not to proscribe any real capacity of the mind, but to exhibit *a clearer and higher range of truth for that capacity to act upon*. To deal in such discriminations, however, is not Mr. Parker’s manner—his method is more summary. Natural religion, he insists, is as manifest and certain as ‘the demonstrations and axioms of science,’ while the evidence in support of miracles is ‘notoriously uncertain,’ (p. 209.) And these points being settled, in so far as dogmatism can settle them, all difficulty is presumed to be at an end. Our own mode of looking at this subject is somewhat different.

The mind of man is so conditioned, that, if it is not to remain for ever a blank, it must be brought under the teaching of agencies altogether *external* to itself. The *senses*, all of which are of the body, and not of the soul, must be its first educators. No one dreams now-a-days that the mind is born with ideas or sentiments; the belief of all men is, that the mind is so constituted that, placed in connexion with the influences which now act upon it, ideas and sentiments naturally follow. But the influence external to the mind is indispensable. Apart from the aid of the senses, the soul of man could possess no more consciousness of an outward world, no more consciousness of any kind than a nonentity; the senses give it its first desires and its first thoughts; during some long years these are its chief schoolmasters. Under this schooling, the mind becomes acquainted slowly, imperceptibly, but naturally, with the qualities, relations, and laws of material things. In the history of man, this is the *first* stage in the *series of revelations* allotted to him. He has come out of darkness into a marvellous light—so marvellous that nothing but the gradualness of the transit and the familiarity of the result could have prevented his gazing upon it with a perpetual wonder. The sun, and moon, and stars, and the earth and sea,—all have been revealed to his spiritual perceptions by little and little, like the morning light. The colours, the forms, the substances, the magnitudes, the distances, the relations, the harmonies of the visible universe,—all have opened upon his soul as an ever-expanding Bible—have come to it as the voice of its first prophet, of its earlier evangelist. Nature is to the young soul as a revelation, and the senses are the revealers of it. The *capacity* to receive the knowledge thus derived belongs to the soul; but

the power which must come into action, to give the soul access to it, is external to the soul—the power of the senses.

Now in this stage, at least, it must be admitted that the soul of man is far from being competent to be a revelation to itself; nothing can be more absolute than its dependence. In so far it is clear, that the seeds of nature are not more dependent on the outward agency of soil and atmosphere, than the mind of man is dependent on the outward agency of the senses. Hence the great initiatory lesson suggested by this space in the history of the human soul would seem to be—that it has come into a state of existence in which, to become wise, it will need to look much beyond itself and above itself. Hitherto, its only source of knowledge has been the objective—the outward.

Much to the same effect are the conclusions suggested by man's subsequent history. His parents give him not only his existence, but the conditions of that existence. He becomes in the main as the community into which he is born becomes—much as that community itself is as a hundred communities that have gone before it have contributed to make it. We are all the offspring of the past to the extent of being moulded by it. To break in upon this chain of dependencies more than very partially, is not possible. To do so wisely in any case is a work of great difficulty. The world is a great school-house, in which the wisest are but children. In childhood we look up to parents, as to those who may not err. Our filial feeling is our religion—our progenitors are virtually our Bible. In youth, the breath of genius, and the sayings of the wise, are to us as a further inspiration. In this sense, all history is as a revelation ever revealing, and all experience is the same. If we ask whence came our science, our learning, all art, all knowledge—the finger of time points to the past, and we see the great stream of human intelligence take in its tributaries, from point to point, and flow on and on until it spreads itself out in its present amplitude before us. Now, many of our sceptics insist, and in very eloquent terms, that all these sources of knowledge should be regarded as so many forms of revelation. But their inference from this point is, that these revelations being so abundant, there can be no need of anything more. Having profited so far by light coming to him from *without*, our spiritualist stops, and refuses to receive any further aid from that quarter!

In the fact that our capacity for knowledge, and our thirst for knowledge, do not attain their object adequately without a revelation, we find a strong presumptive proof in favour of the existence of such a teacher. In the absoluteness of our

dependence on the external in early life—in the necessity laid upon the individual to look beyond his personal experience, we see great facts in the condition of human nature, which suggest most powerfully that it must ever behove man to be looking even above the system of nature, and above the human race itself, to the source of both for his higher truth—above the many revelations permanent on earth, to some fuller revelation specially from heaven.

Why should our doubters, after believing in divinely appointed revelations of an external kind in so many forms, evince so much repugnance to it in this one higher form? Why should it be deemed a thing incredible with them that God should make men dependent on outward teaching in a book for their last stage of knowledge, seeing that he has made them dependent on outward ministries of that kind for nearly all the knowledge they can possibly acquire? The Christian, in believing that God has spoken to man in the Bible, believes nothing concerning the Divine Being that is not in the most perfect harmony with the unalterable laws affecting our nature. Men are everywhere educating by means of revelations—that is, by external sources of knowledge, that God has assigned to them for that end—our Bible is only the climax of the series. True philosophy, therefore, no less than the special evidence of the case, sustains the Christian in his attempt to combine the letter of religion in the Bible with the spirit of religion in his own soul—in receiving the Bible as from heaven, that it might give special emphasis to the great truth, that ‘without holiness no man shall see the Lord.’

If this reasoning be just, we must see the value that should be attached to the objection—that the Deity could never have left anything so valuable as Christianity, in our view of it, to such uncertain media as ancient tongues, which are no longer spoken, and written documents, the originals of which have of necessity long since perished. Our answer is—it is the law of our condition, that whatever makes us men and not savages should have come to us through such media; and we are content that whatever makes us Christians and not pagans should have come to us after the same manner.*

Revelation, then, is thus consonant with all the analogies of Providence—meaning, moreover, by this term, not a revelation which reveals nothing, but a revelation which conveys to us its own truth. The exceptions, however, taken to the idea of a revelation in the Christian sense by Mr. Parker and others,

* Letter and Spirit, p. 53, *et seq.*

go beyond this point. It is argued that a supernatural revelation must be valueless, not only on the ground that it could only iterate the truths which all men know, or may know—but on the ground that a revelation made in remote time, whatever may have been its truth and value at that time, could not fail to become valueless by degrees, from the necessary progress of the human mind, and of religious knowledge in common with all other knowledge. The inspiration the world needs, is an inspiration common to all people, and progressive through all time, and not an inspiration so remote that whatever may have been its uses once, it can be of use no longer. Hence the doctrine now so commonly broached, that all great men, in all countries and all ages, should be regarded as inspired men. But after all we have met with to this effect, we do not think our Bibles are likely to become valueless for this reason, any more than on account of the exception before examined.

We have become familiar of late with a great deal of visionary discourse about this supposed progress of the human mind. But could we subtract from this alleged progress all that has been contributed towards it by a much wronged Christianity, we suspect that the picture remaining would not be a very flattering one. The great bulk of the human family are found living under Hindooism, Buddhism, or Mohammedanism, and their condition many long centuries ago is in substance their condition now. Nor do we see why modern Europe should have made any very observable progress in religious ideas, as compared with the Europe of two thousand years since, had it been left to merely natural influences. Even as it is, the religion of the greater part of Christendom is a besotted superstition, little else than a baptised paganism. In the religion of the Vatican we see Monotheism all but lost in creature worship. And if the absolute religion of modern thinkers has, in some cases, a more definite and settled aspect than that of the ancients, we are satisfied that this difference should be traced mainly to the influence of Christian ideas. Our inspired writers—the men who are described as belonging so much to the past that their religious notions must long since have become obsolete and valueless, are the real parents of this sign of progress. The Old Testament gave to Mohammed his invincible repugnance to idolatry; the New Testament has given to Christendom its purer ethics, its more rational theism. The men who reject Christianity owe thus much to it. No—it is not quite clear that Christianity has come to the pass of an antiquated thing, lingering among us beyond its time, and

waiting to be amended. On the contrary, there is room to suspect that it may have been the main source of all that is noblest in our modern culture, and that it is still doing the office of a teacher even in relation to the wisest.

No doubt the mind of man in these later ages has made wonderful progress in many departments of knowledge. He has circumnavigated the earth, scaled the heavens, weighed the elements as in a balance, and greatly surpassed his ancient self in many a cunning performance. But the error which regards the progress of physical truth, as the certain indication of a similar progress in religious truth, is both one of the most shallow, and one of the most mischievous of modern delusions. It is this error which has conducted so many to the conclusion, that because we have so long since outgrown the astronomy and the chemistry of our forefathers, it is high time we should outgrow their religious faith. These gentlemen do not scruple to say, that they no more think of looking to the past for the true as to religion, than for the true as to the nature of the solar system, or the properties of the air.

But here it may not be impertinent to inquire whether all things in the history of our race have exhibited the same signs of progress with the sciences just named. It is not to be denied, that with regard to physical science, the ancients were as children compared with the moderns. Even our less remote ancestors were in some such position in this respect, as compared with ourselves. But it is no less clear, that there are some things in respect to which the men of the ancient world left little to be done by their descendants. Even in some departments of science we have added little to their knowledge, and to the most important of all sciences—the science of mind, our contributions have been next to nothing. We have evolved new systems from the old elements, but have little else to show as properly our own. Similar is the statement that may be made in respect to everything coming within the province of taste. In literature, in architecture, in sculpture, in decoration, how much have we borrowed—how little have we invented? What is more, how little prospect is there that even the men who come after us will ever be in a very different position to ourselves in this respect? Hence it is not our manner to scorn a man because he tells us he has been studying the principles of architecture amidst the ruins of the Parthenon—the genius of sculpture among the Elgin marbles—the laws of criticism in the writings of old Greece or old Rome. The fact that we do not blame, but rather put honour on studies so prosecuted, is itself proof enough that there are some things not much subject to

this boasted law of progress—some things which have been little, if at all, affected by it, during more than two thousand years.

Now the question arises, may not the principles of religion have their place in the order of things which naturally attained to great maturity in remote time, leaving little to be added to the principles themselves in the future—the work of the future being not so much to invent anything new, as to give new form or application to the old. The presumption in this case is certainly very much on the affirmative side. The faculties and susceptibilities especially requisite to success in all matters of taste, are precisely those which are called into play most conspicuously by religion. So much is this the case, that it has been maintained that no man should be expected to become truly great in poetry, in oratory, in architecture, or in sculpture, who is not a religious man, or, at least, who does not evince strong susceptibility of impression from religious ideas. It is the *soul* of man—not his understanding simply, but his imagination, his affections, his susceptibilities, his emotional nature, that must come into vivid action, if the great artist is to be formed. Art is an inspiration from nature, and religion is an inspiration from the existence which looks out upon us and speaks to us through nature. Beauty and grandeur in the physical world are but the expressions of a higher beauty, a higher grandeur—those of the intellect and spirit, and the powers in man which can sympathise with the expression of these qualities in nature, are the same which, when rising to the qualities themselves, become the seat of religion. The nature of the Invisible becomes visible, but it is that man, through his admiration of the scene, may rise to the Unseen.

Now if the principles which lie at the foundation of all those tastes which are most in affinity with religion, were apprehended, appreciated, and felt two thousand years ago, as truly and thoroughly as now, who shall say that the principles of religion itself may not have become, in the main, definite and settled in times quite as remote? If the principles of art have not only been so far stationary for so long a time, but, judging from appearances, are destined to remain thus fixed to the end of time, why may not the principles of religion have been brought to their destined maturity in those early ages, in obedience to the same law? Clearly, it is not true that we ought not to go to old Athens for instruction in sculpture, because it would be foolish to go there for instruction in chemistry; and just as reasonable is it to pretend that we ought not to go to Moses or Paul for ideas about religion, because we do not go

to them for our notions about astronomy. Judging from the manner in which these writers express themselves with regard to the revolutions to be wrought in the domain of moral truth by the progress of physical discovery, we scarcely wonder that some good people should have come to look on modern science as a sort of incarnation of the Evil One, permitted that some men might be hurried into the gulf of atheism, as the fitting punishment of their sins. For, did we confide in all that is said on this subject, we should feel obliged to believe that every new planet comes into notice to strike out some old light from our theology; that every new substance discovered by the chemist comes as a death-warrant to some old saw in our orthodoxy; while the ravages to be effected among our antiquated dogmas by such wonders as steam-engines and railways, electric telegraphs and tubular bridges, must be such as no tongue can tell, —time only can declare it! But we would whisper in the ear of the unsuspecting people whose nerves may have been somewhat disturbed by these modest prophecies—‘Be not alarmed.’ The talk you hear is talk of much sound, but it is so because the heads from which it comes are hollow. Be sure of it, there is no necessary connexion between changes in what is physical, and changes in what is moral—one glance of common sense should have sufficed to make certain wise people aware of this fact. Aristotle’s ethics remain as they were, notwithstanding the birth of the Newtonian theory; and not only the moral principles of the Gospel, but the facts which embody its special doctrines, remain as they were, notwithstanding the appearance, in these later ages, of balloons and gas-lights, of lucifer-matches, and of all the wonders of the water-cure. You may have been told, as you say, that the bench of bishops have consented to appear before the members of the Royal Society on the first day of each calendar month, to receive from that august assembly a new creed at every such interval, drawn up so as to agree, to the greatest nicety, with the latest step in the progress of science—but, you may take our word for it, *the report is not true*. We put this denial in italics, because, with our characteristic benevolence, we wish you to be comforted.

It is somewhat amusing, moreover, to mark the inconsistencies of this school of prophets in dealing with this subject. One moment, the ‘dead ashes’ of the past are described as containing nothing to reward any man’s search; the next, you are assured that religion is not a matter of which you may say, ‘Lo, here, or lo, there,’ inasmuch as it is everywhere, and has been fixed as the light of heaven from the beginning. But there is object in this discrepancy. In one page you are

told that white is black, and in the next that black is white, but you are told both strange things for a reason, and the reason is the same. If you are cautioned against looking to the past at all, it is from the fear that should you travel thither you may be disposed to give precedence to the instructions of Moses over those of Zoroaster, and to the doctrine of Jesus over that of Socrates. If you are bent on journeying in that direction, you are then charged to remember, that absolute religion was all in the ancient world that true religion ever will be, so that it will be a great mistake to suppose that Hebrew sages have anything to teach that other sages have not taught, or that the religion of the Hebrew people could have included anything which the religion of other peoples did not include. It is felt that the safest course, if practicable, will be, to satisfy you that the earlier ages of the world were so much the ages of its childhood, that nothing could be more puerile than to look there for religious wisdom; and if this counsel should fail, you are presently apprised that it is all a mistake, this doctrine about the darkness of antiquity—the religion of thoughtful men, whether Hebrews or Gentiles, was all in those times that the religion of such men must ever be. Thus, this famous doctrine of progress, as regards religious truth, proves to be one of the most flexible and accommodating, things imaginable, so much so, that in supposed consistency with it, you are told, in one breath, to expect nothing from the past, and in the next, that all you will ever find may be found there! Mr. Parker has scores of passages in which these opposites are asserted, and with the same emphasis, and the same may be said of nearly all the writers of his school.

Of course we admit a distinction between what the Bible really teaches, and the church systems and church doctrines professedly founded on the Bible; very much as Mr. Parker admits a distinction between the various systems of heathenism, and the light of nature with which they all profess to be in harmony. But as Mr. Parker does not see the need that the system of nature should be always undergoing change and amendment, that it may be made to keep pace with the growing capacity of religion in the human soul, neither do we see the need that a written revelation should become subject to a similar process for the same end. Reforms in the systems which are from man will be constantly needed, but we need no amending of the divine system of nature or of the divine system of revelation. These, in their great truths and their great laws, are like their Author—immutable and eternal. The capacity of man for religion, and the truth thus presented to him, have in them the

same unchangeableness. Physical facts are ever multiplying upon us ; but these do not affect those general laws of mind and of the external universe which require man to be religious. Our capacity for religion, and our obligation to be religious, remain the same whether the earth be proved to be flat or round, whether the planets be found to be seven or seventy, and whether the air may be shown to consist of three properties or three hundred. According to Mr. Parker's often-repeated doctrine, nothing was wanted in antiquity but that the received systems of religion should have been reduced to those principles of absolute religion which all wise men even then professed ; and our author holds the same language concerning the systems of religion which obtain in our own day. But the inference from this doctrine is fatal to the alleged doctrine of progress ; for on this showing, it is not just to say that religious truths which are very ancient must of necessity be truths outgrown by modern thought ; the reverse of this must be the fact ; and no doctrine can be really true to the mind of man now that was not true to it in the remotest ages. Thus the difference between Mr. Parker and ourselves turns out to be by no means so great as it may have seemed. He finds his great standard of reform in the ancient laws of mind and of the universe ; we bow to those laws with a worship not less sincere, we trust, than his own ; but with our homage to those antique and immutable authorities we unite a homage to certain ancient and immutable records, which we regard as having come to us, in their great substance, from the same hand. Many and terrible, however, are the ills which rise up to the eye of Mr. Parker's imagination as the consequence of our believing that the truths of revelation, like the laws of nature, are perfect in their kind, and everlasting.

‘ Can it be, then, as so many tell us, that God, transcending time and space, immanent in matter, has forsaken man ; retreated from the Shekinah in the holy of holies to the court of the Gentiles?—that now He will stretch forth no aid, but leave his tottering child to wander on, amid the palpable obscure, eyeless and fatherless—without a path, with no guide but his feeble brother's words and works—groping after God, if haply he may find him—and learning, at last, that He is but a God afar off, to be approached only by mediators and attorneys, not face to face, as before? Can it be, that Thought shall fly through the heaven, his pinion glittering in the ray of every star, burnished by a million suns, and then come drooping back, with ruffled plume and flagging wing, and eye that once looked undazzled on the sun, now spiritless and cold, come back to tell us that God is no Father—that He veils his face, and will not look upon his child, his erring child?

No more can this be true! Conscience is still God with us; a prayer is deep as ever of old—reason as true, religion as blest. Faith still remains the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; love is yet mighty to cast out fear. The soul still searches the deeps of God—the pure in heart see Him. The substance of the Infinite is not yet exhausted, nor the well of life drunk dry. The Father is near us as ever, else reason were a traitor, morality a hollow form, religion a mockery, and love an hideous lie! Now, as in the days of Adam, Moses, Jesus, he that is faithful to reason, conscience, and religion, will, through them, receive inspiration to guide him through all his pilgrimage.’—p. 174.

We say nothing about the rhetoric of this passage, our search has been for its logic—but we have searched in vain. Be it remembered, that this whole sea of troubles is seen by Mr. Parker as consequent on the fact that some men persist in believing that the facts which embody the doctrines of the Gospel may be as real as the facts which embody natural laws; that there needs not be anything more of the obsolete in the future of the world’s history in the doctrines presented in the one case, than in the laws presented in the other; that the great need of man for the future is a greater power to apprehend and to apply the certainties thus placed within his reach; and that to this end he should pray the Father, through Christ, that he would by his Holy Spirit teach and strengthen him, this is, in the sense of Mr. Parker, ‘inspire’ him, that so he may go, in a manner becoming him, ‘through all his pilgrimage.’ How such a doctrine can be really productive of such a world of melancholy results as we see attributed to it in the above passage, we are utterly at a loss to divine. But we leave the extract with our readers, as a specimen of the manner—the ignited, boisterous, pythonic manner in which our author often gives himself to the useful occupation of beating the air.

We see, then, the degree of weight to be attached to the conclusion that a written revelation, descending from very distant times, supposing it to exist, must be to us comparatively valueless. We have seen that the first notion on which this conclusion rests—namely, that the object of such a revelation must be simply to iterate or confirm the principles of natural religion, is not tenable; and that the second notion regarded as sustaining it—namely, that religious truth must of necessity be so far progressive as to take this consequence along with it, is also untenable. We think we have shown, that while what is merely historical in physics may be of small value; the historical in morals and in religious faith may embrace all the truth of that nature the world will ever need, and greatly more

than the world would ever have discovered had it been left to itself.

We feel bound to say, moreover, that our modern deists must cease to preach this doctrine of progression as regards religious truth, or for ever hold their peace in respect to their old objection—that the Christian revelation cannot be from heaven, seeing it is only partial in its influence, not universal. For mark what this doctrine supposes: it gives you a long track of ages through which the religious advantages of men were so small, that we are required to account the religious intelligence possible to them as so inconsiderable as to be to us wholly without value, the light which should wax stronger, so as to give us an advanced position of our own, being reserved for these later ages. Now, surely it matters not a straw, so far as regards the connexion of this point with the moral aspect of divine government, whether a large portion of the human race shall have been placed at great disadvantage in this respect in comparison with their cotemporaries, or in comparison with their remote descendants. In either case the inequality is the same, and the moral difficulty the same. Let the deist mark this dilemma, for upon the one horn or the other of it he must fall. Should he insist on this doctrine of progress, then his objection to the Christian revelation as not being universal is at an end. Should he relinquish this doctrine, then there is an end to his objection to a written revelation, on the ground of its fixing the religious principles of men for all time to come.

There is one other piece of inconsistency, near akin to the preceding, which we feel disposed to touch upon before quitting this topic. Our opponents have reduced themselves to a similar dilemma with regard to the evidence supplied by miracles. When their object is to invalidate this evidence, they profess astonishment that men of sense should imagine there can be any rational connexion between the evidence of moral truth, and certain changes in physical phenomena! On the other hand, when their object is to supersede certain moral truths said to have descended from times long past, the same reasoners profess no less astonishment that men should be so weak as not to see that all such antique dogmas must necessarily become obsolete by reason of the progressive knowledge of the universe allotted to the race. In the one view, it is absurd to suppose that the conclusions of our moral nature should be affected in the least by any conceivable progress in our knowledge of the physical universe; in the other view it is no less absurd to suppose that our ideas on moral questions will not be greatly moulded and determined by our advances

in such knowledge. *To escape from the authority of the Christian miracles, our modern deist asserts one thing; to escape from the authority of the Christian doctrine, he asserts exactly the contrary.* But where there are contraries there must be error. Either the plea against the evidence from miracles is false, or the plea in support of the supposed law of progress is false. To deny the relation of the physical to the moral in the case of miracles, is to give up the supposed influence of natural science or moral truth in general history; and to contend for the relation between the natural and the moral in the latter case, in the manner stated, is to give up the argument against miracles. We leave our friends to make their choice between these conflicting theories. To attempt to maintain both must be simply ridiculous.

It is to be borne in mind, that the distinctive doctrines of Christianity are all facts—great spiritual facts—and that while it may belong to miracles to attest these facts, it does not belong to anything physical to change them. The doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation, of the Atonement and of the Influence of the Spirit, if truths at all, must be truths immutably and for ever.

VI. We must now add to these fallacies and inconsistencies with which our author's religious system is beset, a few more arising from *its strange repugnance, in many respects, to THE GREAT FACTS OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.*

It is in the nature of the scheme which Mr. Parker has elaborated that it should leave *small value to religious truth.* It makes the exercise of the religious sentiment everything, the object to which that sentiment has reference being nothing, or next to nothing. To fear, to trust, to obey, is to be religious, whether the object so regarded be angel or demon, the Deity or the Devil. In all these cases the religious sentiment is exercised, and the sincere exercise of that sentiment being religion, the worshippers should be regarded as alike in the way to the kingdom of heaven—the 'savage, his hands smeared all over with human sacrifice,' in common with 'Moses and Zoroaster, with Socrates and Jesus.'—(p. 83.) 'Fetichism and Polytheism,' we are told, 'did good—not because they were Fetichism and Polytheism, but because religion was in them.'—(p. 81.) Thus, 'religion' is a something self-originated, and self-nurtured, quite independently of the objects of worship peculiar to the stages of Fetichism and Polytheism. In the approved phrase, it is a *sentiment*, not a *theology*.

Such is the doctrine of Mr. Parker, conveyed again and again, with elaborate distinctness and emphasis. Now we do

not, of course, mean to deny that men are sometimes better and sometimes worse than their creeds—that is, better or worse than the objects which they profess to worship. But it is one thing to admit that the moral influence between the worshipper and the object worshipped is neither perfect nor uniform, and another to deny, or to seem to deny, that such influence has any existence. In so often affecting to take this ground, Mr. Parker appears to have forgotten that, according to his own theory, the minds of men create their own divinities. Their gods are reflections of themselves, being strictly such as their own faculties and experience may gender; and to say in this case, that it matters little what the character of the theology may be, is, in effect, to say that it matters little what the character of the worshipper himself may be. In fact, so far is the character of the worshipper from being independent of the character of the divinity he serves, that the moral relation between these is really so much a relation of cause and effect, and so thoroughly reciprocal, as to render it impossible that we should separate more than very partially between them. Mr. Parker can see this truth clearly enough when his object is to excite prejudice against the Jehovah of the Pentateuch. In his discourses on that subject, we are assured that nothing can be more obvious than the bad influence necessarily resulting from a bad theology. But all this perspicuity forsakes our author when it becomes his purpose to elevate the heathen man at the cost of the Christian or the Jew. His charity, so much wanting in the one case, becomes superabundant in the other.

No one, we suppose, will deny that the *manner* in which men worship is determined very much by the conceptions they form in respect to the divinity to whom they intend doing homage. We should not expect to see men worship the furies and the graces with the same ceremonies. Deities—the malignant, the warlike, the beneficent—have always been worshipped in the use of rites presumed to be expressive of their own nature, and acceptable to them on that account—and if the *manner* of the worship be thus influenced by the supposed character of the divinity, must not the same be true of its *spirit*; and how may we better know the spirit of a man's religion, than by knowing the spirit with which he worships? In short, no man who has not become intoxicated through the love of paradox, can doubt that the complexion of every man's religion is largely determined by the complexion of his theology—that is, by the notions he has concerning the divinity, or the divinities whom he worships. Voltaire somewhere says, that 'superstition is to religion, what astrology is to astro-

nomy.' The saying is well said. Astronomy is a truth, but astrology is a lie grafted on a truth—so grafted as to come into the place of the truth. Mr. Parker does not see this distinction more than occasionally. In his language, the action of the religious sentiment is religion, whether called forth by phantasy or by reality, by a lie or its opposite.

But the secret of this apparent oversight is not hard to find. Error genders error as sin genders sin. Mr. Parker is intent on superseding the authority of a special or miraculous revelation, and to this end it behoves him to show that man can do without such assistance. But the theologies supposed to have sprung from the light of nature are seen to be, for the most part, of a description that the less is said of them the better. Hence the only ground on which he can possibly sustain his plea that man is competent to his destiny, without aid from such a source, is to insist that the religious element is something which comes to the soul by intuitive sentiment—by spontaneous feeling. It does not consist in a knowledge of rightness, but in a certain indefinite impression or persuasion of rightness. It will not be expected that we should go into any examination of this visionary theory, inasmuch as we have done so very recently; * suffice it to say, that Mr. Parker, in common with Mr. Morell, is a disciple of Schleiermacher on this point, finding the root of all religion in a sense of *dependence*, wholly irrespective of the moral, or even of the rational element in any form.

But we are disposed to question Mr. Parker somewhat closely, as to the evidence on which he rests his claim in behalf of the alleged sufficiency of this intuitive sentiment. It is in vain discoursing after a lofty, *à priori* fashion, about what this power *might* be, or *ought* to be—the question is, what has it shown itself to be when put upon its trial, and made to give its results? We see what it needs to be if it is to serve the purpose of our author; but it does not follow, because his logical exigencies require it to be of a certain kind, that it is of that kind. Judging from the manner in which Mr. Parker expresses himself, we should suppose that nothing could be farther from the truth than the conclusion that the people in heathen countries really worship the objects they seem to worship, or think on religious matters as they appear to think. The temples, the priesthoods, the sacrifices, the ceremonies to which they seem to pay so much heed, are really nothing to them, nor are they concerned about the creeds or notions of which those outward things are thought to be symbolic.

'To obtain a knowledge of duty,' it is said, 'man is not sent away, *outside of himself*, to ancient documents, for the only rule of faith and practice; the Word is very nigh him, even in his heart, and by this Word he is to try all documents whatever. Inspiration, like God's omnipresence, is not limited to the few writers claimed by Jews, Christians, or Mohammedans, but is co-extensive with the race. As God fills *all space*, so *all spirit*; as he influences and constrains unconscious and necessitated matter, so he inspires and helps free and conscious man.'—p. 161.

So there is an inspiration, which, if experienced by some more than by others, is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. From this source, and not from 'ancient documents,' or from anything 'outside of himself,' man is to derive all the certainties of his 'faith and practice.' We are assured, accordingly, that beneath all the outward appearances of heathenism, there is a truer creed which comes from the pure sentiment of the soul; and a better religion, consisting in the natural and unbidden exercises of that sentiment. How Mr. Parker has come to know all this perplexes us exceedingly. In what way he has gained admission to this esoteric region all the world over, and become thereby so much wiser than those shrewd knaves, the priests, who are keeping watch and ward everywhere, we really cannot imagine. Our impression certainly is that this whole representation is a piece of intuitive fiction—a transcendental dream, having no basement in reality. For the question, after all, is one of fact, and leaves no room for any mystification of this sort.

No one denies that all men participate in 'the light of nature'—that is, that all men are the subjects of what Mr. Parker intends by his fantastic use of the word 'inspiration.' Nor does any one deny that the measure of each man's light will be the measure of his responsibility. The question to be settled lies beyond these points—it is a question which takes in the whole compass of the capacity in man for spiritual intelligence and life; and its demand is—does your light of nature, your 'inspiration,' common to all, give to these capacities their proper *object*, so as to show that they do not exist in vain? The doctrine that capacity implies object, Mr. Parker announces with much correctness. The senses, it is argued, imply the existence of the external world to which they are so manifestly adapted. So the capacities of the soul imply the existence of those spiritual realities which they are not only formed to apprehend and appreciate, but which they are compelled by a law of their nature to regard as real existences. Within these limits, the spiritualities supposed to be existing

external to ourselves, must be existing, or our spiritual nature is a lie. In other words, what we cannot but believe to be true, in these respects, must be true.

Now, what Mr. Parker would have believed had he never come under the influence of that Christianity to which he shows so little favour, it may be difficult to say; but he now believes in the existence of One, Personal, and Infinitely Perfect being; and in the government of this Being as embracing all the spiritual excellence to which the spirit of man may rise in attainment or thought. He so believes because the capacities of his soul have fitted him to exercise such a faith: and we must presume that the natural attributes of the human soul are the same in all men. The point then is—does Mr. Parker's 'inspiration,' common to all men, give to these capacities of the human soul in all men the object to which they are adapted? The answer is—*no*. For one instance in which a man has risen to a theism so rational as this of Mr. Parker, without the aid of a miraculous revelation, we have myriads in which we see the human mind sink into the most besotted ignorance and superstition. Here are the capacities, and here is the object implied in these capacities, but the two do not come together—do not come together at all so far as regards the multitude of our race, and only very imperfectly and occasionally as regards the better instructed. If the inspiration asserted by Mr. Parker be so general and so adequate, whence this manifest failure in the result? No attempt to abate the abominations of heathenism on the one hand, or to make the most of the small fragments of truth to be found in it on the other, can much affect this aspect of the case. Nor does it avail to indulge in *à priori* declamation about the folly or impiety of supposing that the Creator should have given us capacities of rising to a high state of spiritual existence, and have failed to make the objective truth adapted to those capacities easily accessible to us. In this matter we have to do with what *is*—not with our foregone conclusions as to what *ought* to be.

Whatever may be the astounding mystery of the fact, the fact is before us, that the soul of man is the only living existence on the earth that does not attain to the kind of life proper to itself. The plant lives its life to the full; so of the animal—the soul of man, the climax of the whole, is the only failure—the only abortion. Judging from the moral constitution and susceptibilities of the human soul, we should say that it was destined to become as a seraph in light and spirituality; but what a reverse do we see in its actual condition? All wise and

good men have been alike amazed and sorrow-stricken as they have compared the history of humanity as it is, with their own conception of what that history might have been. We can readily believe that the world in which we live is by no means the sort of world which Mr. Parker would have made had he been allowed to try his 'prentice hand on such high matters; but here the world is, with all its mysteries thick about it, and no attempt on the part of our modern speculators to soften down or slur over the difficult questions relating to it will avail. Were this possible it would have been done long since.

Our complaint of Mr. Parker, then, is not that he thinks so highly as he does of the capacity and destiny of the human soul, but rather that his thought on this subject should be so superficial. Notwithstanding all his lofty discoursing on this subject, he has failed to see the moral and spiritual constitution of our nature in the compass and depth of it, and, as the consequence, he is disposed to rest in insufficient expedients for bringing it into right action. For ourselves, so far are we from finding it difficult to believe that a miraculous revelation has been made to our world, that our sole wonder is that help in this form has not come to a race so deeply needing it much more commonly and in a degree far greater. But the repugnance of Mr. Parker to the ignorance, the wickedness, and the miseries of mankind, is by no means so strong as the passion wherewith he resents the idea that the spiritual restoration of men is dependent on any such extraordinary aid as is included in our notion of a revelation. In the temper of the late Blanco White, he often becomes desperate in his struggles to escape from the least vestige of subjection to such an authority. He can reconcile himself to almost anything rather than to such an imaginary bondage. He can look with more complacency on the worship of the lowest savage than on the worship ordinarily called forth by such means. In all this there is an extravagance which must do much towards working its own cure.

Nor is this discrepancy between the proper destiny of the human mind and its actual condition the end of the difficulty. No man can be cognizant of this fact and rest in it. He will feel constrained to inquire somewhat earnestly, not only as to the cause of such a state of things, but as to its *consequences*. He may be disposed to attribute some portion of his failure to the circumstances of his condition more than to himself, but he will feel compelled to blame himself for a large amount of the shortcoming and of the positive evil in his course. And blame supposes a broken law, the broken law a law-maker, the law-

maker a judge, ^{the} judge a state of retribution. Were it possible to extrude this all but intuitive impression of moral failure, and of probable penal consequences, from the human soul, it might then be possible to bring men into a state of contentment with such a theological system as Mr. Parker has propounded. In such case they might, in common with himself, have to account it a dishonour to their manhood to approach even the Infinite through a mediator; and might become so skilled in self-flattery as to stand erect in the presence of the All-perfect One, claiming to be heard even there in their own cause! For even thus, good reader, do these men talk, so little do they seem to know either of themselves or of their Maker. But the impulses of nature are far mightier than these swellings of a false philosophy. Whatever may be the illusions of a few speculative minds, the consciousness of *man*, especially in the more solemn seasons of his history, will be, that he is a sinner; and the coming judgment on what he has been and on what he has done, will not be anticipated without fear. Reject the Christian mediator, and man in this dread exigency will invent one of his own; so is it with the Christian sacrifice, and so with everything Christian. If the true in this respect—the much hated orthodoxy of Mr. Parker—be not taken, the counterfeit of the true will come into its room. The choice to humanity is, between ‘the fountain of living waters,’ and the ‘broken cisterns’ which men will hew out to themselves in the absence of it.

For it is not more clear that the Maker of the world has permitted sin to have place in it, than that the evil permitted is the object of his displeasure. This truth is proclaimed in the painful consequences attendant on every shade and form of depraved appetite or passion. We live under a system of physical and moral law, and the former is made to subserve the latter—to sin against the former is to be promptly punished, to sin against either is manifestly to reap as we sow. Nor is this all; to the end of our course, our sufferings come upon us in a thousand ways that may not be traced to any personal delinquency. We hear much, indeed, about the world as being governed by general laws, and about suffering as necessary to train humanity to virtue. But what shall we say of general laws which seem to generate evil, both natural and moral, on a scale so portentous? and what shall we think of a nature which could need so severe a discipline to train it to virtue, and which fails so lamentably in respect to virtue after all? These facts bespeak our present life as deeply impregnated with moral evil, and

suggest that, of such a state of things, the issues must be sought in a hereafter—and that hereafter!—Ay, there is the difficulty; and the system which makes not adequate and trustworthy provision for that, fails to meet the GREAT WANT of humanity. Thus at fault is the system of Mr. Parker. It consists in such an interpretation of nature as is designed to preclude the necessity of the Christian redemption—an interpretation which must be both superficial and false. When our author shall have removed all mystery from the natural revelation in which he trusts, it may be time to insist on its entire removal from the supernatural revelation which he rejects; in the meanwhile, we must be allowed to maintain that the creed of the deist is beset with far greater moral difficulty than that of the Christian, for while both have to do with the fact that sin is permitted, it is the privilege of the Christian to believe in a special system of divine manifestation to bring good out of evil. The dark shadings of the picture are common to both—the brighter lights are peculiar to the Christian.

In taking our leave of Mr. Parker, we may say that his 'Discourse on matters pertaining to Religion' presents a sort of gathering of the boldest and worst things published by the antichristian press of the Continent; that it blasphemes against the God of revelation as fully, if not as coarsely, as did the author of the 'Age of Reason'—as did the infamous Carlisle by means of the monstrous prints which figured in the windows of his bookshop not many years since. So foul are some passages, that we should not deem it proper to cite them, even for the purposes of refutation. We deny not that the book contains much truth; that many of the evils it censures are real; but it is the book of a man who regards Christianity, as commonly received, with deadly hatred, and who, while calling himself a Christian, and subscribing himself as 'minister' of a 'church,' receives Christianity only in so far as it is understood to give expression to the principles of 'absolute,' that is, of 'natural' religion. The little we have now said on the subject may assist our readers in judging as to the logic, and the sort of philosophy, on which the pretensions of this author rest.

ART. II. (1.) *The White Man's Grave: A Visit to Sierra Leone in* 1834. By F. H. RANKIN. 2 vols. Bentley: 1836.

(2.) *A Residence at Sierra Leone.* By a Lady. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. Murray: 1849.

SIERRA LEONE may be a very picturesque place and interesting settlement of Great Britain, as parliamentary blue-books, and missionary records, and even travellers' descriptions do occasionally represent it; but we believe we do not err much when we suppose it at the same time to be, one of those portions of the planet which, even still and with the improvements it has undoubtedly undergone, men are willing to take upon report, and to examine at their firesides in England by the eyes of those useful people called travellers; to read of, in short, and talk of; to find interesting and to admire or condemn on hearsay; rather than personally to visit and prove. We are not so idle as to deem it, as Mr. Rankin complains it is deemed, to be a mere scene of malaria, contagion, and death; yet it is still, we think, liable, from whatever cause, to be preyed upon occasionally by a sufficiently severe variety of bilious or remittent fever, and to be afflicted by agues and splenetic or other visceral derangements, of which that fever is the formidable, though the least formidable consequence. We are as little of those who 'suspect'—for it seems there are such mistrustful persons—that the 'aspect of the country presents a uniformity of flats;' nor did we ever mistake it for a 'swamp,' a vast low-lying wet sponge, its honeycombed surface diversified only in being 'dotted over with tomb-stones,'—because we were long since assured by many credible geographical individuals, that on the contrary it has a truly respectable and even stately group of hills, properly fringed and plumed with forest and 'bush' in the most approved tropic style; and duly cleft into ravines and valleys, in a smaller way indeed, yet after the same picturesque pattern which satisfies the imagination in Dominique, or St. Lucia, or Guadaloupe, or any other intertropical volcanic formation of continent or island in Atlantic or Pacific. We are aware, also, that there are not more than one or two trifling places in the peninsula—places overflowed by the sea or by rivers—which can be called swamp within its bounds; and that, in the town at least, only two burying-grounds prevail of any size or name, though no doubt both of them are rather largely filled. These are our concessions, but we must limit them somewhere; and as to fogs, on which topic our author is also plaintive, and on which on the strength of a few weeks residence he was by no means qualified to pronounce, we give the place up to them. In respect of this

and of other atmospherical afflictions it is indefensible. From January to December, it is steamed and darkened and blown upon by all manner of 'vapours and clouds and storms.' It is shrouded at one season in an almost daily haze; it is worried and terrified out of its senses during others by the insane gambols of tornadoes; it is breathed upon at others by the far-spread breath of the desert, charged with its impalpable sand and bringing chiliness and drought at once. In other particulars it is very tropical indeed. It is deafened by thunder, and blinded by lightning, and calcined by heat, and rained upon by rains, till the patience of European man is exhausted; for each of these phenomena is such as is known within the tropics only. But it has still greater tribulations. It is not the most frequented resort certainly, yet a favourite enough possession, of those hosts of the insect and reptile creation which fill nightly the countries of the torrid zone with the loud bewildering sound of their rejoicing or complaining song; and which, night and day, with sound or in silence, carry on their unrelenting assaults and depredations on your entire person and property. There be mosquitoes (not many, but some) to hum and lull, and to sip your blood; centipedes and scorpions to sting possibly and to alarm certainly; crickets singing in the ear; and a mysterious boog-a-boog sawyer sawing all night in the wainscot. There are moths to pasture upon your coats and books, 'making fine fret-work' of both; moths of another description, clothed and winged, to distress your sensibilities by their unaccountable and uncalled-for self-immolations, and in clouds to obscure or extinguish your evening lights; cockroaches, also, both creeping and flying, whose name is a sufficient accusation; ants, red, black, and white, and brown, from whom no cupboard is secure, no sugar-basin or bread-basket ever sacred; other denizens, numberless and nameless, of bedsteads and beds; and, lastly, snakes themselves not unknown. With those assailants should be named the silent but inveterate and severe prickly heat; because, though uninvested like them with personality, it labours in its occult way with even more than the subtlety or malice of the worst of them; and as its smart and blister are very similar to what are caused by the mosquito, it may be regarded as a very sufficient ally or substitute of that musical individual. Finally, to these positive sorrows may be added, if the reader pleases, what are but negations certainly, but negations of a kind not unimportant: absence of the European lower classes; service, if it is to be called so, of the native race; absence of society, absence of books, absence of whatever seems requisite here to reading and thinking and talking man.

Yet man in his manhood cares not for this, but is independent of it all. With youth or middle age on his side, impelled by duty or necessity and unforsaken of hope, and especially, it would appear, if belonging to that dogged Anglo-Saxon race who seem destined to inherit the earth, he can live anywhere, and suffer and regard lightly all elemental changes and perils, all local inconveniences and social privations. So it has ever been and so it ought to be. But how is it that the gentle and timid being whom we sometimes see accompanying him to such scenes, the tender and delicate woman, the educated and refined of her sex, is able to encounter and sustain these things not less excellently; and to exchange for them her country, with its best and most endearing of societies, its opportunities of kindness and of knowledge, 'its unspeakable rural solitudes and sweet security of streets,' often quite ungrudgingly and with ease, as if there were no sacrifice in the matter? The explanation in most cases is perhaps not far to seek; and yet, in spite of it, the circumstance is one which still, we confess, occasions us pause in each new instance, and if not wonder exactly, yet a good deal of serious admiration. This feeling, we anticipate, will be largely shared in by the great majority of our readers, when they are informed that a lady has actually visited, resided in, and written a book upon the formidable colony before us; for, much as of late years they have been accustomed to hear of the still increasing and unlimited enterprise of our travelling countrywomen, who penetrate so far and daringly in the present day that soon no shore will remain unvisited or undescribed by them, they probably were not prepared to learn yet, that one of that distinguished company had even braved and triumphed over the most notorious country of Western Africa; triumphed, not only in living under its climate, which others of her sex had done before her, but in compelling it to sit for its wild portrait, mapping down its strange and picturesque features in her letters, and now making a book of it. What is more, the lady who has performed this praiseworthy achievement will not tell us her name, but leaves us to guess at the 'Italian hand'—only evincing, however, in this circumstance that dear and lady-like reserve which is so sure an attribute of the English female character in the better circles of life, and which combines in it so happily with its gentle courage and devoted affection.

The books, of which the titles are prefixed to this article, form the last considerable reports, we think, which have reached us of this famous colony; and the only ones of any size which have appeared at all since the early authoritative statements published by the Sierra Leone Company, and the volumes,

scarcely less venerable in the present day, of Dr. Winterbottom and Mrs. Falconbridge. Cursory notices, indeed, of the settlement have been frequently afforded by other and casual visitors; nor have more formal and fervent representations of its condition and prospects been at any time wanting elsewhere, as readers of newspapers and magazines know. But those accounts, either idle and indecisive in themselves, or decisive enough but tinged by controversy, cannot be said to have formed very satisfactory materials for opinion.

Of the two works which we notice at present, the first has been fourteen years before the public, while the second is a new book published last year. In several respects it happens that each publication forms an antithesis to the other, both in its character and in the circumstances under which it was produced. The one, though constructed from the observations of a visit only, and a visit of but a few weeks duration, claims to supply us with a much more comprehensive and complete display of its subject than the other, which has been accumulated from the experience, and during the leisure of a residence, and a residence, too, of some years. The one, indeed, is a considerable literary effort—condensed, concise, vigorous enough; somewhat too strenuously elegant and witty; the writer somewhat too conscious of his own ability; and the veil which is drawn before his twofold purpose of exhibiting himself and his subject together, somewhat too thinly wove. On the other hand, the newer volume is simply what it professes to be, letters and a journal; not submitted, we presume, to any process of elimination and fining, but given here much or altogether as they were written; discursive, therefore, and diffuse, no doubt; minute, ramified, and multifarious in details; very descriptive as women's books are apt to be; descriptive of scenery, of animal life, of the vegetable world, and of atmospheric changes. Finally, the one book is occupied mainly with the purposes of the colony, its history, its population, its territorial divisions, its manners, geographical position, and neighbouring tribes. The other is a sort of miscellaneous discoursing of mountains, vapours, storms, and bright views; of wonderful exotic trees, and the fine existence of birds; of evergreen islands inlaid in light on a beautiful river landscape; and ships in remote distance at sea, bringing letters from England.

This difference is due in part to the different sex of the writers, and to a difference more than sexual in the habits of their minds. But it is explained chiefly by the essential fact, that the one party, the gentleman, ran sedulously about the colony in all directions, mixed completely in its society, saw

and conversed indefatigably with each class of its inhabitants; whilst our authoress, on her side, was, throughout her much longer sojourn, perched 800 feet above the sea, upon the peaked summit of a sequestered hill, with no second habitation of the white man upon it, and scarcely the hut of an African: a singular elevation enough, from which she looked down on the colony as on a map; from which she moved only in short walks or rides through the thicket; where, in short, with a small household to attend to, she lived a great part of the day alone with nature; but where she had plenty of trees and tornadoes, bright flowers, birds, and lizards to observe and note down, and an endless sweep of view, over mountain and plain, stream, island, and sea, constantly to survey and muse upon. Even Oliver Goldsmith, moderate philosopher as he was, could conjecture the difference likely to result from sauntering through Europe on foot, as compared with galloping over its surface in a close carriage; and it requires no greater conjuror than he was to determine, that two such opposite methods of observing a country as we have now stated, would issue in consequences not less diversified.

The conclusion which we wish the reader to arrive at is, that there is room for both travellers; and that, if he concerns himself much about West Africa and Sierra Leone and the prevention of the slave trade, he may safely buy, or as his system may be in such matters, borrow both these books, without dread of finding himself twice in the same paths. We feel obliged to both writers for affording us so much and such various information concerning a scene so wild, so curious, and remote; modes of existence, both of man and nature, so different from those we live in; and a colony on so many accounts interesting, once much talked of, and hitherto in reality little understood. Our thanks, we regret to know, cannot now reach the ear of the ingenious author of the first work, who, since its publication, has himself found a resting place in that Grave of the African Coast of which he writes, though not indeed within the compartment of it which is called Sierra Leone. But the contrast between our travellers, we rejoice to add, holds here also as in other particulars, our nameless lady being, as she leads us to believe, now alive and well in her native England, and destined, we trust, long to remain so. Our business at present is for a brief space with her book.

Women certainly are fortunate in a turn for the microscopic or minute, and for those occupations which can be performed while sitting still, or which require movement in a limited circle only. Their Clarissa-like genius for weaving page after page of

letter-writing, or, in other words, for that interminable piece of chequer-work, dark and formidable, the crossed letter—ever extending it unsparingly in whatever corner the white surface of the paper still shows itself, down to the last crossed line of the last page—is quite an immediate blessing of heaven; while their talent for forming friendships with birds and gold fish, their craze for administering slop and flattery to the young of animals, as if they were young children, their incredible patience under any infliction of plants or flowers, which they will sometimes meditate and regard as if they were endeavouring to pass the bounds of human knowledge and to enter the mystery of vegetable life, and their great instinct for making themselves endlessly happy with the vast subject of dress, are endowments which must be referred to the same category. These resources are their salvation in many strange situations, in which it would go hard, we suspect, with male faculties; and as, happily for our authoress on her African hill, she appears to possess such gifts in great measure, she no sooner found herself in so good a position for using them, than she wisely set to work at once, with eyes, hands and pen; observing and examining all the objects around her, cherishing her pets, making cloth shoes for her little boy, and setting all down on paper to entertain *them at home*, without much order but immediately.

The first descriptions of her mountain residence, the hill-farm, as it was called in the language of the colony, Anglicé villa, together with the picturesque and somewhat patriarchal mode of family travelling to this abode, are thus given:—

‘We left Freetown yesterday afternoon, M—— on horseback, but baby and I in a large and comfortable palanquin, the sliding doors of which were kept as open as possible; so that whilst we received the benefits of the sea-breeze, I had also a view of both sides of the road. We soon lost sight of stone buildings with shingled or slated roofs, for huts thatched with grass and bamboo, having piazzas in front, upheld by rough wooden posts, and the inmates seated on mats engaged with their fruit and fish suppers. As our path became steeper we left these huts, and began to ascend the mountain by a narrow way, traced amid black rocks and overhung by the thick branches of that luxuriant ‘bush,’ which seems low and insignificant at a distance, though most of its trees might vie with those of twenty or thirty years’ growth at home. Many of these boughs were clothed with leaves glossy as those of laurel, but four or five times larger; while climbing plants, bending under their magnificent tufts of red, lilac, or white flowers, seemed wreathed round every stem. It was strange to see those beautiful blossoms, which would be prized as rare specimens in England, choked up by tall grass and withered leaves. Pine-apples, growing amidst the bush here as weeds do in hedges at home, met my eye in

every direction; and numerous were the tempting clusters of shining berries of various colours and shapes that loaded the boughs skirting the path, always steep, in some places dangerously so, till we passed the side of the hill, which, cleared and planted with coffee, rises like a wall on one hand, while a false step on the other would precipitate you to the bottom. At length a patch of table-ground betokened that we had reached the summit.

At a cantering sort of pace the bearers bore the palanquin under the shade of some fine orange-trees, and set it down in the open ground piazza of a building, whose winding outside staircase, projecting eaves, and strange sloping roof, reminded me, on a large scale, of the imitation Swiss cottages. We entered a low parlour, with arched windows and door, and it soon after became dark. It was then strange to see from the front windows the widely scattered lights of Freetown, so far beneath; while the barking of dogs, the singing of the natives, and the beat of drums, were mellowed as they rose from the valley, and blended with the notes of the bugle from the Barrack-Hill. At the back of the house all was gloom and solitude, and I could only see a dark outline of hills and trees. No sound came from that quarter except the jarring screech of the night-hawk, no light gave sign of human habitation, though a continued blaze of fire in several places on the distant mountain sides showed that the burning of the bush was not yet completed.

In town we had no gradual dawn, but this morning, on throwing open the jalousied shutters of the windows looking east, it was quite enlivening to see the daylight stealthily breaking over a hill, higher than this one, and separated from it by a deep ravine. I was struck by hearing a shrill wild cry, repeated several times, and seeming to come from the plain beneath. This was the Mahommedan call to prayers; and the farm-labourers, who had been sitting in groups under the orange-trees, now prostrated themselves before the rising sun. * * * The work-people, ten or a dozen in number, were employed in improving the approach to the house; but, although under charge of a headman, a grim-looking figure of above six feet in height, with close fitting scarlet cap *à la Mandingo*, they seemed every one more idle than another; and kept up so constant and loud a conversation in their barbarous dialect, accompanied with so many oratorical attitudes, as to give the idea that they were engaged in some grave dispute.

The cottage is built on a ridge so narrow that the ground slopes at both ends with precipitous abruptness. The brow of the hill is within a few paces of the front parapet. * * * Birds of every colour are for ever flitting past, and, though their notes want variety, they are far from being unmusical. The humming birds, scarcely larger than humble bees, with plumage of green, blue and purple, haunt the graceful boughs of a tamarind-tree close to my room-windows, and flutter round the scented yellow blossoms of a wild acacia, that grows near the house.

‘M—— went to town early, and feeling somewhat solitary thus hemmed in by hills and ravines, not even a native hut being within any reasonable distance, I locked the hall-door, which, as it is of glass, enabled me to see before opening it who wanted admittance. But I discovered that we were more exposed to assailants from within—meat, bread, sugar and fruit, being alike overspread with ants.’—pp. 37-41.

She then amplifies on some of the comforts of the tropics provided by those diligent insects. But we prefer passing to a different view of them. No creatures are all evil; and the ants are a people already so respectable for their industrious and patriotic virtues among similar communities, that we should feel uneasy were they to form any exception to this rule, in respect of their neighbours of the human race. We are, therefore, glad to find later in the volume, how really useful they can also make themselves as the friends and allies of man, in an account which is there given of a sort of police incursion, as it appears to have been, which they made one day into the house, for the purpose of arresting and carrying off some much larger and more serious offenders than themselves. Their purpose being at first misunderstood, they were regarded for some time as intruders; with much the same feeling, we presume, which would greet any long dark line of human police in this country, if they were suddenly to turn in uninvited among a party of assembled citizens, for the purpose of securing certain members of the swell mob, of whose presence among them the astonished gentlemen had been previously unaware. Accordingly the constable ants are rather unkindly treated at first to boiling water, till ultimately our benevolent lady discovers her mistake. But we must let her tell her own story. She is engaged at her desk when she is thus interrupted:—

‘I suddenly perceived, first one black ant, and then a second and third, scampering over my papers; and looking round, saw a portion of the wall and the floor alive with them. Boiling water was immediately put in requisition, and for an hour poured over the outer boarding of the house where they also swarmed. A huge centipede was attempting to crawl from under one of the planks; but was unable to extricate himself from a few ants, who at regular distances from each other held their colossal prey undauntedly; while large spiders ran about in terror, trying to hide themselves. The track of the main army was nowhere to be discovered; and as our vigorous opposition had caused them to retreat from the room, I thought this had been merely a reconnoitring party, until an outcry was raised from the piazzas below. I ran down and beheld the floor, pillars, walls, and boarded roof black with myriads of ants; while here a great scorpion, startled out of his den, stood at bay, and there another centipede was being dragged away alive, after having in vain tried to elude pursuit.

But it was not one or two. Dozens of cockroaches, spiders, millipedes, and other forty-footed creatures, were pounced upon by their Lilliputian enemies, and in an instant hidden by the accumulating masses which fastened upon each opponent and bore it off the field with the utmost regularity. I forbade the people to kill any more of the ants so long as they were kept from entering the house; really feeling compunction in waging war against the destroyers of such detestable reptiles as scorpions and centipedes, with their many almost equally unwelcome cousins.—p. 216.

In new countries, the absence of the ordinary traces of history and decay is, obscurely it may be, yet constantly felt by the imagination, which, in consequence, is not summoned, except in a very general manner, to those excursions into the mysterious world of the things that have been, which, in the older parts of the globe, are its very life and felicity. The great ideas of succession and duration, of continual reproduction and dissolution, of continual appearance and disappearance on the visible scene, and of a final close to this mutable order of things, to be followed by its merging, beyond time and death, in a greater and more permanent destiny of a far greater universe—these ideas, which connect the mind with the infinite, and which maintain in it a melancholy, so very suitable and seasonable to it in its condition here, surrounded by twilight and shadows, are in such countries but seldom and imperfectly suggested to it. It is surprising, nevertheless, how soon the mystery of ruins and the memorials of departed life begin to consecrate any earth which men have begun to inhabit; and the discovery of such in a young settlement is always a startling and interesting circumstance. Our authoress found both a ruined house and a lonely tomb on the next hill to that on which she resided, and describes interestingly an evening ramble which she made to them. The following passage, taken in connexion with the immediate scene and with the general character of the colony, has something in it, to our minds, unexpectedly striking and affecting, especially in its concluding paragraph. We may remark, that there seems some inaccuracy of language in describing the Sierra Leone Estuary as dividing into two branches which stretch into the country: for its flow being of course seaward, what are here termed branches, are properly the heads or feeders by the confluence of which it is formed.

‘Yesterday evening, in the course of a very lovely ride which we took to Mount Oriel, a strange scene presented itself.

‘Amid old orange-trees dying from neglect, and a tall remnant of a lime-hedge choked up by wild acacias, guavas, and clambering bush plants, appeared a gable-ended building with rent and broken walls,

and beyond it a pavilion-roofed cottage, in a state more dreary than a complete ruin. The boarded sides of its piazza were bleached by exposure to the weather, while through the spaces where had been doors and casements, the whitewashed walls seemed fresh and out of character with the moss carpeting.

From under a broken flag a young pine-apple shot forth its leaves, while lizards darting up and down the walls, and spiders weaving their webs between the rafters, seemed to dispute the territory with a few bats, which fled at our approach. Across the principal entrance a beautiful China-rose had grown up to the roof, and some flowers of the Marvel of Peru mingling with the rank grass and weeds, had just opened their eyes to the afternoon sun. Clusters of the Pride of Barbados and the African lilac looked bright amid the loneliness; and with a sort of climbing lily, whose long crimson petals streamed in the wind, bore evidence of a time when both care and taste had been expended on the place, though now a clump of bamboos and several mangoes in full leaf, were the only things evincing no traces of neglect or decay.

A broad platform intervenes between the house and the overhanging brow of the mountain, and along this table-land we proceeded—the view to the right delighting me by its tranquil yet magnificent beauty. There lay the wide Sierra Leone River, studded with green and lovely islands, and dividing its waters into two or three branches, which stretch into an interminable tract of wooded and apparently fertile country; while immediately beneath us the race-course—on which we could distinguish our solitary park-phæton and about three equestrians—the many little bays, and several villa-like mansions, with their cultivated grounds, formed a pleasing contrast to the vast region beyond, where, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen except forest and jungle, among which glimpses of creek and river shone like embowered lakes.

The chain of hills extending up the river shut out any nearer view of the branch that flows round, as it were, by their back, and forms this side of the peninsula; but above their lower slopes we could still see far into the interior, where a curiously shaped range of mountains rises like some immense tumulus. Riding a few paces downwards on the left, I came upon an object which from my windows had seemed to be an old gate off its hinges, standing against a stone near the foot of a great plum-tree, but which I now discovered to be a paling, surrounding a single tomb, formed by a built-up mass of stones roughly plastered over. It is that of a gentleman (a Portuguese) who last lived in the deserted house, and who desired that his remains should be interred in this wild spot—probably chosen by him as more suitable for the resting-place of a member of the Church of Rome and a foreigner, than either of the burial grounds which lie in our every-day view. The black people regard this tomb with some superstition, from the fact that, notwithstanding the numerous times the bush and grass near it have been set on fire, the wooden paling is still unscathed by the

flames. The sight of this solitary grave, and the desolate aspect of what had once been a cheerful dwelling, brought some rather gloomy thoughts into my mind; and the sun sinking into the sea, and warning us how late it was, we left the melancholy looking place to its solemn stillness, and commenced our ride homeward.'—pp. 51-53.

Our readers perceive that the writer excels in these delineations; but, like the vegetation she describes, her descriptions rush up rather exuberant and tangled, and we require her pardon for abridging them a little as we go along, in order to fit them to our limits. The description of a grave leads by an easy transition, we presume, to the subject of fever; and it would be unfair towards Sierra Leone, in any account of it, to omit adverting to a production for which it is so renowned. There is much truth in the following reflections on illness undergone on so distant, and by comparison so unfriendly a shore, as all those will admit who have ever experienced the bed of sickness in tropical countries. The writer had recently recovered from a seasoning fever of twenty days, and to her own illness had been added that of her infant son.

'There is something inexpressibly solemn and affecting connected with illness in a country so uncivilized and remote as this. Instead of the numerous members of a family, or the friends who in one's own land hasten to join in each anxious vigil by a sick-bed, to lessen the cares of the sorrowing, as well as to soothe the sufferer, there is in most cases here no person save the hired nurse to tend you. In a few other instances there is only one sympathising heart to bear all the apprehension, only one friend to undergo all the fatigue of watching; while the trouble of mind and weariness of body, everywhere and in every station of life in *some* degree inseparable from the abode of sickness, is increased tenfold in a place where at times money avails as little as affection in procuring the most common-place comfort. Instead of the old domestics of a home household who feel pride and interest in ministering to your every want, there is here but the mercenary attendance of another race, whose habits and manners are as strangely dissimilar to what you have been accustomed to as is their personal appearance, and who cannot be expected to care whether you live or die.'—p. 121.

Then, after enumerating the barbarous and dissonant sounds which ascended from the town, and were acutely perceived during the silence and oppression of fever, she adds—

'But if I thus regarded these sounds when so far removed from them, to what must the sufferers in town be subjected? I am indeed convinced that the mortality of this place arises, not solely from the unhealthiness of the climate, but from the privations consequent upon

its situation; and the discomforts to which refined and civilized persons are exposed from the customs of its ignorant and barbarous inhabitants.'—p. 122.

It arises also from other causes. This contains a part of the truth, but less distinctly given than it might have been; while the statement is also much less comprehensive and emphatic than it will bear to be made. We state and affirm, without any fear of contradiction, that the mortality arises, not indeed by any means entirely, not even in a principal measure, but yet *very much*, from great intemperance, from great indiscretion and want of care, from apprehension of mind, and from want of nursing. Nursing, indeed, under the direction either of others, or of the patient himself, if he have his senses sufficiently about him to enable him to undertake it, is of an importance scarcely second to that of the medical treatment itself; and undoubtedly in all tropical fever, perhaps in all fever of the temperate zones, nursing and a stout heart together are half the battle. It is an almost constant observation in tropical countries subject to febrile disease, that those who go thither intending to die, the phrase is—persuaded, that is, that they shall die if attacked, and that they must be attacked when the fever season comes round—and who from the appearance of the first symptom give themselves up, do very often die accordingly. The same fatal result, or at all events the same illness attended with the greatest danger, is also not less ably insured, in so far as poor human means can insure anything, by the most diversified excesses and imprudence: by eager pedestrian exercise on arrival; by unnecessary exposure to wet; by cricket and champagne (so Mr. Rankin informs us) under the noonday sun; and chiefly and more extensively by such diligent drinking of brandy and water as really, it might be thought, can in such a climate seriously propose to itself but one termination. The singular physiological fact however is, that this termination is not an invariable consequence, and that in the enjoyment of a steady chronic inebriation men, even in such countries, have been known at all times to go on with impunity, year after year, and to pass down from youth and manhood to the very evening of life. Encouraged by such instances, residents have too often followed fearlessly in the same popular course, promising themselves equal success and escape, and not weighing probabilities; not discerning, with men of reason and common sense, that the admired cases of health as accompanying such treatment, must after all be exceptional only; and that the rule must ever be one stern reply of insulted nature,—fever and much danger, or, still more probably, delirium tremens and death.

And in estimating the mortality at Sierra Leone, one other circumstance must be had into the account, the existence, namely, of death as a possibility (we desire to state the case mildly) in every community of men. To hear people talk, as we sometimes hear them, it might be inferred that in England, and in her colonies generally, this accident had worn out; and that, but for the fever of fever countries, nobody would ever die in those places either. With respect to Africa at least, all death is invariably set down to fever; and it seems assumed that the inevitable hour can arrive under that climate in no other form. Now this, we respectfully conceive, is an error, though an amiable one. Fever prevails and is formidable in Sierra Leone, but it is not the only thing that kills there; nor does it at all owe the success it obtains to its own energy only, unaided by the inextinguishable genius of humanity all over the globe for folly and for vice.

Sierra Leone, as our authoress remarks, is the land of storms, and these necessarily passed with peculiar vehemence and splendour over and around her on her hill of observation. There is therefore no want of the 'sound' of such convulsions in her little volume; and if the reader has a taste that way, we could furnish him with any amount of tornado he may require. In one of those gales, occurring at night, our poor lady and her babe were pretty nearly killed by the fall within her chamber of some brick masonry. We shall not meddle with that alarming occasion, however, and the reader may take the following. The description of the preliminary state of the heavens has much force and truth.

About five o'clock it threatened a tornado, by the great fleecy clouds rising above Mount Oriel, their curled outlines forming many a Hogarth-like portrait against the sky. At six the sun, divested of all his rays, sank sullenly into the sea, like a gigantic moon, only redder and fiercer. All this time there was scarcely a breath of wind, and what there was came from the land. After the sun set the north-east became of a gloomy lurid hue, diversified only by the piled-up masses of threatening clouds, which every instant assumed more fantastic shapes, as they rolled down the river, and were lost in the pitchy darkness over the Bullom shore. The thunder sounded nearer and nearer as the storm passed down to the point at Leopard's Island; and then the sea was lit up one moment by flashes of intense lightning, and shrouded the next in an ominous gloom. We had left two windows open, and I felt the chill which precedes a tornado, and heard the wind, though it had not even reached the town. The chirping and humming of insects ceased all at once as the storm came sweeping on from the sea, and at seven o'clock it was upon the hill; the wind com-

ing in heavy gusts and passing away with a wailing sound, and the peals of thunder fearfully loud, with scarcely a moment between them.

And then with a force as if it alone of all the elements were capable of curbing that mighty wind, on came the rain dashing on the shingled roof like a shower of stones, and forming a drift so thick, that notwithstanding the brightness of the lightning it was impossible to see anything from the windows, except the tops of the orange-trees close to the house, struggling in the blast, and the long feathery branches of the cocoa-nut bending before its fury.

At half-past seven the monotonous, but to me most cheering music of the crickets, announced that the tornado was over; although the thunder and lightning continued for some time, accompanied by torrents of rain.—p. 91.

Elsewhere she describes the black array of the coming tornado as rising over the neighbouring hill like an immense body of soot set in motion by the wind, and threatening over her own mountain as if about to fall upon it like an avalanche.

There must indeed be something, we suppose, peculiarly formidable in those Sierra Leone thunder clouds, for long before the colony was dreamt of, we find them attracting the attention of no less an observer than Milton. It is remarkable that they are mentioned in his great poem; and we may infer, either that they were already known for their terrors at that early day when it was written, or what is, we confess, as probable, that Milton in his omniscience had found them out in their obscurity. In a muster of classical winds which occurs in the tenth book, he describes the winds from the south as attended by them.

‘Notus and Afer, black with thunderous clouds
From Serralliona.’

The epithet ‘thunderous’ has the poet’s accustomed felicity of sound as well as meaning, and seems to hint the tornado sky very effectively to the imagination.

But we must conclude with our authoress. Nothing, we must say, has pleased us more in her book than a most artless and womanlike description, in one of the early letters, of the slow and lingering arrival of a ship from England; but we cannot venture upon this, and must refer our readers for it to the work itself. No one, we think, who has inhabited the colonies, or who, without that experience, can imagine to himself the home feeling which arises on such occasions, but must acknowledge the faithful way in which that natural anxiety is touched in the picture in question. The mere description considered as such is of very considerable merit; and reminds us of similar long and natural relations, the more natural

because long, in Robinson Crusoe and the other romances of its author.

With its accounts of nature, of the African inhabitants, and of domestic life in the colony, this volume may be said to terminate. What it leaves undiscussed is therefore much and all important. The themes of the slave-trade and the cruising squadron it does not entirely overlook, but it merely indicates the one, and does little more than open the other; while on the subject of the local government it is profoundly and even amusingly silent. From its pages indeed, it could not be collected whether on the wide prospect spread out beneath the coffee-hill farm, and ranged over so industriously by the eye or telescope of its inhabitants, the governor's residence had any place; and no word escapes the author which might at all indicate that such an institution as a government existed in the country, or that the settlement did otherwise than conduct and govern itself. The general relation of the colony to the parent state is of course one of the main grounds of interest on which the work claims the attention of its readers. But the connexion of the same community, in respect of the machinery by which it is controlled, with the moving power in Downing Street, is ignored by the fair writer altogether; possibly, as her preface seems to intimate, as involving matters masculine, too high or too solemn, or which at all events may fall too much without the sphere of her tastes or opportunities.

We have no space at present to enter as they deserve on the parts of the subject thus left unoccupied; and not everywhere occupied to our satisfaction even by Mr. Rankin, into whose plan they came, who has treated them, in some respects, with much judgment, and who probably wanted only a greater knowledge of the colony and less ambition as a young author desirous of pleasing all parties and of making an acceptable book, to perceive and state regarding them a great deal of salutary truth. Narrowed, however, as our limits have become, there are yet considerations of such force which present themselves to us on one of those topics, that we cannot conclude this article without adverting to them.

It is now the querulous song of more than one party, or at least of more than one clamorous coterie by whom the name of party is arrogated, that the long and honourable efforts made by this country on the coast of Africa for the improvement of that continent and the redress of its intolerable wrongs, have been finally unavailing; and that, among other things, the Sierra Leone colony has by no means justified the expectations of its founders, or even its own promise given in the earlier

periods of its history. Now, if in some degree we are compelled to admit the latter part of this complaint to be not without foundation, we think we perceive, also, in a great measure the cause of the failure. This cause is nothing other than the selfish principle which mingles in the working of the imperial government, as that principle more or less prevails and bears fruit in all the dependencies of the crown. This it does in two ways. It does so, first, in the subordination of most questions of colonial advantage or improvement to the single fiscal question of expense, as that question appears to and is judged by ignorance and impatience in this country, partly of the public, but chiefly of the government. It does so, secondly and more importantly, in the exercise of that immense patronage of the crown, which for the sins of this empire devolves on the office in Downing Street—and in its exercise most of all in the appointment of the colonial governors—with an almost single eye, we do not hesitate to affirm it, to the prosperity of the government in parliament, or to the influence of the colonial minister and his subordinates in the other circles of the government itself: the interests of the colonies themselves, including those of justice towards individual claimants, being here again grievously subordinated; and unless it is found that they really cannot be quieted and hushed up, being as much as possible removed from observation, as matters of small concernment.

This worthless system is to be charged, not upon any one party in the state exclusively, whig or tory, but upon the colonial office and the Treasury simply. It may, for aught we know, inhere in and be inseparable from the administration of human affairs in a mixed form of government like ours; and it would really seem as if such were the case, for it has hitherto been quite equally exemplified by every successive administration which has come up into power, though more avowedly and honestly by some of them, and with more awful virtue and decency by others. The division of the government into departments, and the pretended independence of those departments one upon another, enables the imperial power to perform the awkward duty of refusing good government to the colonies with *countenance* and even dignity; and with an apparent dividing of responsibility, which has the happy effect, no doubt, of at once imposing on its own conscience, affording it much lull and comfort; and of more or less effectually blinding such good and simple-minded people as inhabit the poor colonies themselves. Whenever, therefore, a question of improvement springs up in a colony, and especially in a colony of the crown, involving expenditure beyond a mere trifle—and when do such

questions not involve it?—the circuitous and great mode of procedure is this. It is referred, and must be absolutely, by the local government to the Colonial Office. It is submitted by the Colonial Office, in great and mysterious deference, to the Treasury. It is returned by the Treasury to Downing Street, pronounced upon with the brevity and solemnity befitting a body so high; and the decision, which as simple men suppose is made independent of the least wish known or expressed of the colonial minister, is by him finally declared to the discomfited or the ungratified colony, with lamentation that ‘my lords’—such is the great style on the occasion—have been unable to advise the expenditure; or if the application has been one too crying to be rejected, then with fearful injunction not to exceed the estimate allowed, which the timid colony had restricted within the lowest possibility, and which is probably just sufficient to achieve the improvement—bridge, court-house, or school, or whatever it may be—so imperfectly and so ill, as will necessitate, in the long-run, disbursements greatly more considerable than those which would have been now sufficient, and are now economised. There are compensations, however, in the same system of every kind; and the same inscrutable people will at other times order or concede the most lavish issues on schemes quite childish and ruinous; or will even allow a career of waste and riot to be run by some incapable and reckless governor; whom having once raised by some unaccountable infatuation to an eminence for such mischief, they appear to be under an equal spell to fear and obey for a time; permitting him, as a strange and signal exception to their general tyranny over their servants, to dictate to them his mad pleasure, and even, at last, to resist their mandates.

The nomination, however, to the office of governor, of persons of this description, is itself an evil much more serious than that which we have now indicated, and such as has been much more perilous and disastrous to this colony. This, indeed, is, in our judgment, the capital grievance which the inhabitants and the friends of the settlement have to charge upon the home government. Duly to estimate its magnitude, fully to understand the influence and power for good or for evil with which the governor of a colony is clothed, is not easy for those who are unacquainted with the colonies and with the position of colonial society. To do so, it is requisite to know, either from experience or reflection, something of the difference which obtains between government in this country and government in those small and distant communities.

Government, in a great nation, is exalted, remote, and impersonal; scarcely felt by the great body of the inhabitants. It is something which they perceive in the public journals, which they hear of in the circles of society, which makes a sound and echo in their imaginations, but which is hardly in a direct manner exposed to their senses, and which for themselves, in reality and in their daily life, they touch only at many a remove, where it terminates in its emerging links of the law-court, the police force, or the tax-gatherer. Even at those extremities contact with it is a rare thing, and in the case of many persons does not take place at all. In England, at least, and in this day, we pursue our affairs, we mingle with our friends or we improve our solitude, we expend, in short, our day, and repair to the sleep which renews our energies during the night, not more disturbed by the machinery or personality of the government than we are by that transcendent mechanism of a high and perfect government, which, in accomplishing the purposes of our existence and well-being, moves us in continual revolution through space, and bears us incessantly, with sublime regularity and in mighty silence, round our central sun. In this island and in ordinary cases, it is only on the summits of society, if anywhere, and in the high places of politics that government can be felt as near and incommodious by any one, or as the source of personal perils and anxiety. But with government in a colony, at least in a small colony, it is not thus. It there walks visibly in the midst of society; is a known and near neighbour; talks, writes, and intermeddles; has propensities, partialities, and friendships; or prejudices, dislikes and enmities. It has all the passions, good or evil, of the rest of humanity; it may have all the private and personal interests and ambition which enslave humanity to satisfy and to serve. If it be in its bad nature to do so, it enacts the envious spy; it observes and notes every one; it takes umbrage at its subjects who presume still to associate with or are even so incautious as to show common christian civility to the swiftly increasing number whom it fears, or whom, from whatever cause, it has marked with its great displeasure. Those on whom it frowns, and who hold to it by office, it can find little difficulty in assailing, in astonishing with unmerited disgrace, in precipitating from income and from station, at least for a time; and even when the independent position of others shelters them from its fury, it can direct upon them its meanness, and asperse and damage them with that.

Its course is marked by de-integrating and demoralising, as well as vexing and oppressing the small society into which it

goes, and amid which it dwells. How soon it will assimilate to its own character the weaker human elements which it finds there; how soon absorb, and by absorbing debase, a requisite number of the inhabitants into an odious agency, fit and armed for its purposes on the remainder, those who know their own species sufficiently know. We need no Tacitus to instruct us how despicably our poor human nature shows itself under the terrible influences of place and power brought heavily to bear upon it; how quickly and fearfully it is transmuted; how its excellence suddenly decays away and its corruption suddenly comes forth; how all men rush emulous into servitude; how those who had been previously esteemed just and proud become basely subject to fear and to appetite; become content to serve, and content to do evil that *evil* may come. This display is not different in a small community from what it is in a great one. It is more striking at Rome under Tiberius and when chronicled by the genius of the historian; but in the small dependency and under the petty governor the disease is equally virulent, and its virulence equally productive, not indeed of great calamity, but of daily and wearing misery. Grave then and paramount is the responsibility which rests on the Colonial Office in appointing this important functionary, cautious and disinterested ought it to be in discharging such a trust, most vigilant and resolute after the appointment is made, immovable then in supporting its officer when assured it has made a just choice, swift to call him home when it has undeniably made a wrong one! Can it be affirmed that this is the case in respect of Sierra Leone?

Is it not the case, on the direct contrary, that men shall be ignorantly and precipitately thrust upon that government in poor obedience to private influence—perhaps because of some wretched party service which they have rendered to power; and that meanwhile they shall be in all respects and quite conspicuously disqualified for so serious a trust, and for any trust; individuals who notoriously and strikingly have never obtained, never aspired to, that dominion over their own spirit, which, if it be better than the capture of a city, is also such that without it no city can be ruled; who are not less vain than violent; of a puerility of understanding beyond belief, beyond hope, and if possessed of a faint light of natural reason, yet bringing from the wastes of life whence they come, that well preserved, impregnable ignorance against which it would appear that all efforts of education must have utterly failed; their word useless as a thing to be relied upon; their actions limited by no principle and by no prudence; insolent, extravagant, preposterous;

unfeeling and unkind ; universally and justly *not* favourites ? If we can conceive such appointments made, we may conceive further the course of the new viceroys when suddenly raised to unexperienced, unexpected, distant power. They arrive in their colony. They set out with what is so often the folly of wiser governors than themselves, abrupt and universal change, as if nothing ought ever to continue in one stay. Astonished themselves at their own eminence, intoxicated with their small elevation, the chances are that they speedily become ridiculous by the most puerile state and display, wholly unbecoming a small command. As rulers, they live for vanity only and the gratification of the most pitiable passions. They quarrel and seek quarrel with all the officers of their government, and suspend them one after another from their functions, reckless of the confusion and the private misery they create. Such parties are of course successively reinstated by orders from England ; those orders they execute slowly and with insult. They lavish the public treasure freely enough, in new appointments, in purchases made, in building done, in journees beyond the colony, in treaties with the native tribes, each and all of these things made or undertaken for their own amusement and vain glory only. Nay, they engage in rather graver matters, and incur rather graver charges, which are preferred or known both in Downing Street and Whitehall. Within the English empire in the nineteenth century they touch the liberty of the person, and imprison without law as regardlessly as it was ever done by Charles or by Strafford in the seventeenth. They are at length universally regarded in the much enduring colony as a public, intolerable burthen ; and there is a universal reclamation to be relieved from such a gratuitous, superincumbent evil. When they are finally recalled they obey the late mandate at their leisure ; affect, perhaps, to treat the government, which has so long borne with and supported them in their insanity, with cavalier indifference ; and expend the rest of their idle existence in hunting out the means of annoying the colony and its officers, and in doing it and them any and every ill service to which their wretched capacity may be competent.

Is this an imaginary or at all an exaggerated picture ; or is it one likely to be justified in all its parts by the history of the settlement ? We have no object in further dwelling on it at present ; but we ask the reader in what possible way the central government in England could be expected to provide more carefully and effectually for the unhappiness of its colony, for its retardation in the march of improvement, for its absolute going back, than by placing such individuals over it, and

maintaining them in that position during a term of years, however limited? Is it wonderful if under such treatment Sierra Leone and its emancipated people have made less than the progress hoped for?—rather, is it not wonderful that they have made what progress they have? For such periods of misrule fling everything into disorder, throw everything in arrear, and leave their stormy influence in a long track behind them, unalaid and restless even through the calm of the good governments. A bad governor, indeed, is simply the worst calamity that can befall a small colony, worse even than fever and tornadoes; as a bad captain of a ship is the worst accident on a voyage, worse even than gales and a leaking vessel. Such a governor is so far a more formidable contingency than even a mischievous king, that he is less controlled by law and less awed by opinion. Of opinion, indeed, there is enough; but it is seldom conveyed through any press, the only conduit by which, in a crown or unchartered colony, it can effectually be delivered. Law of course is less learnedly known than in the parent country, and it is also less courageously interpreted and asserted. In truth, the wild administration is a loud unreasoning suspension, of law itself not seldom, of usage and of rules almost always.

Nor let it be objected that instances of such rulers as we have now described are probably rare and exceptional; or imagined that when other checks fail, at least the remembrance of his accountability to the government he holds from, must of necessity, in common cases, operate with power in controlling even a bad-governor in his career. This would be to forget the lessons of history, and the fact, that perhaps nothing has a more debauching influence on the human mind, even among wise and good men, than the possession of power. It is true that instances so flagrant as those we have adverted to are rare in their completeness; but there is no necessary rarity in the scattered existence of the same elements of character over the same or similar vice-regal lines. It is also true that the governor is responsible ultimately, and that for every important act done, there lies an appeal from his power in the colony to the greater power in England. But the controlling authority is distant, distant in reality and much more so in his imagination; while the gratification of all his tumultuous passions, as they sally out under the full liberty of power, is immediate and complete. The coarse and savage tyrant who domineers over a ship at sea, knows that he also is subject to a responsibility by and by; and that when he returns to the seat of law on the shore, he may be called upon to render his account.

But this knowledge, it appears, does not prevent him from displaying the veriest despotism in the meantime, and inflicting a full portion of wretchedness both on his passengers and crew. It is thus pretty nearly with the tyrant of a colony, and with the inhabitants and officers under him. Therefore it is, from every consideration, that we regard all the patronage of the crown in those dependencies as of very small importance, when compared with that portion of it which nominates to the function of governor.

People in England, we believe, are very little aware of the fantastic tricks before heaven which are often played in those distant possessions by the paltry proconsuls who govern them, and who are there dressed in their brief authority of two or three years; of the strange invasions of our cherished constitution as Englishmen which are not seldom made by them; of the annoyance and wrong which our countrymen are repeatedly called upon to endure from them. They are ignorant not less of a milder but a considerable evil—the grievous partiality, the neglect, the unkindness, the haughtiness, which are so often dispensed by the colonial office to those of our countrymen who have the ill fortune to be more immediately under its power; the members, we mean, of what is known as the civil service of those colonies; that worthless service, more ill-requted, perhaps, except in a few favoured parts of it, than any other under the crown. And all these things will continue unknown and uncared for, unless some colonial Junius shall one day arise to deliver them, with great authority, with full knowledge, independence and eloquence, into the ears of the public of this country, and to make all things light; compelling the attention of the government, compelling it at last to dream of something else, where the happiness of so many hundreds and so many thousands is confided to it, than answers in its place in parliament, than audiences and office dignity, than paltry and unfeeling reductions of small salaries, than claims of political interest, or of friendship or rank, in the appointment to office in those provinces, and especially in the nomination of those persons, who there represent theoretically the majesty and grace of the queen.

Such a writer will probably demand wherefore it is that these last named functionaries, and indeed so many subordinates under them, are to be selected only, or so largely, from among the officers of an army; why, admitting the general genius, the reflective habits, the remarkable attainments, above all, the large constitutional knowledge and just ideas of English liberty and rights possessed by that profession, such qualifications are

absolutely to be deemed wanting beyond its pale; why, also, having a career in their own trade and its rewards open to them, those gentlemen are yet to monopolise all high employment, and to thrust themselves into places properly belonging to others, whose previous studies or occupations have been such as more especially qualify men for civil business. He will probably ask why it is, that to other professions an apprenticeship is imperatively required before they can be entered on, while to one of the most important which can exist, that of a ruler over the people, any idle individual is supposed to be at once competent, provided the office and its salary are convenient for him to hold and to receive. He will ask if selections for this office from the profession of a soldier are not likely to be attended with this inconvenience, that the governor selected, being altogether ignorant of civil affairs—*that is to say, of his business and his duty*—he will either set civil restraints at once aside, and conduct matters according to the arbitrary ideas and habits of his whole life, and in obedience to an unreasoning, intemperate will, or, on the other hand, will lean feebly and slavishly upon others, refuse for himself all responsibility, and, instead of acting as a governor indeed—as a man, that is, who rules for his sovereign according to his own good discretion—will become a mere delegate and manager for the colonial office. He will ask further, if such a system must not naturally tend to discourage persons of real ability from entering the service of the crown in those dependencies; and, in cases where such parties may be already accidentally engaged in it, if it will not withdraw them in disgust—as they silently observe what individuals are ever over them, and find too late that they are merely retained to transcribe and compose and think for men who, for the most part, if the position of the parties had been reversed, would certainly have been scarcely equal to the creditable exercise of even the least of those humble arts for them.

Such a writer will ask these things on the subject of military civil servants, and especially of military governors, and he will not consider himself answered, with respect to the latter, should he be told of any supposed advantage to be gained by uniting the two commands of the civil government and the garrison in one individual, or of any melancholy saving of money which may be effected by that arrangement.

And yet, if he does full justice to his subject, he will at the same time say, that as the army has numberless exceptions, more or less remarkable, to the general frivolity, vacuity, and incompetency, in respect to the objects of business and of study with which, rightfully or wrongfully, it is sometimes charged,

so, also, better governors of the colonies than it has sometimes furnished are rarely elsewhere to be found; and it will be in his power to cite, even in this colony of Sierra Leone, and from its recent history, instances of members of the army, its governors, who have been as deservedly popular in the office as any by whom it has ever been filled. Nevertheless, he will maintain that such cases are the exception and not the rule.

We are willing indeed to hope that there is some better prospect for our settlements in the movement which is at this moment in progress on the whole colonial question; and that if the initiative in a great reform of their affairs is not to be looked for or not permitted from themselves, it may proceed with authority and with many *general* advantages from the parent state. The movement we refer to is destined, we trust, to suffer no gradual retardation and pause under the influence of that apathy, first parliamentary and then national, which we have known, with its gentle, imperceptible, benumbing touch, to stay and postpone so many great improvements or tendencies towards them.

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- ART. III. (1.) *Report from the Select Committee on Public Libraries; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 23rd July, 1849. (No. 548.) Pp. xx., 317, and 70. fol.
- (2.) *Notes on the Cathedral Libraries of England.* By BERIAH BOTTFIELD. London: 1849. Royal 8vo. Pp. xvi. and 527.
- (3.) *Report to the Directors of Stirling's Library on the measures that should be adopted to render it more useful to the Citizens of Glasgow.* [By ANDREW LIDDELL and JOSEPH FLEMING, Esqrs.] Glasgow: 1848. 8vo. Pp. 20.
- (4.) *Salford Borough Museum and Library Association.—Report of a Meeting for establishing, under the Museums' Act, a Public Museum and Library in Peel Park, Salford.* July, 1849.
- (5.) *Facts and Considerations relative to Duties on Books, addressed to the Library Committee of Brown University.* By C. C. JEWETT. Providence: 1846. 8vo. Pp. 24.
- (6.) *Adressbuch deutscher Bibliotheken; herausgegeben von Dr. JULIUS PETZOLDT.* Dritte berichtigte und mit einem starken Nachtrage versehene Ausgabe. Dresden: 1848. 12mo. Pp. vi., 179, and 96.

WE were, if we mistake not, the first among the literary journalists of this country in calling attention to the question of Public Libraries, and to a comparative view of the access to books afforded in different States, both to the scholar and to the people

at large. Since we last gave expression to our thoughts on this subject, much has been said and written, and something has been done, in relation to it. In the present paper, our intention is not so much to resume the subject, as to report progress—a work which may not be the less useful, because it admits of being done within a moderate space.

We scarcely need say, that the formation and management of Public Libraries, and the means of extending their usefulness, are matters which, in this country, have seldom attracted much systematic attention, except in the case of men to whom literature has been the main business of life. From such men, indeed, there have long been complaints of the deficiency of Libraries amongst us, and of our backward condition, in this respect, even as compared with countries of very insignificant resources.

Gibbon, in his day, complained that he pursued his studies with more profit at Lausanne than in London, because in the former he had access to a good (though not a large) public library, of which advantage in the latter he was wholly deprived. ‘The greatest city in the world,’ he says, ‘is destitute of that useful institution, a [good] public library; and the writer who has undertaken to treat any large historical subject is reduced to the necessity of purchasing for his private use, a numerous and valuable collection of the books which must form the basis of his work. And the diligence of his bookseller will not always prove successful,’*—even when he is fortunate enough to have the means of collecting a library. Precisely similar was the experience of Mr. Roscoe, who was long impeded in his historical labours, by the necessity of importing, with great cost and delay, the books he required. Still later, Dr. James Grahame, the learned historian of North America, left this country and established himself at Göttingen, for the sole purpose of profiting by the rich and freely-accessible collection of books in its university.

Now, indeed, authors like Gibbon and Grahame, if resident in London, would find in the British Museum a magnificent library, well stored with foreign literature; but they would still be unable to borrow a single volume from its shelves; nor would they find in the vast metropolis one lending library accessible on any other terms than those of pecuniary subscription. Whilst in Paris, they would find no less than five public lending libraries, freely open to them, and containing in the aggregate above a million of volumes. Almost every capital city in

* Vindication of some Passages in the ‘History of the Decline and Fall,’ &c.

Europe, and not a few of the smaller cities and towns, possess at least one such library. Copenhagen, with a population of some 120,000 souls, possesses three, with above half a million of volumes. Dresden, with 70,000 inhabitants, contains three free lending libraries, with an aggregate of 337,000 volumes, and the bulk of these, we believe, valuable and well selected. Similar comparisons might be extended almost indefinitely.

Amongst the witnesses examined by the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed during the last session of Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Ewart, to inquire into the 'best means of extending the establishment of libraries, freely open to the public, especially in large towns, in Great Britain and Ireland,' was M. Guizot, in the course of whose examination we find the following passages:—

'Have you ever heard that foreigners have felt the want of public libraries in London, as numerous and accessible as those which exist upon the Continent?—I am bound to say I found it myself; and if the London Library had not existed, I should have felt great inconvenience. (546.)—That is a Subscription Library?—Yes, a very useful one. . . . In the British Museum I should have met with the best accommodation, but yet it is a great inconvenience for me to be obliged to go to the British Museum, and not to be able to work in my own room; that is a great part of the pleasure of working.' . . . In another part of the examination, M. Guizot is asked, (461), 'How far are libraries in France accessible to the public?' and he replies: 'They are accessible in every way; they are accessible for the purpose of reading, and accessible, too, for the purpose of borrowing books. I could not certify that it is so in every public library in France; but I am quite sure, that in a great many of them, the library is open to every one who comes to read; and the books are lent to every one who is a known person in the town . . . or whose name and whose mode of living are known to the librarian. That is the general practice in France. . . . (467.) Do you attribute good results to the literature and character of the people of France from the power of free access to such libraries?—Yes, very good results. There are two good results. The first is this: a general regard in the mind of the public for learning, for literature, and for books. That complete accessibility of the libraries gives to every one, learned or unlearned, a general feeling of good will for learning, and for knowledge. The second result is, that the means of acquiring knowledge are given to those persons who are able to employ them. It is of course quite impossible for a private man to have in his possession all the books he wants. He finds them, however, in the public libraries, with the greatest facility. That has been of the greatest use in France, and productive of very good results to the general literature of the country.'

It must, we think, be acknowledged, even by those who are least inclined to admit our national deficiencies in any particular, that no such statement as this could be truthfully made in respect to British libraries and their results upon general culture. There is, probably, scarcely a country in Europe in which a book that achieves a real success runs so rapidly through a series of editions, and certainly none in which periodical literature has attained a development so extraordinary, both in point of cheapness and extent of circulation. No country is so rich in *private* libraries; nor is there a city in the world which can compete with London as a market for the sale of rare and costly books—especially if they be ‘tall copies,’ and in old morocco bindings. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted, that there is no country in Europe worse supplied with *public* libraries, and scarcely any in which such as do exist are, generally speaking, so fenced round with restrictions and impediments to free access. Not one of the great European capitals presents to the poor student, or to the man of science struggling with the *res angustæ domi*, such scanty facilities for the cultivation of literature, or of scientific inquiry, as does London, the greatest and richest of them all.

If, from the capital, we turn to our provincial towns, the want of libraries becomes still more striking. A new Roscoe residing in Liverpool would scarcely be in a better position than his predecessor; and if a poor man, would probably be in a worse one. At this moment, Liverpool possesses none but subscription and private libraries. In Hamburg, there are six public libraries, with 200,000 volumes, all freely accessible. Wealthy Manchester and its suburbs, with a population of 360,000, has yet but a single public library—the most freely accessible collection, indeed, in Great Britain—but containing only 20,000 volumes. Lyons, with a population of about 200,000, possesses three public libraries, containing 82,000 volumes. Neither Leeds nor Birmingham has any free public library at all.

Of course, the mere numerical comparison of the public libraries of various cities or states, can afford but an imperfect estimate of their relative value as the aids or implements of civilization. Twenty thousand volumes in one city may be of very different character from a similar number in another, and may be turned to very different account. A convent library of 50,000 volumes in Austria, and a town library of 50,000 volumes in Geneva, look alike in a statistical table, and may chance to be equally accessible, but would assuredly have very diversified results upon education and culture. It would, however, be but

an indiscreet and rash conclusion, that such statistics are worthless, because they are necessarily imperfect. All statistical science is open to similar reproach in a greater or less degree. It is, at best, not the truth, but an approximation to the truth.

The Appendix to the Report before us contains an enumeration of 447 public libraries, each containing not less than 10,000 volumes, in the various states of Europe, with an approximative aggregate of 21,780,345 volumes.* Of these, 109, with about 4,092,600 volumes, are in France; 49, with 2,408,000 volumes, in the Austrian States; 44, with 2,008,000 volumes, in the Prussian States; 34, with about 1,771,000 volumes, in Great Britain and Ireland. If these approximate numbers be compared with the aggregate population of those cities or towns in each state which contain the libraries, they will give, in France, 129 volumes *publicly and gratuitously accessible* to every 100 inhabitants; in the Austrian States, 167; in the Prussian States, 200; and in Great Britain and Ireland, 53.

It requires no remarkable sagacity to perceive, that the comparative results thus deduced by no means correspond, either with the relative educational condition of these countries, or with their respective advances in civilization generally. They are not presented as indications of the relative position of European states in any one particular, save in respect to the collection and preservation of printed books, at public cost, (for the most part, out of either national, municipal, or corporate funds,) and for public use. They appear to have been based upon a wide induction of evidence, to have been submitted to the examination and discussion of the Statistical Society of London, in whose Transactions they were printed, prior to their insertion in the Commons' Report; and they have since been deemed worthy of republication *in extenso* in one of the principal bibliographical journals of Germany.

In addition to the strongly marked national characteristics which so long made this country equally noticeable for the splendour of its private collections in art and science, and the

* These statistical tables have been attacked, with much more asperity than force, in some anonymous letters recently published in the London 'Athenæum.' The critic deals rather in assertions than proofs; and, in correcting trivial errors and oversights, has committed grave mistakes of his own. The principal features and broad results of the 'Approximative Statistical View of Public Libraries in Europe and America,' remain unimpeached. We may add, that a new edition of these tables, corrected and enlarged, is announced for speedy publication. It is much to be desired that some competent statistician would do for the public and corporate libraries of our own country what Dr. Petzholdt has done, with great judgment and ability for those of the several German States, in the work which closes the list of books prefixed to this article.

poverty of its public ones; for its long roll of names illustrious in letters, and for the scanty record of its public honours conferred on literature; there are causes which may help to explain the comparative fewness of our libraries when contrasted with those of many of the Continental States.

Some of the largest and finest libraries in Europe owe their origin to sovereigns possessed of great resources, some of whom were munificent patrons of literature, and enjoyed long and undisturbed reigns. Other libraries, and probably the greater number of those now existing in some of the Continental States, are of monastic origin, and had grown into valuable collections before the dissolution in those states of the monastic communities.

Very few English monarchs have at any time been distinguished as patrons of literature, or even as collectors of books. From the time of Henry VII., who had the good taste to collect, (or to accept), a beautiful series of the works printed on vellum, by the celebrated Paris printer, Antoine Verard, to that of George III., who formed a noble library, which unhappily he had not long the capability of enjoying, there is scarcely a sovereign who seemed to care for books, save as they served to minister to personal vanity, or to prop up a tyrannical prerogative. The 'British Solomon' is no exception; and the religious and political struggle that attended the reign of his son, nipped in the bud any more liberal and genial sympathies which, in other circumstances, Charles I. would probably have displayed. Nor can we deem the frustration of his good intentions in this respect any reasonable cause of regret. The triumph of despotic principles is somewhat too dear a price even for the most royal encouragement of letters and the arts; and, assuredly, the true glory of literature is not the patronage of a prince, but the appreciation of a people.

Some of the monastic libraries of England were but of small extent and meagre value, when the monasteries were dissolved. Others well stored with books, both manuscript and printed, were recklessly pillaged and dispersed. Many curious proofs of the extent to which this destruction of the libraries of English monasteries was carried, may be found in the *Collectanea* of Leland, and in the writings of John Bale. The former, for example, when visiting, many years after the dissolution of the monasteries, a town in which several of those communities had existed, says, 'the bakers' ovens are still supplied with monastic 'books.' Bale, speaking of Norwich, calls it 'our second city' of name, and there all the library monuments are turned to the 'use of their grocers, candle-makers, soap-makers, and other

‘worldly occupiers, so studious have we been there for the ‘Commonwealth, and so careful of good learning.’ Elsewhere* he says:—

‘This is most highly to be lamented of all them that hath a natural love of their country, either yet to learned antiquity, which is a most singular beauty to the same, that in turning over of the superstitious monasteries, so little respect was had to the libraries for the safeguard of those noble and precious monuments. . . . Avarice was the . . . dispatcher which hath made an end both of our libraries and books, without respect like as of most other honest commodities to the no small decay of the Commonwealth. . . . Never had we been so offended for the loss of our libraries, being so many in number, and in so desolate places, for the most part, if the chief monuments and most noble works of our excellent writers had been reserved. *If there had been in every shire of England but one solemn library, to the preservation of those noble works, and preferment of good learning to our posterity, it had been yet somewhat.* But to destroy all without consideration is, and will be, unto England for ever, a most horrible infamy among the grave seniors of other nations. A great number of them who purchased those superstitious mansions, preserved of those library books some to serve their jacks, some to serve their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots, some they sold to the grocers and soapsellers, and some they sent over sea to the bookbinders, not in small number, but at times whole ships full, to the wonder of foreign nations. Yea, the Universities of this realm are not all clear in this detestable fact. But cursed is the belly which seeketh to be fed with such ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know a merchantman, which shall at this time be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings’ price, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of grey paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men which love their nation as they should do.’

The allusion to the ‘universities of this realm’ might be explained by many passages in contemporary letters, of which the following may serve as a specimen. It is taken from a letter addressed to Thomas Cromwell by one of the commissioners employed in visiting the monasteries and colleges:—

. . . . ‘The seconde tyme we came to New Colege, after we had declaredde your injunctions, we fownde all the gret quadrant court full of the leiffes of Dunce [Duns Scotus], the wynde blowing them into evere corner. And then we fownde one Mr. Grenefelde, a Gentilman of Bukynghamshire, gethering up part of the saide bowke leiffes (as he saide) therwith to make hym sewelles or blawn sherres to kepe the

* In his preface to Leland’s ‘New Year’s Gift to K. Henry VIII.’

dere within the woode, thereby to have the better cry with his howndes.'

(‘From Oxford thys Sonday the xii day of Septembre,’ &c.)*

It has been said, indeed, that these monastic libraries contained a large proportion of merely monkish literature, so that their preservation would have been no great boon to the students of succeeding ages. But in this opinion we can by no means agree. It is easy enough to find amusing and authentic stories of monkish ignorance and credulity, and it is certain that the rules of some of the monastic orders were admirably calculated to produce such results. The essential evils of the monastic institute are, however, sufficiently manifest and sufficiently grave to admit of an honest acknowledgment of those services which learning undoubtedly owes to monks, without subjecting any who make it to the suspicion of favouring monachism. It is right to remember that convents were the sanctuaries of literature when it could take refuge in none other. One of the most glowing eulogies of books ever penned, we find in the writings of an English monk:

‘In books, we find the dead as if alive; in books, we foresee things to come; in books, warlike affairs are methodized; in books, the laws of peace are manifested. All things are corrupted and decay with time. Saturn ceaseth not to devour his offspring, and Oblivion covereth the glory of the world. But God hath provided for us a remedy in books, without which all that were ever great would have been forgotten. To books, how easily, how secretly, how safely, may we expose the nakedness of human ignorance, without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods, without anger, and without reward. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you interrogate them, they do not hide themselves; if you mistake them, they never murmur; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you. O Books! alone liberal and making liberal, who give to all who ask, and emancipate all who serve you.’†

Thus wrote Richard de Bury, a century before the invention of printing, when books were still so scarce that a wealthy man might wait many years for the possession of a work long coveted; when a king passionately fond of books,‡ was able during a long reign to amass but 900 volumes; when the library of the University of Oxford was kept in a chest or two in the choir of St. Mary’s church; when a bishop of Winchester,§ borrowing a Bible in his own cathedral city, gave a

* Richard Layton to Thomas Cromwell.—MS. Cott. Faust. C. vii. 205.

† Philobiblon, written in 1344, printed at Cologne in 1473, and at Paris in 1500.

‡ Charles V. of France.

§ John de Pontissara in 1299.

bond drawn up with great form and solemnity for its due return; when, in an inventory of the goods contained in the palace of the same great prelate, all the books that appear are: ‘Septendecim species librorum de diversis scientiis;’ when the gift or bequest of a single volume was accompanied by as many stipulations, restrictions and reservations, as might suffice, even in England, for the conveyance of a landed estate, and was sometimes followed by disputes not less complicated and interminable; and when, in fine, the statutes of a learned college enacted that ‘no scholar shall occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, so that others be hindered from the use of the same.’*

The origin and growth of the principal public libraries now existing in this country offer many points of curiosity and interest which might well deserve some share of attention. But we shall pass at once to a rapid and summary review of the measures for the improvement of our existing libraries, and for the establishment of new ones, which present circumstances seem imperatively to require.

The first and most obvious improvement to be desired in our existing libraries, is the making them more easily and widely accessible. There is but one library in Great Britain and Ireland—Chetham’s, at Manchester, already mentioned,—to which readers are admitted simply on registering their names and addresses†—the only condition exacted in many of the principal libraries of the Continent.‡ To the other public collections of this country admission is granted only on the production of satisfactory letters of introduction or recommendation. At the British Museum,§ and at Sion College Library in London, at Marsh’s Library, and the Library of Trinity College in Dublin, and at the Advocate’s Library in Edinburgh,|| this regulation is construed in a liberal spirit, and all these collections may be said to be of easy access. The British Museum, Trinity College, and the Advocates’ Library, are entitled by statute to receive a copy of every book published within the United Kingdom and its dependencies. Sion College formerly enjoyed the same privilege (in common with five other libraries yet to be men-

* Statutes of St. Mary’s College, Oxon., anno 1446.

† Evidence of T. Jones, Esq., B.A., (*Libraries’ Report*, 1072.)

‡ See numerous extracts from the official regulations of Continental libraries in pp. 218—220 of *Libraries’ Report*.

§ The number of admissions to the reading-room of the British Museum granted in the year 1815 was 249; in 1825, 1215; in 1835, 2729; in 1845, 2868; and in 1848, 3049. The average number from 1815 to 1831 was 1003, and from 1832 to 1848, 2856, annually.

|| Evidence of T. Maitland, Esq., M.P., (*Libraries’ Report*, 1443, &c.)

tioned) but now receives in its stead 363*l.* a year from the Consolidated Fund. The Bodleian Library at Oxford, and the University Library at Cambridge are still entitled to copies. The library of Edinburgh University has a grant of 575*l.*, that of Glasgow University one of 707*l.*, that of the University of St. Andrew's, 630*l.*; and the Library of King's College, Aberdeen, 320*l.* The Library of the Queen's Inns at Dublin also receives 433*l.* annually. All these grants are charged upon the Consolidated Fund (agreeably to the 6 and 7 Wm. IV. c. 110), and amount annually to 3,028*l.* Yet of the six libraries thus enjoying grants of public money, only one, that of Sion College, can be said to be at all open to the public. On this subject the committee observe in their Report—

‘ The question naturally suggests itself, whether libraries thus privileged, either to exact the contribution of a work from its author, or to receive annually a sum of money instead thereof, are not bound to make some requital to the public, by throwing their literary treasures (so far as they reasonably can do so) open. Your Committee are of opinion, that, in the absence of any valid reason to the contrary, they ought to do so. It is well known that the British Museum Library, though not (like the libraries on the Continent) free, is yet easy of access. But your Committee see no sound reason why any one should be debarred from free access to the British Museum, more than from the public libraries of the large towns on the continent of Europe. They consider that, *primâ facie*, the same presumption is applicable to the other libraries receiving books from authors, or grants from Parliament, as Sion College, London; the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; and the Library of the Queen's Inns, Dublin. With respect to the *university libraries*, your Committee feel assured that the learned bodies to which they belong, are inclined to give every facility to the acquirement and diffusion of knowledge. It will not, however, escape the attention of those learned bodies, that the university libraries on the Continent have long been more freely open than our own. Indeed, the altered and anomalous regulations of admission to our own university libraries, indicate that some change is possible there, if not impending. From the university libraries at Oxford and Cambridge, not only the public, but the undergraduates of the University, are generally excluded. Trinity College, Dublin, opens its doors to the public on certain easily-performed conditions. In Scotland the Library of Glasgow University, like those of Oxford and Cambridge, is closed even against students. Admission to the University Library at Aberdeen, is also much restricted; while at St. Andrew's, all persons furnished with an introduction are admitted to the use of the library.*

* This was so a short time since, but by recent regulations, no books are issued to strangers, save, on the special application of a *professor* of the university, which application must be renewed in every case.

M. Van de Weyer shows that the Belgian University libraries are open to the public. M. Libri, that the 'public are admitted to read in every one of the university libraries of Italy:' and M. Guizot states that he 'does not think it in any respect objectionable that such libraries should be under proper regulations; and that he thinks proper regulations can be made for that purpose.'

However opinions may differ as to the good policy of exacting gratuitous copies of books from authors and publishers—which at best is taxing a small portion of the public for the advantage of the whole—there can, we think, be but one opinion as to the absurdity of granting the public money to libraries from which the public are excluded. Archbishop Marsh's library is the most freely accessible, and the Queen's Inns library the most rigidly inaccessible, of all the Dublin collections. The endowment of the former is almost entirely swallowed up by the librarian's very moderate salary, and the necessary repairs of the building. It receives no aid whatever from Parliament. The latter is the private library of the lawyers of Dublin, and is strictly confined to their own use. It, on the other hand, receives 433*l.* a year out of the taxes of the country.

Next to the revision of these grants upon some broad and intelligible principle, which shall secure a public return for public expenditure, we desiderate the opening of our libraries during the evenings, especially in large and populous towns. Even to men of letters and of comparative leisure, such a measure would often prove a boon. But to professional men, and to persons engaged in public offices and in trade, it is the almost indispensable condition of their profiting by public libraries at all. On this point the committee observe, with great justice :

'Libraries are now closed during the very hours when the suspension of bodily labour or of business leaves leisure for the cultivation of the mind. It has, indeed, been objected that gas-lighting is indispensable, and that gas-lighting will spoil the books. Your committee are of opinion not only that a powerful light, and a light not requiring to be moved about (like gas), is the fittest and the safest light for a public library; but that it is possible to obviate or prevent the noxious effect of gas upon the books. Mr. Imray, a gentleman generally conversant with this subject (and especially conversant with the mode of lighting the House of Commons), is decidedly of this opinion. It appears that libraries in the United States, (where they are always open in the evening,) are lighted with gas without damage to the books. Precautions should be taken to secure every library against fire. It is not, however, from the books, (as is generally supposed,) that the principal danger arises. Books, as they stand in a library, are not easily burnt. Any one who attempted to burn an unopened

book, would find that he had undertaken no easy task. The principal danger of fire arises from the fittings and the furniture being of wood. Not only, therefore, should the building, if possible, be fire-proof, but the shelves and furniture should be of iron. Whatever excess this might cause in the outlay, will be repaid in the safety of the books and the durability of the materials.'

The libraries of which we have hitherto made specific mention are, for the most part, intended for study and research; they are meant to be the storehouses whence educators may derive their materials, rather than direct educational agents themselves. Such collections may be termed libraries of deposit and reference. They ought to contain alike the most costly and enduring monuments of literature, and its most slight and trivial ephemera. The 'trash' of one generation is the highly-prized treasure of another. The obscurest pamphlet, or the flimsiest ballad, may throw light upon some important fact of history, or solve an enigma in some career which has given to an age its 'form and pressure.'

Doubtless, it is somewhat startling to think what sort of receptacles may be required, by-and-bye, for this all-comprehensive preservation of contemporary as well as of ancient literature, if books continue to pour from the printing-presses of Europe at their present rate—at least 20,000 annually for Germany, France, and Great Britain alone.* And it may, perhaps, seem a very absurd thing to contemplate, in any case, indiscriminate book-collecting to an extent like this. When persons unaccustomed to the sight of a great library, visit one for the first time, they not unfrequently inquire: 'Are all these books read?' Nor is it always easy to convince them that the books which no human being, at least in these days, would ever dream of *reading*, are precisely those which it is most important that a great national library should possess, or that the more extensive such a library is, the larger will be the proportion borne by mere 'books of reference' to the aggregate numbers, and the larger also its proportion of 'trash.'

Many years ago, when a member of the British Parliament, now deceased, was asked to support an application for an increased grant, in aid of the library of the British Museum, on the ground of its manifold deficiencies, he asked how many books there were in it already, and being told 'about 150,000,' (or whatever the number was then supposed to be,) replied, 'When you have read all those, we will buy you some more.' This whimsical answer would, however, have afforded a test

* In Germany, in 1847, 11,400 separate works; in France, 5,530; and in Great Britain and Ireland, 3637.

not altogether inapplicable to that other class of libraries, of a directly educational and popular kind, which we have now to consider. In the formation of such libraries, the aim should be, to collect really good and readable books, and to secure their rapid circulation. Here selection will be far more important than mere numbers.

Libraries of this class we believe to be deficient in every country in Europe, though not in all to the same extent. In respect to France, for example, M. Guizot thus answers the question:—‘Does any system of village or communal libraries, for the benefit of the rural population, exist?’ ‘There are but very small beginnings of the practice; by the special goodwill of some landlord or some neighbour to the village, small libraries may have been formed in that way, in certain villages, but they are very rare and very imperfect.’ M. Van de Weyer gives similar evidence with respect to Belgium. Some of the German states are better provided, but none of them contrast so advantageously with our own country in respect to this class of libraries, as they do in respect to the great collections of deposit and research. For such a contrast we must go to the United States of America.

‘It strikes an American very forcibly,’ said an intelligent American witness, Mr. Henry Stevens, to the Libraries’ Committee, ‘to see how little reading there is amongst the labouring or business classes in England;’ and he proceeds to compare this with the state of things in his own country:—

‘From the facilities afforded by public libraries, do you find that the working classes use them to a great extent?—Very much. Do you find the working classes pretty well informed upon general subjects throughout the United States?—Yes, they spend much of their leisure time in reading. Do you attribute that to the facilities of borrowing books from public libraries?—Chiefly, and to the cheapness of books: every one has books of his own. The number of the libraries and the cheapness of books you consider to be the cause of that love for reading which exists in the United States so much?—Yes, they undoubtedly greatly increase the taste for reading. Can you give the Committee an idea of the description of books which the working classes borrow from public libraries? are they historical, or books of general literature, or novels?—Very miscellaneous; history, biography, travels, and a great deal of fiction. Is there a taste for scientific information among the working classes?—Yes, especially for works on the physical sciences. Do the agricultural population in rural districts borrow many works relating to their particular department?—Yes, and there are many books published, called ‘Subscription Books’—such as Family Encyclopædias, or works of that kind, relating wholly or partly to agriculture, horticulture, gardening, &c. Are you ac-

quainted generally with the agricultural population?—Yes, particularly in the New England states. In all the rural townships are there libraries?—Every school district in New England and New York has a library, which is public. In almost every large town you have mechanics' libraries, have you not?—In all the large towns—that is, in towns of 5000 inhabitants and upwards. Are they generally frequented by the working classes?—Yes, they are lending libraries chiefly, with a reading-room for periodicals, open in the day and evening. I understand you to say that the libraries are very well attended?—They are very well attended—those which are open in the evenings particularly. In the winter, there is usually a course of lectures connected with the library, which are usually very well attended.'

Both in the United States and in our own country, the circulation of newspapers is enormous; but in the former they seem to incite to other reading, and in the latter to supersede it. Undoubtedly, the newspaper of our days is a marvellous production,—‘One of the most painful and most solemn studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully,’ said Dr. Arnold, only a few days before his death; but it affords poor nourishment for the intellect, if taken as its principal food. ‘Newspapers constitute, almost exclusively, the literature of the lower classes in Ireland, at the present moment,’ observed an Irish witness* to this Committee. ‘There are,’ said another witness, ‘or were, very recently, seventy-three towns in Ireland in which there is not a single bookseller’s shop, although the average population of these towns is about 2300.’† No such literary dearth as this may exist either in England or Scotland, but in how many towns, even with twice that number of inhabitants, can any book save a novel or romance be procured from the circulating libraries? In rural districts, the difficulty of getting access to good books is still greater. ‘People are very little acquainted with the extraordinary ignorance of the poor people in rural districts, such as Buckinghamshire,’ says the Rev. W. R. Freemantle, of Claydon. . . . ‘I think, that if you could have a library in a rural district containing standard works . . . it would be exceedingly useful to the . . . teachers of others—such as the clergy and the dissenting ministers, schoolmasters, and the . . . tradesmen and farmers, who have nothing of the sort. The clergy complain very much of the want.‡ It would be easy, but can scarcely be needful, to adduce much more testimony to the same effect.

The libraries of the ‘Literary Institutions,’ and ‘Mechanics’

* Mr. Eugene Curry (*Libraries' Report*, 2641.)

† Mr. William Jones, Corresponding Secretary to the Religious Tract Society, (*Ib.* 2675.)

‡ *Ib.*, 1381, 1434.

Institutes' in our towns, afford but a very inadequate supply of books, even to those classes of the population who support them. The great majority of the works in many such libraries are utterly unsuited to their purpose, and could only have found their way into them in the specious guise of 'donations,' intended, it would seem, rather to sweep away useless lumber from private collections, than to diffuse knowledge, or cultivate a taste for literature. Such institutions, too, are accessible only in a very limited degree to the working classes.

Mr. Smiles, of Leeds, a witness extensively conversant with the West Riding of Yorkshire, in the course of his examination, was asked—

'Are the popular libraries which you have seen mostly frequented by the upper or by the lower class of artisans?—The upper class of artisans decidedly. I have remarked, already, that mechanics' institutes, so called, are not institutes for working people, but are principally supported by the middle classes, and by the higher order of skilled artisans; but the factory population, which constitutes the bulk of the population of the West Riding, do not belong to those mechanics' institutes, with a few rare exceptions. Do you think that any introduction of public libraries could infuse into that large class who, you say, take no part in mechanics' institutes, general habits of reading?—I think, that by giving facilities of the kind which have been mentioned, by establishing public libraries, which should be open at all times, especially in the evenings, a taste for reading would be greatly promoted. Give a man an interesting book to take home with him to his family, and it is probable that the man will stay at home and read his book in preference to going out and spending his time in dissipation or in idleness; and, therefore, the formation of those libraries would be favourable to the improvement of the moral and intellectual condition of the working population. . . . Do you think that such libraries would be made use of by that large class of the working people who, you say, do not make use of the opportunities given them by mechanics' institutes?—They would afford increased facilities by giving new books in cases where the old books had been read over and over again and exhausted; there would be an attraction in the libraries which they do not possess now; at present, a library is formed, and the members go to the books and read them, and read them out, and the attraction ceases. . . . As regards that large class of artisans of the lower grade, who do not avail themselves of mechanics' institutes, is not it the fact, that at present many are unable to read with sufficient fluency to be able to derive advantage from books?—I have stated, that in my opinion one great obstacle to reading books is the want of a sufficient supply of books; and that that is the cause of many who have learned to read when they were young forgetting even the art of reading in their adult years. But if they had books to read, they would not forget it?—No doubt the establish-

ment of good libraries, and making them accessible to the poorer classes, would be the means of enabling them to improve themselves in reading as well as of carrying forward their education in adult years.'

The secretary of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes says, on the same subject :

'The only public libraries to which the poor have any access are those of the mechanics' institutions; and of course the fee, though very small, limits the circulation materially. Besides, the selection of books is very imperfect, and frequently injudicious, and the expenditure thereon cripples the exertions of the institution in other directions. I believe public libraries, so far from injuring the mechanics' institutions, and other voluntary efforts of the working classes to provide themselves with intellectual food, would stimulate to the creation of still greater exertions for this object in other channels wherein government, for some time at least, could not so well assist.'

The witnesses examined by the committee are unanimous in expressing the opinion, that all classes of the people are prepared to take advantage of libraries, if made accessible to them, to a degree of which there has been no former example. Some curious instances of this readiness, under circumstances apparently little favourable to it, are stated in the very interesting examination of Mr. Inray, a gentleman who has taken an active part in promoting the establishment of 'Ragged Schools' in the northern division of the metropolis; and with this passage we must close our extracts from the 'Minutes of Evidence':

'Have you had the means of observing whether the poorest classes of the population show much disposition to avail themselves of facilities for reading?—I have taken, lately, the superintendence of a Ragged School in the Marylebone district, and in connexion with that school we have established a small library and reading-room; and those that have attended have attended with great regularity, and read the books with the greatest quietness and attention; the room is open every evening but one in the week. They do not go there for the mere object of passing the time, or having a comfortable place to sit down in?—It is possible that they may begin from that motive, but having begun, they get interested in the books, and they return to get books to read. Since the means of emigration have been provided for those classes—and many have gone from that school—the inclination amongst them for reading works which will give them information regarding the countries to which they intend to go has been very great. Do not you think that, in any part of the country where there is a tendency towards emigration, and, indeed, wherever

there are local libraries, it is very desirable to have those libraries supplied with books which give correct information upon the subject of emigration?—I think it is of the highest importance. Is it not likely that they will imbibe more knowledge from books which they take up themselves, provided those books are well chosen, than from any other source?—I think so. I may add that a great number of those same persons who frequent the Ragged School library had been in the habit of reading before; but they had read the bad, cheap publications which are circulated in thousands among those classes. I may say, that among those classes there is, perhaps, a greater amount of reading than amongst the better classes in London; but it is reading of the worst description. You think that the institution of good libraries would withdraw the population, and especially the most dangerous part of the population, from bad reading, to which they at present apply themselves?—I think it would have that tendency; and not only withdraw them from worse reading, but from worse pursuits. You think it would improve their habits as well as their intellect?—Yes; most of those classes have no homes to go to, and no rational pursuits of any kind, and therefore they take to immoral pursuits.’

Whatever parliamentary aid may hereafter be obtained towards the formation and maintenance of public libraries throughout the country, it is certain that, for the present, the main, if not the sole, reliance of the people must be on their own exertions. And there is abundant reason to think that what shall now be done, after mature deliberation,—whether by responsible town councils, where such exist, or elsewhere by voluntary associations for the special purpose of establishing libraries,—will be done well.

Since Mr. Ewart’s committee commenced its sittings, an excellent foundation has been laid for a public library, on a considerable scale, in the populous borough of Salford. It already contains upwards of 5000 volumes, and has an unexpended fund of nearly £2000. This library will shortly be opened to the public. A similar institution has been recently established in connexion with the Warrington Town Museum. In Glasgow, zealous efforts have been made to give increased efficiency to Stirling’s Library; and in many other parts of the kingdom there are clear indications of a growing interest in the subject.

Itinerating libraries—such as were established in the Lothians by the late Rev. John Brown, of Haddington*—should not escape attention; they present peculiar advantages for rural districts. The practicability of uniting reading-rooms, per-

* See the valuable evidence of the Rev. J. C. Brown, *passim*, (*Lib. Report*, pp. 111—116.)

fectly gratuitous, with lending-libraries at a low rate of subscription, in our towns, will also deserve to be considered. Such a combination already obtains in the case of Stirling's Library,* and has been there attended with very good results.

The committee recommend, 'That a power be given by Parliament to town-councils to levy a small rate for the creation and support of town libraries,' upon the principle of Mr. Ewart's Bill of 1845, commonly known as the 'Museums' Act.' Such libraries must, of course, be vested in the corporations, and be inalienable; and they ought to be effectually exempted from all taxation. The committee further, and very justly urge the importance of taking efficient means for the printing and publication of catalogues of all our public libraries, and for ensuring their circulation throughout the country.

The interchange of such of the duplicate copies of books, contained in our existing libraries, *as are really disposable*, is another point which will merit consideration. In every extensive library, the retention of duplicate and even triplicate copies of many books is essential; and of course, this is especially true of those collections which we have termed 'libraries of deposit and research.' But after making all proper allowance on this head, there must still be a considerable number of valuable books lying utterly unused on the shelves of some of our larger libraries, which elsewhere could be turned to good account. There might also be some provision for the exchange or transfer, under proper restrictions against abuse, of books which happen from various causes to be useless in one class of libraries, but of great value in another. In some of the few church and parochial libraries of old foundation, which still exist in some parts of the country—too often in a state of dilapidation and neglect—there occasionally occur very rare and valuable books, ranking as 'curiosities of literature,' amidst an utter dearth of modern and useful books. Such libraries

* 'The directors resolved that the privilege of borrowing the books should . . . be open also to annual subscribers on the payment of a very moderate yearly subscription; and that, for the benefit of the less wealthy classes, the library should be comfortably furnished and lighted with gas, and opened gratuitously during the evening, as well as from 11 till 4, as formerly, to all persons who felt inclined to enjoy the advantages thus offered. 'The library was opened, under the amended regulations, on Christmas-day, 1848, and the community have shown, by the readiness with which they have come forward as readers, in every way, their appreciation of the steps which the directors have taken;' and the directors proceed to state—'That, considering the very large and increasing population of Glasgow, amounting now to considerably more than 350,000 persons, and the fact that there is *no other library in the city to which the inhabitants have access without charge*, it is highly desirable that its beneficial influence should be extended by greater additions of instructive and popular works, tending to the diffusion of useful knowledge.'—*Petition of the Directors of Stirling's Library to the House of Commons*, p. 2.

are as unfortunately circumstanced as was the man who luxuriated in lace ruffles and had no shirt.

In the evidence of Mr. Henry Stevens, from which we have already quoted, it is stated that international exchanges of books have taken place with considerable advantage between France and the United States of America. About three-fourths of the States, he says, have given many copies of all their publications to Mr. Vattemare, to be sent to France. . . . 'Most of the States have given him many books, and sufficient money to pay all the expenses of the exchange. 'The usual number is, I think, about fifty copies; and, in return, 'the French government has sent, through him, many important 'works to many of the State Libraries and to the Congress 'Library.' After stating that similar interchanges have commenced between Great Britain and the United States, he adds, 'these interchanges might be greatly increased much to the 'advantage of all parties, were there proper facilities afforded.* Similar testimony is given by other witnesses.

Fiscal restrictions on the free circulation of books are of greater extent in this country than in any other. Whatever the legislature may do, or neglect to do, in aiding the establishment of public libraries, it cannot long defer the removal of these most unwise and injurious impediments to their formation. On this point the Committee thus report:—

'The duty levied on the importation of foreign books, produces a trifling amount of revenue, about 8000*l.* a year; yet it is a grievous tax on knowledge, and an impediment to the formation of libraries. It is stated by Mr. Edwards, that 'the tax on books in America amounts to ten per cent.; in Belgium, to three per cent.; in Austria, to two per cent.; in France, to one per cent.; in most of the German States, in Holland, in Denmark, and in Norway, books are imported duty free; while we have a more oppressive tax imposed upon us than exists in any other country.' It appears that the want of foreign books is the great deficiency in our existing libraries; yet we have increasing competition to contend with in the purchase of them; the Americans having entered the European market, and become (even for their private collections) large purchasers of books. It also seems that the Custom-house officers do not, and cannot, strictly enforce the collection of the duty. 'There is a great evasion of the law. The Custom-house officers are quite unable to divide the books into those categories into which the law divides them. The consequence is, that the whole is open to fraud.'—(3383.) Another grave impediment to the more extensive circulation of books is to be found in the paper duty. Your Committee do not find existing in the United States, or in any other country, such a duty; oppressive upon trade,

* *Libraries' Report*, 1607—1609; 1613.

interfering with labour, and restrictive of literature. In the United States, and in Belgium, and in many other countries there exists no such duty as the advertisement duty. Your Committee deem this another impediment to the extension of libraries, and the circulation of books, as it is to trade and labour generally.'

We trust that Mr. Ewart will not allow the coming session to elapse without urging upon Parliament the entire removal of these obnoxious imposts. To him the country is already under deep obligation for untiring efforts to amend the laws, to diffuse education and culture, and to promote in various ways the social and economical well-being of the people. In respect to measures of this practical nature few men in parliament have done so much. And the time, we hope, is rapidly approaching when labours such as these will hold a far higher place in public opinion, than the most brilliant gladiatorial displays in the cause of party schemes and party interests. We wish to see a larger portion of our libraries really public, and brought into a nearer and more healthy relation to the people. We desire, also, to witness vigorous efforts, like that at Salford, on the part of the people themselves, to form new libraries on a sound and permanent basis.

ART. IV.—*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

WE rarely rise from a modern work of fiction thoroughly satisfied. Unity of design and execution is less considered now than popularity. Authors say that High Art is not appreciated in this country; the public do not care for it; it will not sell. They eschew it therefore, as carefully as modern painters do, and manufacture showy wares that will command a market. They clip their own wings, and abstain from soaring into the empyrean of art, leaving, as they say, that higher region to such spiritual beings as can subsist on the chameleon's food. But all are not thus mercenary. Some modern authors have winged lofty flights; some also have been fortunate enough to find other recompence than air. We have one before us.

We rose from the '*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*' with minds well assured. Mr. Aytoun, we said, is an artist—a High Artist; he conceives an idea and works it throughout; he allows nothing to distract him from the unity of his design; no popularity will compensate to him for an artistic defect; he is evidently a

champion for the highest class of art among a race of bunglers; let us give him welcome.

But the book had not been published many months before it was in the second edition. We were surprised. How was this? We inquired among the weekly critics, but found that the author's elaborate art had of course nothing to do with its success with them. These buzzards of the press are not acute in such matters; they had not discovered or even suspected any art in it at all. We inquired among the reading public; they had not seen any art in it either; but they were not so much to blame as their hebdomadal critics, for they do not profess much admiration for achievements in this form, and indeed rarely encourage such. The book had other recommendations for them.

Some of these were evidently *unpremeditated*. The title was suggestive, but of course quite accidentally so. Aytoun did not intend it to remind people of the title of the most successful book of verses published these ten years. He stated in it that he was professor of rhetoric and belles lettres in the University of Edinburgh, but could not have intended any comparison between his Lays and those of the lately elected rector of the University of Glasgow. He knew better than to run so absurd a risk. But yet these were recommendations to the public, although of the accidental sort; and in addition to them the versification of some of the ballads was found to be at least above mediocrity; and the people have been so baited of late for neglecting poets, that they show anxiety to encourage any one who even promises to be a poet—at however distant a day.

These remarks will have prepared our readers to find that we do not praise the 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers' either because they might seem done after the 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' or because they are by a professor of rhetoric, or because one or two of them are in spirited metre. W. Howitt said that it was left to him to declare Wordsworth's real merits; it is left to us to declare the real merits of Aytoun.

The true genius of the book, then, consists in its exquisite and elaborate humour. Rightly viewed, it is as good a jest as has been published for a long time; and we have enjoyed several hearty laughs over its pages. Once possessed of the author's secret, the very platitudes and dullnesses of the prose parts become light and sparkling; and the extravagance to which the joke is ultimately carried, only enhances on examination our wonder at the skill and firmness of the mind which could so completely carry out so extraordinary a scheme.

We were led to our discoveries by the other writings of the

Professor. The sôn-in-law of Christopher North, he is a constant contributor to the pages of our talented contemporary *Maga*.* Some have suspected him of song and oratory under the old 'Tent;' and his pretended abuse of Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in the preface to the Dundee Lay, supports that suspicion. It is just in the old Tent style; Mr. Hogg could not have attacked himself better. But be this as it may, Aytoun's writings have been hitherto chiefly ironical, and why, thought we, should he change his style now? The thought was an inspiration, and made everything clear; we rose from the book delighted with the author's art, and laughing at his humour.

We shall present a few introductory words on the position assumed by our rhetorician, before examining and commenting in our brief way on his strange performance. He pretends to be an old-fashioned Scotch Tory;—he might just as well pretend to be an old Scotch woman. Indeed he is so conscious of the absurdity of the character which he counterfeits, that he has introduced one or two strokes of positive ridicule on it. The old lady's petticoats, so to speak, are once or twice a little raised so that quick eyes may discover the Highland trews beneath. Aytoun's art is not at all impeached by this admission. The confidences of an artist do not destroy the unity of his design and execution.

A modern Scotch Tory of the old-fashioned class is a man who realizes Mr. Isaac Taylor's theory of duality of existence. His body lives in the Present, but his mind in the Past. His animal birth is dated some centuries too late, his spirit being only fit for the dark ages. He sighs for the old things that have passed away, whether good or bad; he hates all things that are new. He is like the magician in Aladdin, but without the common sense motives; he would change any number of the world's new lamps for some of the old ones.

Such a man has more tastes than we can enumerate; but we may name a few. He does not like a limited monarchy. Things were better when the king and his nobles had all the ruling amongst themselves. He has even a sort of drawing towards a despot. Parliaments, if convened at all, should have no power but to vote supplies, and no voice but to echo the king's. He does not believe in an enlightened public. He is dissatisfied with the handsome capital in which he lives, where the streets are stately, and the houses healthy and large; where the pathways are paved and lighted, where the

* Blackwood's Magazine.

sewerage is excellent, and foot passengers are safe by night and day. He would prefer the Auld Toun with its narrow lanes and comfortless hovels, if they had not become the refuge of the poor and destitute; he looks back longing to the times when the flag-stones were still sleeping in the quarries, and the lanes were paved with difficult and uneven stones. He would like to do battle for the wall against all comers as he walks, and to be obliged to hire linkmen for light, as he stumbles home from his carouse. But above all, with the cleanly notions which his beloved past have given him, he would fain restore the ancient modes of sewerage, and run the gauntlet, as it were, from house to house.

He dwells fondly on the feudal system; it looks rosy-coloured from the distance, to his foggy brain. His imagination glows as he thinks of chivalry, when men lived without care, and women without ennui and Mrs. Ellis; when passages of arms had not yet passed away, and men were harnessed as well as horses, and went tilting at each other at full gallop for a French kid-glove from beauty's hands. The clash of mailed warriors in full course, and the ringing of a hero's glaive upon another hero's casque, are sounds his spirit leaps to think of. How can men of sense forego the excitement of the tourney? Surely Scotchmen have become degenerate when they suffer all the glories of the battle-field, and sieges, duels, and the like, to give place to the fooleries of science, literature, and art.

He maintains that in the feudal times women were never listless and useless like so many modern women. They were cooks from childhood. They were the medical students, and walked the hospitals and learned physic, and none could cure a wound so well as they. When wearied of these labours they retired on their tapestries. These were wonderful pieces of work; picture after picture grew into being under the taper fingers, modern notions of perspective being utterly despised and all the objects put into the foreground. The chief charm about them was that, unlike your new-fangled anti-macassars, crochets, and the rest, they were seldom finished in a single lifetime, and when finished were completely useless. Besides these things they were sometimes occupied in hawking, often in hunting, always in love. When the ladies and gentlemen of those golden ages took their ease, which sometimes was the case, it was in jasmine bowers where unseen musicians piped to them, and troubadours or makers, chaunted glorious lays. If accidents occurred, as they did now and then, the men being all fighters, and if Death came ruffling among the happy throng, the obsequies were performed in the high fretted aisle of some stupen-

dous old cathedral, crowded with the mourners, while the pealing organ and harmonious quire swelled out the splendid sorrow.

As for the people of those days they were a higher sort of cattle, only made to till the land or groom the horses, or at best to wrap themselves in iron and get killed for the glory of their betters. He has of course no sympathy with *them*; he has very little sympathy with even the modern populace, and they have none with him. He dislikes modern law courts,—trial by battle is to him a holy thing; he would pack the grandest of juries and its base mechanic foreman,—to the tomb of Capulet. He remembers the ducking-stool with affection, and believes in witches.

But above all, he worships the Stuarts. From the year 1371, when the son of the High Steward and Marjory Bruce, his wife, (daughter of King Robert of that ilk) were crowned at Scone, to the time when the whole indignant people of England rose as one man, and cast them out for the second time and for ever, in the person of James VII., as he calls him, the history of his country is haunted by that precious race, and he loves them. He grows sick when he hears of other houses. There never was a house like this.

It would take too much of our space to state how many claims they have on the love and reverence of Scotchmen. We might fill our whole number if we began; the strange being of whom we are treating would doubtless be able to fill a dozen. He would have all Presbyterians and other fanatics shipped, as of old, to the West Indies, which are still hallowed in his mind to the memory of heretics. He would once more try to thrust a liturgy down the popular throat with a bayonet or a stake. He still believes in the *jus divinum* of kings.

In his friendships he selects the worst of mankind;—in his enmities, the best. Common sense and he are utter strangers; if they ever had any acquaintance it has long since been terminated by mutual consent. They do not know each other when they meet.

Now it is plainly impossible that such a being could hold the Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. This it is which gives poignancy to Aytoun's jest, and makes us merry, instead of angry, at his simulated Toryism. *He* was not afraid to assume the character of a foolish, narrow-minded bigot;—he knew that his position, which he carefully advertised, was a sufficient guarantee to the public of his real opinions. Although the notion and method of treatment were not original, perhaps, on the whole, they were good,

of which we shall say more anon. The greatest living logician and a Protestant theologian had effectually answered those who deny the authenticity of the Scriptures, by pretending unbelief on a point of modern history; and had almost annihilated the school of Hume, by his masterly 'Historic Doubts about Napoleon Buonaparte.' Aytoun thought it no wrong to follow so good and eminent a man, although an Episcopalian. He considered that he might bring the old-fashioned Scotch Tory to a proper contempt for some of the leaders of bye-gone follies in State and Church, by saying or singing all in their favour, that the fiercest partisan could bring; and, accordingly, he assumed the character of a partisan, and so well, that those hard-headed men, who maunder, as it were, among the ashes of Jacobitism, as a school-boy's congregation maunders among the ashes of a burnt book, and who will eventually vanish like that congregation from the eyes of men, might almost think that, for a wonder, they had got a man of talent on their side.

In calling his book '*Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*,' however, the professor was hardly so descriptive as such an Artist might have been. For the sake of variety to his prose, it is true that one-third of the lay part of the volume is in metre; but the prefaces to the poems are the real attraction; here lies the sterling stuff. Just as an orator uses his motion, or a preacher his text, Aytoun uses his prefaces as bases to his lays; the only difference is, that the motion is longer than the speech, the text than the sermon. To illustrate our meaning, we may imagine a clergyman who, in discoursing of the character of Job, reads the *Book of Job* to his patient audience for his text, and fills out the accustomed sixty minutes by a few concluding observations on the whole matter. Aytoun does the like; his prefaces and lays are of that relative prominence.

Our readers have now had a glance behind the scenes. We have indicated the chief merit of the book; and can, therefore, proceed to look a little more minutely at its contents. We need scarcely premise that we have no sympathy whatever with the character presented. A Scotch Tory has always been a repulsive object to us,—his opinions utterly worthless; and we often wonder how any human being can house such lumber in his brain, however ill furnished that brain may otherwise be. For the sake of clearness, we must partially identify Aytoun with the person he pretends to be; but in doing so, we feel that we are paying a high compliment to his art, and when, after all, the rôle is laid aside, if we have been a little hard on him, a personal amende can restore the balance.

He does not plunge into his subject at the commencement of

his acquaintance with the reader; too much boldness at the very threshold might induce a step backwards instead of forwards. The end of satire is reformation; but no one can be reformed by satire or aught else, unless he reads it. Accordingly, he deemed it well to be quiet at first, as good artists in music use to do. The opening of a sinfonia is generally piano ed adagio—then ensue a scherzo and marcia un poco presto, a grand movement follows with the tema—after that, some allegretto scheme; the whole concluding with a finale presto assai e cantabile. One of Mozart's symphonies was, doubtless, in Aytoun's head when he arranged his Lays.

'Edinburgh' after Flodden, the first piece, is very adagio, or slow. The preface is short, but the pretended Stuartite does not miss the opportunity of being stupid. The foolhardiness of James IV. is called 'determined valour, imprudent as it was;' his want of all the requisites of generalship is excused by 'both parties did wonders; but none on either side performed more than the King himself.' The Lay opens with a dull description of Edinburgh, as a Murray arrives from battle. He is beset by townsmen, eager for news of their children; but he will not speak till in the presence of the elders,

'Whom good King James hath charged
To watch the tower and wall;'

which they do, we suppose, by proxy, as they are all sitting, on his arrival, 'in their hall.' When he comes before them, he continues stolidly silent, till the provost bids him speak—a man who,

'—ever for the townsman's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer;'

on which duty, we think, he must indeed have *ever* remained standing. At his command, and after three Miltonic essays to speak, Murray breaks out. The King is dead, and his nobles are dead, and the riven banner in his hand is stained with the life-blood of James. On the receipt of this news, woe and lamentation commence, and

'Through the streets the death-word rushes,
Spreading terror—sweeping on.'

We cannot be surprised that terror should be spread by anything that would sweep the streets in that cleanly age. We hear no more of it, however, but are instantly called back to the elders, whose bosoms are foolishly described as shaking with the tempest of their sorrow. And 'well indeed,' says the rhymers,

'Well indeed might they be shaken
With the weight of such a blow!'

He leaves us to guess whether the tempest or the sorrow shook the breasts of the elders 'with the weight of such a blow'—proceeding,

'He was gone, their prince, their idol,
Whom they loved and worshipped so'

Whom, in other words, they kept a fully paid provost ever standing on his legs to oppose! Few monarchs *out* of the Stuart line deserved men's love and worship as James IV. did. He was vain, passionate, spendthrift, and licentious. He was a chivalrous libertine; he flung away the finest army that Scotland could give him, and with it the flower of her nobility, at this very battle of Flodden; primarily, because the French queen sent him a ring, and asked him to march into England; and secondarily, because when he had done so, he lost every opportunity of success by iniquitous delay over his miserable vicious pleasures. Truly, if he was a king to be worshipped, it was better, as one said, that he should be gathered to the fathers first. So long as he was not in the calendar as a living king, they might put him where they liked as a dead one.

As the lay proceeds, the provost asks particulars of the fight, which Murray supplies. The public outside begin to get noisy in their sorrow as he concludes, and the bells toll, and all fear that the English will come and take high Dunedin, which was the name of Edinburgh—until in some season of exigency, hating the very name of a dun, our neighbours struck that ugly monosyllable from the title of their capital. The Provost, however, bids the tumult cease, silences the dreadful bells, and concludes the lay by a few words of encouragement.

History records that the place was not taken, but the lay does not. The reader is made to feel some curiosity about the matter, and then is disappointed. We expect a *denouement*, and have a speech.

The rhetorician still dallies with his toma in the next lay, 'The Execution of Montrose,' a man whom Whigs as well as Tories have praised for personal bravery, and pitied for his cruel and ignominious death. We shall, however, find several significant hints; some of the minor instruments in the orchestra are allowed to *indicate* the subject.

Montrose is described in the preface as 'among the devoted champions who maintained the cause of Church and King,' a blundering sentence, for it was a cause which all its devoted champions could *not* maintain. A slight sketch of his career may be interesting, and will account for some of the touches in the lay. When he returned from the grand tour of those times, he was

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slighted at the court of Charles I., and became a principal in the covenanting insurrection. But his views were strangely altered after a personal interview with that monarch at Berwick; and, though commissioned by the Covenanters to push their interests, he there commenced a course of treachery to them, which, being too anxiously followed, conducted him to a well-deserved imprisonment. He was, however, set free when the King left the Border. He followed him to Oxford; contrived to oust the Duke of Hamilton from the royal councils; and persuaded the monarch to begin in earnest that unhappy struggle which cost so much blood, but thoroughly established the Scottish malcontents in possession of their rights. He himself headed the royal forces in Scotland. With fearful odds against him, he defeated Elcho at Perth, Burley at Aberdeen, and the Campbells at Innerlochy. He stormed Dundee; and when compelled to retreat from that place by Urrey and Baillie, he drew those generals apart, and successively defeated them at Auldearn and Aldford. He descended triumphantly, with the greatest force he could raise, into the Lowlands, and annihilated the army of the Covenanters at Kilsyth. He entered Glasgow in triumph. Edinburgh sent commissioners to beg mercy of him. The country was at his feet. But suddenly all changed. The terror of the Covenanters, the mainstay of the royalists, the cynosure of every eye, he seemed to have reached the very pinnacle of glory; but the command went out against him—disaster fell suddenly upon him—in a moment, as it were, that glory was a dream. The Covenanters hastily got together another army; under Leslie they fell upon him at Philiphaugh, and totally defeated his forces; a short time after he was flying for his life among the mountains. He made several subsequent attempts for the old cause, but they were unsuccessful, and at last, at Charles's request, he left the kingdom.

History, which cares nothing for the unities, supplies but scanty memoranda of him after this time, till the commencement of the last act of his tragical career. In 1650, he landed in Scotland with a small troop of Germans; his object the recovery of the throne for Charles II. It was a daring deed, but failed. Leslie's army once more defeated him; and M'Leod of Assynt betrayed him to foes by no means disposed to show him mercy. He was hanged and quartered in Edinburgh.

We shall make one or two extracts from the lay, because the verses have some merit. We point out with *italics* some of the strokes which Aytoun has thrown in, with a view to keep up his pretended character, or to satirize it. They brought the Marquis to the Watergate :

‘ It would have made a brave man’s heart
 Grow sad and sick that day,
 To watch the *keen malignant eyes*,
 Bent down on that array.
 There stood the Whig west-country lords,
 In balcony and bow;
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
 And their daughters all a-row.
 And every open window,
 Was full as full might be,
With black-robed covenanting carles,
That goodly sight to see.

* * * * * They placed him
 Within the solemn hall,
 Where once the Scottish kings were crowned,
 Amidst their nobles all.
 But there was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
 With savage glee came Warristoun,
 To read the murderous doom;
 And then uprose the great Montrose,
 In the middle of the room.

* * * * *

‘ There is a chamber far away,
 Where sleep the good and brave;
 But a better place ye have named for me,
 Than by my father’s grave;
 For truth and right, ’gainst treason’s might,
This hand hath always striven,
 And ye raise it up for a witness still,
 In the eye of earth and heaven:
 Then nail my head on yonder tower,
 Give every town a limb—
 The God that made shall gather them,
 I go from you to Him!

‘ The morning dawned full darkly,
 The rain came flashing down,
 And the jagged streak of the levin bolt
 Lit up the gloomy town,
 The thunder crashed across the heaven,
 The fatal hour was come;
 Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
 The ’larum of the drum.

* * * * *

' One last long peal of thunder,
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.
 He is coming! He is coming!
 Like a bridegroom from his room;
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.
 There was glory on his forehead,
 There was lustre in his eye,
 And he never walked to battle
 More proudly than to die.

* * * *

' *The grim Geneva ministers,*
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
 He would not deign them word or sign,
 But alone he bent the knee,
 And veiled his face, for Christ's dear grace,
 Beneath the gallows tree.
 Then radiant and serene he rose,
 And cast his cloak away,
 For he had ta'en his latest look
 On earth, and sun, and day.
 ' A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
 And he climbed the lofty ladder,
 ' As though it were the path to heav'n.
 Then came a flush from out the cloud,
 And a stunning thunder roll,
 And no man dared to look aloft,
 For fear was on every soul.'

This writing has spirit in it; the author, indeed, makes himself so much at one with his hero, and that hero is so far above the ordinary idols of Scotch Toryism, that the reader's attention does not flag throughout the whole poem. It is sufficient to have drawn attention to the abuse of the Covenanters by italics; we cannot, however, forbear to notice, for the sake of justifying the Professor in the Protestant University of Edinburgh from the charge of being himself what he pretends to be, how finely the beam of heavenly light is thrown round the hero's head. It is not like that halo which old painters set about the heads of prophets or apostles, or those who testified in cruel ages to the truth, but it is like 'a glory round the shriven.' It is like those brilliant rays which play about the

Irishman's head, as he is dying among wife, and pigs, and children, when O'Flannagan absolves him of his sins, and sends him, cheated and unrepentant, to the dreadful trial. Surely our ironical Tory has not been quite so mindful of his petticoat here as he might have been: it is a deadly sarcasm launched at the Roman Catholic mines. We may also observe how boldly the Jacobite contempt for truth is put on, when Montrose is made to say that his hand 'had *always* striven' for truth and right. If it had, both parties must have been in the right, for he had striven for both. We feel certain that he never said such a thing.

The next lay is innocent of politics, and somewhat spirited. We think that we have seen it in the pages of our before-named contemporary, *Ebony*. The subject is Lord James, of Douglas, and his expedition with the Bruce's heart; it tells how he carried it to the court of Spain, on his voyage to the Holy Land to bury it, and how, landing there to fight the Moors, he perished in battle, after throwing the case into the thickest of the press, and fighting his way to it. We regret that we cannot detach any verses from the animated whole with advantage.

The volume now begins in earnest. The professor draws the sword of which he has shown glimpses before; he draws it, and throws away the scabbard: or, to retain the former comparison, the whole orchestra suddenly takes up the grand theme, and drums, cymbals, trumpets, and all the other instruments break into full play.

To this point the texts or prefaces have been of moderate length; now the case is altered. The preface to the 'Burial March of Dundee' is thrice the length of the lay, besides which it has a note which is still longer. The purpose of these compositions is the glorification of the immortal Claverhouse; it is, as we said—the Scotch Tory, in his friendships, selects the worst of mankind.

The prose opens with a regret expressed in most rhetorical language. 'It is much to be regretted that no competent person 'has as yet undertaken the task of compiling a full and authentic 'biography of Lord Viscount Dundee.' Of course an incompetent person could not even *compile* an authentic biography, although he might undertake it. Aytoun undertakes it, and even proves himself to be quite incompetent. We are, however, at a loss to know why the non-existence of such a biography should be regretted. Have we not Paul Clifford, Blomfield Rush, or other scoundrels to absorb our sympathies? Would not Bulwer Lytton feel even *his* pen debased by writing a novel with Claverhouse for its hero? Are Scotch Tories so bitterly inimical to the lower orders that they would have a full and

authentic account of the life and cruelties of that criminal circulated among them, as an antidote to the Religious Tract Society's Monthly Volume? for of course none but the people down there would read it. Would they fain charm the ragged-school boy from the errors of his way, by showing him how murder has, at least in one instance, raised its perpetrator to the peerage? For shame, Aytoun! It is rather to be wished that the memory of such men might die when they die and are thankfully hidden away by their fellow-men under the earth they have defaced: for

‘None but the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.’

‘It was the misfortune of Claverhouse to have lived in so troublous an age and country.’ This is rubbish. A good man will adorn any age and any country. It was far more unfortunate for the inhabitants of that country in the age referred to, that such a spirit was sent among them, ‘having great wrath,’ like the demon in Revelations. ‘The religious differences in Scotland were then at their greatest height, and there was hardly any act of ‘atrociousness and rebellion which had not been committed by the insurgents.’ This is deception. So mild a name as religious differences will not apply to bigoted persecution on one side, and self-renunciation and martyrdom on the other. Mere ‘differences’ do not lead to transportation and murder—to the winching of men’s legs in boots of wood, the pieces firmly fastened together, and between the legs and them wedges driven till all resemblance to those limbs is thoroughly obliterated—to fitting the ends of men’s thumbs into instruments which grow small by degrees, and beautifully less, as screws are turned, and the like. These things show more like the results of religious hatred, than of religious ‘differences.’ It is false, too, that the atrocities were performed *by* the insurgents; they were performed *on* them. Atrociousness and rebellion did not walk hand in hand as above; the royalists monopolized the atrociousness, and only left rebellion for the sufferers.

‘The country was infested by banditti, who took every opportunity of shooting down and massacreing any of the straggling ‘soldiery.’ This would probably have been the case if the soldiery had straggled; but they always kept together, and went about shooting down and massacreing the ‘banditti,’ who were religious people, willing to suffer death rather than forsake the worship of God according to their consciences. ‘The clergy were attacked and driven from their houses.’ They were, indeed. The Rev. Richard Cameron was not only attacked and driven from his house, but killed in the middle of his congregation on Aird’s moss, or muir, and had his head and hands fixed over a gate

in Edinburgh, the fingers of the hands upwards, as though (as his friends said) in prayer. The Rev. Donald Cargill was attacked and chased through the kingdom, but would not cease to preach 'the glad tidings,' at whatever peril to himself; he was at last captured, and after a mock trial, hanged, the executioner turning him off the ladder before he had finished praying. The Rev. John Welch was attacked and driven from his house and from his country. The Rev. John King was hanged; the Rev. John Kid was more than once put in the boots, and afterwards hanged too; besides many others, but these are enough.

'It is now the fashion to praise and magnify the Covenanters as the most innocent and persecuted of men; but those who are so ready with their sympathy rarely take the pains to satisfy themselves by reference to the annals of the times, of the true character of those men, whom they blindly venerate as martyrs.' This is inane and purposeless. Not daring to state that the Covenanters were *not* the most innocent and persecuted of men, the Tory turns, with the mouthing of a common declaimer, upon modern times, and instead of giving any facts about the Covenanters, breaks off at the middle of a sentence to tell us that some persons are superficial. Very likely. Aytoun himself may be; he has here, at all events, presented a paragraph which would disgrace a boy at the school not far from the University of Edinburgh. The second part of the sentence, which is preceded by a 'but,' has nothing whatever to do with the first. 'They forget,' these superficial people, 'in their zeal for religious freedom, that even the purest and holiest of causes may be sullied and disgraced by the deeds of its upholders; and that a wild and frantic profession of faith is not always a test of genuine piety.' If they do forget all this, their opinions cannot weigh much even with a wooden-headed tory. Then we dash on to a glorious non-sequitur. 'It is not in the slightest degree necessary to discuss whether the royal prerogative was at that time arbitrarily used, or whether the religious freedom of the nation was unduly curtailed.' We should have thought the discussion of such a point not a little necessary in such a place; however, public opinion is pretty clear about it, so that *we* shall waste no words on it, not having Aytoun's passionate logic to provoke us. We shall give no more instances of his folly at this part of his preface; we cannot omit to notice, however, the culpable way in which the battle of Philiphaugh is introduced. A story is told, which we believe to be utterly false, of some cleric who rubbed his hands as the royalist prisoners were being murdered, after that battle, in immediate context with an allusion to the reign of Charles II., from which

an unsuspecting general reader would infer that the massacre of the prisoners took place in his time and that of Claverhouse. The battle of Philiphaugh was, however, fought in 1645, when the people of Scotland, and not the Covenanters alone, were in arms against the race of Stuart. The question then was quite different to what it was in the evil days of Claverhouse; it was one of civil, rather than of religious liberty. The dishonesty of such an allusion as this to a disgraceful event which took place during a political war, for the sake of fastening odium on a certain religious party, cannot be too strongly reprobated.

We have already recorded our disinclination for any full and authentic life of Claverhouse. Certainly the sketch which Aytoun presents is neither full nor authentic: one specimen of his biographical powers will suffice. 'It would be beyond the scope of the present paper to enter minutely (he does not enter any further) into the details of his services during the stormy period when Scotland was certainly misgoverned, and when there was little unity and much disorder in the land.' This is another sentence where the two parts have no connexion with each other. The fact of the misgovernment of Scotland has no relation whatever to the suppression of events in a man's life. The only time in Claverhouse's career in which, from his doings, we could have got a true picture of him, is thus slurred over. A long story of his apprentice follies in Holland occupies all the professor's space; a reader might suppose, from the scanty sentence about his life in Scotland, that the hard-hearted hunter of the Covenanters had merely resided for a short while in a disturbed part of the country; such an one would never suspect that he had been a sportsman all the while, and shot peasants instead of pheasants on the moors.

It is enough for us, in our carelessness as to the history of so atrocious a trooper, to know, that 'three years after the accession of James VII., Claverhouse was raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Viscount Dundee,' a choice worthy of the wise and virtuous monarch who made it; also that the lord viscount was shot, in the moment of victory, at Killecrankie—shall we say, happily for Scotland.

The lay on his burial is completely worthless—it is as bad as the feeblest poetical production of modern Athens, or of our Babylon the Great. It commences to the following tune:—

‘Sound the fife and cry the slogan,
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild, triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.

* * Never from the field of combat,
 Never from the deadly fray,
 Was a nobler trophy carried,
 Than we bring with us to-day.
 Never since the valiant Douglas,
 On his dauntless bosom bore
 Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
 To our dear Redeemer's shore.
 Lo! we bring with us the hero—
 Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
 Crowned as best beseems a victor
 From the altar of his fame.'

And so on, the inflexions in the verses being equally marked throughout—we suppose, for the use of charity schools. How noble a simile is that about King Robert's heart—the priceless, borne on the bosom of Douglas to our dear Redeemer's shore; it is only unfortunate that the lay, just before this, should have narrated how Douglas only bore it to the shore of Spain, whence it was carried back to Scotland.

Few readers will read this Burial March through—we regret that we did, it is such arrant doggerel. Claverhouse is said to have asked his soldiers, before the battle of Killecrankie, to

'Think upon the royal martyr—
 Think of what his race endure—
 Think of him whom butchers murdered
 On the field of Magus Muir.'

If he did so, it was an unreasonable request; no persons in their senses could think of Charles I. as a royal martyr. There was no necessity, in describing the place of murder, to call it both a field and a moor. 'Strike this day,' he is supposed to have pursued, 'as if the anvil lay beneath your blows the while, be they Covenanting traitors'—that is, of course, be the *blows* covenanting traitors. 'Or the *brood* of false Argyle'—that is, be the blows the *brood* of Argyle; it also means that there was a distinction between Covenanting traitors and Argyle's *brood*; what the difference was we know not.

'Strike and drive the trembling rebels,
 Backward o'er the stormy Forth,
 Let them tell their pale convention
 How they fared within the North.
 Let them tell that Highland honour
 Is not to be bought and sold,
 That we scorn their prince's anger
 As we loathe his foreign gold.'

'Loathe gold'—humph! We should like to know if Dundee

ever had an offer for his honour—if so, how much, why he refused it, and what he asked. We dare say Aytoun can tell.

Enough, however, of this barrel-organ march. It is followed by a long and melancholy article on Glencoe, and a windy little lay, without merit, on the same theme. We are so weary of the name of this unhappy tribe of Maclans or Macdonalds, that we hope to be pardoned for treating Aytoun's statement of their case with absolute neglect, which, however, we should add, is not unmixed with contempt. Judge Talfourd is the only poet who has treated of the matter to our taste.

We must also pass by the 'Island of the Scots,' which is a ballad of some spirit, and without politics; as is usual, however, with Aytoun's lays, the interest of the piece gets less and less as we near the end. 'Charles Edward at Versailles' is the next theme. The preface is very long. It commences by announcing that the Stuarts were deposed, and that the young Pretender had not degenerated from his royal line of ancestors. We frankly admit this; we do not see how he could do so. It expresses joy that his attempt was made, *because* his defeat put an end to the 'dynastical struggle, which, for more than *half a century*, had agitated the *whole* of Britain.' This is certainly making the best of it; we think, however, that the dynastical struggle might have been ended in a much easier way, and without bloodshed, if the obtuse young gentleman who revived it had taken the many broad hints given to his fathers and himself that his dynasty was no longer wanted, and had so abstained from landing.

The author, with a ridiculous anxiety to establish the incorruptibility of his countrymen, then proceeds to boast that our beloved Queen has now the *unbought* allegiance of the Highlanders. We should like to be informed if the allegiance of her Majesty's other subjects is not equally unbought; if it is, this puff of the gratuitous loyalty of the Highlanders is foolish and offensive, all the inhabitants of Great Britain being, we suppose, alike in that respect. It may, however, be suggested, in apology for Mr. Aytoun, that Scotch Tories are not used to *give* allegiance, or aught else, to any one; this may explain his eagerness to assure mankind that the allegiance of modern Highlanders has not been bought or sold. We do not know what it would be worth to a speculator—but not much, we imagine.

The rhetorician next presents a meagre account of the young Pretender, commencing it at his landing. Here, however, he proves himself as incompetent in compiling as he did before in the article on Dundee. He quotes freely from Chambers and others, and the quotations are interesting, but there is no skill

displayed in connecting them. We have no need to enlarge about that landing: Charles Edward made his descent with a mere handful of men, just as Louis Napoleon essayed to do, in our own times, at Boulogne. The two excursions would have been historic parallels, but for the powerful assistance of Lochiell to Charles; and a whig Smythe would have found little room for preference between the bankrupt refugees from England at the French port, and the Highlanders of 1745, who, if not actually *bought*, would never have joined the Chevalier's standard, had not there been fair prospect of a remunerating raid into the Lowlands under him.

The Marquis of Tullibardine unfurled the Stuart standard at Glenfinnan—not without help, for it was large. Immediately afterwards, Charles pushed forward with the few hundred Highlanders who had come in to him; for he doubtless had been well instructed from boyhood in the lamentable failure of his father's attempt, in consequence of the delays and hesitation of Mar. His was in all respects a better chance than his father's, in 1715; the Brunswick monarch was in Hanover, and nearly all the troops were withdrawn from Scotland for foreign service. Still Sir John Cope was left, and directly information was received of the raising of the standard, he put himself at the head of what troops were to be had, and marched out to meet the insurgents. When, however, he was close upon them some sudden change came over his mind, and declining a battle, he turned away from Corryarraek where they were posted, and fled, rather than marched, to Inverness. Charles immediately advanced to Perth, his army swelling day by day as the canny north country people saw increased hope of abundant booty, and thence with a boldness that did honour to his courage, he marched to Edinburgh and took possession. Aytoun might have founded a lay on the state of the capital on the day when the Prince's father was proclaimed as James VIII., at the Cross; failing this, we are surprised that he has taken no notice of that extraordinary scene in his sketch, though, perhaps, we may attribute this omission to the want of a good description of it by any one else. If such a thing had been in existence it would doubtless have been quoted at full length.

But the festivities after this event were soon ended. Cope returned from Inverness by sea, landed his army at Dunbar, and rapidly advanced toward Edinburgh. Charles showed no indisposition to meet him; he left the city at the very head of his troops. The history of the celebrated battle in front of Colonel Gardiner's estate, at Preston, is too well known to

need a repetition of it here; the Highlanders made one tremendous charge, and the regulars were instantly scattered before them, like chaff before a hurricane.

On his return to Edinburgh, Charles made his celebrated proclamation. It was full of promises, which Aytoun believes would have been performed. Doubtless they would have been performed—as promises by Charles's ancestors commonly were. The author trivially adds, that Britain never required the fulfilment of such promises more than at the time when that document was penned. Britain had learnt by that time not to trust so much to princely promises as to its own power to insist on whatever was best for the constitution.

Still, the victorious Charles Edward was not popular in Edinburgh. There was a good deal of sentiment and nonsense about him among the young ladies, but the people did not draw to him there. They were sick of Stuarts. We cannot refrain from admiration at the intrepidity of the Rev. McVicar, who expressed the feelings of the citizens even while the Highlanders occupied the place:—‘As to this young mon wha has come amang us seekin’ an airthly croun, do Thou in maircy tak’ him till ‘Thysel’, an’ gie him a croun of glory.’

Perhaps this feeling was strengthened by the constant drainage at the pockets of all who had money; for there are people in the world who do not like parting with their siller. We can quite enter into the feelings of the burghers of Edinburgh when Charles, having raised enough money to equip a force on which he could depend, marched away from their neighbourhood, on his expedition into England. This was a bold stroke, and succeeded at first as it deserved. The Duke of Perth took Carlisle. The young Stuart, his heart beating high with hope of recovering the throne of his fathers, was for pushing on at once to London. But it might not be. None of the English peasantry had joined him; the Jacobite party among the nobles and gentry waited till success made it safe to declare for him; dissension crept into his councils. Burning with ardour he saw the critical moment arrive—there was hesitation—then the tide turned—and all was lost. ‘Occasion, ‘Godsent, rushes storming on amid the world’s events, swift, ‘perilous; like a whirlwind, like a fleet lightning steed; man- ‘fully shalt thou clutche it by the mane and vault into thy seat ‘on it and rule and guide there—thou! Wreck and ignominious overthrow if thou hast dared to seize it when the occasion was not thine; everlasting ruin to thee if thou dar’st not, ‘when it *is*!’ Then came the terrible retreat; the momentary

success at Falkirk; the continued retreat to the Highlands; the escape at Mory, and last of all, the utter annihilation of the cause at Culloden; a short time elapsed and the gay Chevalier was skulking, without change of linen, among the islands, with the noble Flora.

Subsequent to this, his life, as Aytoun says, is a melancholy story. But Aytoun does not state it with common sense. 'We find him at first,' he says, 'received in France with all the honours due to one who, though unfortunate, had exhibited a heroism rarely equalled and never surpassed; gradually he was neglected and slighted as one of a doomed and unhappy race.' Well, Aytoun, and is it not natural it should be so? Who of us all would have acted otherwise? The fight over, we forget the soldiers' wounds; or, if we give a little thought to them, they soon pass from the mind in the whirl of life about us; those who are beaten down in the great battle of the world should not expect the same regard as fell upon them when there was a hope that they might win the day. 'And finally was violently arrested and conveyed out of the kingdom.' So he was; but it was because he insanely refused to retire from it with a pension, when the interests of nations positively required it. His character went very soon after his hopes had taken flight. The following sentence is one of the most insincere ones ever penned by a Scotch Tory: 'An unhappy and congenial marriage tended still more to embitter his existence; and if at last he yielded to frailties which invariably ensure degradation, it must be remembered that his lot had been one to which few men have ever been exposed, and,' &c. Who would understand from such maudlin writing that Louisa of Stolberg, Countess D'Albany, was glad to fly from a brutal and inveterate drunkard, first to a convent, and afterwards to the austere and almost conventual home of the morose Alfieri?

The 'Lay' is in the form of a soliloquy by Charles, at Versailles, on the anniversary of Culloden. It is entitled to some praise, being dramatic in colouring if not in form. The battle passes before the exile with all its excitement, its hope and fear; and at last, as all is lost, despair bursts on his mind, as though the scene was really being acted. The declamatory nature of the piece is unfavourable to extraction; the author has, moreover, been unfortunate in selecting his measure, which is a sort of peculiar metre, without the two lines which usually terminate the stanzas of that form of psalmody. The best specimen we can find is the following; the opening simile is, however, no simile at all:

'Love may die and Hatred slumber,
 And their mem'ry will decay,
 As the watered garden recks not
 Of the drought of yesterday.
 But the dream of power, once broken,
 What shall give repose again?
 What shall charm the serpent furies,
 Coiled around the maddening brain?
 What kind draught can nature offer
 Strong enough to lull their sting?—
 Better to be born a peasant,
 Than to live an exiled king!

We now come to the last of the 'Lays,' which, as the finale to our before-mentioned symphony, is *presto assai e cantabile*. The *presto assai*, or 'quick enough,' however, applies rather to the haste with which the reader hurries through it than to the movements of the author; in itself the thing is remarkably heavy. It is a song to the tune of the 'Fine old English Gentleman,' but falls so far below the very slender merits of that popular composition that we have no wish to have it recited to the music in our hearing. The preface to it is about Lord Pitsligo, although the verses are not; for the hero of the ballad dies on 'bleak Culloden,' whereas the hero of the prose died in bed, as we learn elsewhere, in 1762. This Lord Pitsligo was *very nearly* of use to his party, and *very nearly* executed by the royalists; his chief merit seems to have consisted in his love for the Stuarts; his misfortune that neither he nor they profited by it. Such a hero may be interesting to the sort of persons whom Mr. Aytoun has taken upon him to represent—but to no one else.

We must here end our hasty remarks about this strange work. We have done what was possible, under the circumstances, towards a development of its character and design; we can only wonder that we have not been forestalled in the simple view which we have taken of it. We had written a few words about the attack on Macaulay in the appendix, which seems partly just; we must, however, put them aside for our promised *amende* to Aytoun.

It is strange that works, where the author's meaning is perfectly clear, should meet with numbers of commentators; that 'Paradise Lost,' and Boswell's 'Johnson,' to name no others, should be explained and noted, though sensible men require no explanations for them, whereas really difficult books are passed in silence. Had any of the critics discovered that the 'Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' wherein De Foe assumed the cha-

rafter of a High Flyer, to ridicule that party, was a satire, its talented author would never have been pilloried for writing it. It was because friends and enemies were alike deceived by it that he found no mercy. Aytoun has humbly followed his example. He has done it so well, he has imitated the gross errors of the Scotch Tories so well, and their lesser ones also, that friends and enemies have been alike deceived; and had he lived in those times when opinion was not so free as now, and when the Tories were in power, he too might have been put up in that

‘Hieroglyphic state machine,
Contrived to punish fancy in.’

But still, though awarding the very highest praise to W. E. Aytoun’s art, we cannot, in conclusion, forbear to make one reflection on the whole matter. *Cui bono?* What does all this irony profit? What was his real object in writing it? for of course, as a professor of rhetoric, he must have had an object. We can understand why De Foe wrote his satirical pamphlets; religious intolerance was still the doctrine of a party, and that party was in power. To him we owe much of the partial religious freedom which we now enjoy. Archbishop Whately’s object, too, is obvious; the quacks of literature professed to disbelieve whatever they could not prove or understand; they rejected miracles as outrages on common sense, and he fell upon them with his satire and completely routed them. But Aytoun’s satire seems almost purposeless. There is no fear that feudal times will ever be suffered in this world any more; there is no Jacobite invasion to apprehend; why then all this pains and art? If, as we suggested at the commencement, he has done it for the conversion of the old-fashioned Scotch Tories still living, we may respect his zeal, but think his talents might have been devoted to a better use. Dreamers about the past, in our times, are like women in an army—impeding the march and confusing the fight. The opinions of such foolish beings as Aytoun pretends to be are of no value to any one. Their vocation is gone.

—ART. V. *Life of Sir Francis Drake.* By JOHN BARROW.

AGAIN have British science and skill in nautical tactics been baffled, in attempting to force a passage through the ices of the northern seas. And again is there every reason to fear that not a few of our intrepid countrymen have fallen victims to enterprise in this direction. For very faint hopes are now

entertained of the return of Sir John Franklin and his crew to British shores, by men who have studied the localities of those northern regions.

Undismayed by repeated failures, even in our own age, the Government of this country resolved, in the year 1845, upon sending another expedition for the purpose of discovering this long-sought passage, and placed it under the command of Sir John Franklin. The departure of the vessels from England was thus announced at the time:—

‘On Monday, the 19th of May, 1845, the *Erebus* and *Terror* left Greenhithe, on their attempt to penetrate the fastnesses of the North, and to circumnavigate America. One of the ships (the *Terror*) had previously been employed in the Arctic regions, it being the vessel in which Sir George Back, in 1836, attempted to trace the boundary of the American continent. It will also be in the recollection of some of our readers, that the *Terror* also passed up Hudson’s Straits, and left it in 1837, after encountering extraordinary perils amid the ice, and a narrow escape from foundering, and that she was compelled to return home in a leaky condition with her stern-post shattered.’

This was the fifty-seventh Arctic expedition from England, commencing from Cabot’s first voyage; consequently the expedition which sailed under Sir John Franklin makes the fifty-eighth of the category. From the unusual care with which this expedition was fitted out, the judgment with which the crews were selected, and the officers appointed, much promise was afforded of ultimate success. It appears, indeed, to have been the determination of its projectors to use every means which modern science could devise, in order to clear up this grand geographical question, so long entertained, of the possibility of a passage by the north-west, into the Pacific Ocean.

Four years and a half, however, have now elapsed, and no news that can be called authentic have reached us concerning this ill-fated expedition. And we cannot suppress our forebodings that the fate which awaited Sir Hugh Willoughby and his crew, in the Bay of Archangel, has been shared by our brave countrymen.

It is time now to ask how many more ships’ crews are to be immolated in the prosecution of this object? Are the talent and intrepidity of the naval service of England to be perpetually sacrificed to this Utopian undertaking? It is, indeed, to be hoped not. Sir Edward Parry laboured strenuously in this vocation. He did all that an enterprising and intrepid seaman, stimulated by the ambition of rising in the service, could be expected to do. When this enterprising officer was appointed to the command of his first memorable

expedition, upwards of thirty years since, the public mind rose high in expectation. The conviction seemed to be general, that if the object could be accomplished, the perseverance and skill of this distinguished commander would achieve it. The modest and interesting narrative of his first voyage is thus simply introduced in his own words:—‘In the beginning of May, 1819, the *Hecla* and the *Griper* were towed down the river by the *Eclipse*, steam-boat.’ He subsequently remarks, ‘Early in the morning of the 18th, in standing to the northward, we first fell in with the stream of ice, and soon afterwards saw several icebergs.’

Thus commenced a series of voyages upon which the public gaze may be said to have been intensely fixed, which, well equipped and well appointed as they were, gave much promise of a successful termination to the point at issue. The public were, however, once more disappointed; and expectation in England yielded, at length, almost to despondency and an acquiescence in the impracticability of the object contemplated. Still we were exceedingly loth, as it should seem, to relinquish our fond anticipations of ultimate success. The hopes raised at the termination of the first voyage performed by Sir Edward Parry, were dissipated by the close of the second; and the confident tone with which he prefaced his commencement, yielded to comparative despondency at its conclusion. ‘The discoveries,’ he remarks in his preliminary chapter, ‘made by the expedition to the north-west in the years 1819-20, being such as to afford a strong presumption in favour of the existence of a passage from the Atlantic in that direction, his Majesty commanded another attempt to be made to effect that object.’

In this second attempt, though the zeal of these intrepid navigators was not abated, and their experience in those dangerous seas must be assumed to have been greater, nothing was done which could in any way sustain the hope which had previously been excited. The Duke of York’s Inlet and Repulse Bay, Hoppner’s Inlet, Lyon Inlet and Ross’ Bay, bounded their discoveries.

Nevertheless, a third voyage was resolved on. ‘Notwithstanding’ (says Parry, in his Introduction to his Third Voyage) ‘the want of success of the late expedition to the Polar Seas, it was resolved to make another attempt to effect a passage by sea, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.’ Did this voyage redeem the failures of the last; or did it afford reasonable presumption that, after repeated trials, success would at length be realized? Not so. Such expectations were for any-

thing that appears to the contrary, more faint at the close of the third, than at the same period of the first voyage. Encouraged, as it should almost seem, by repeated failures, the government however determined on fitting out another expedition for the same purpose in the year 1845, and placed it under the command of Sir John Franklin. On the 19th of May, in that year, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, as we have seen, well appointed, and armed, as it was thought, against every contingency, were sent forth on this last Arctic voyage, from which there is too much reason to fear they will never return. This, as we have said, is the fifty-eighth voyage to the Arctic regions, with a view to open a passage, either eastward or westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We are constrained to ask, will our countrymen never learn to distinguish between the attainable and the impossible in this matter? Will they not at length see that they are wasting the lives and bravery of our seamen to no conceivable end, in place of expending the force at our command on objects of real utility? Our science may do much, but the laws of nature are not to be subdued by it. The icy latitude of the polar regions must remain for the most part her own solitary and impenetrable domain.

It has been asserted, and pretty plainly proved by most of our navigators, that no passage exists round the northern continent of America, to the south of Barrow's Straits; and that none exists to the northwards may be gathered with nearly the same certainty from the circumstance that after the searching scrutiny of the bays and inlets leading from Lancaster Sound performed by Parry and Ross, none has been discovered.

Such a series of attempts to accomplish a favourite object, persisted in so long in the teeth of so many failures, has hardly a parallel in history. To some of our readers, a brief account of these attempts may not be uninteresting.

The celebrated John Cabot and Sebastian Cabot, almost coeval with the discovery of America, first, as it would seem, conceived the project of navigating round its northern coast. They sailed to the coast of Greenland, but returned unsuccessful. Four years afterwards, Gaspar and Michael Cotreal made two voyages to Greenland with the same object in view, and reached the 60th degree of latitude. Between 1508 and 1535, Jacque Aubert Cartier made several voyages for the purpose of discovering the countries whence Spain derived her treasure, and discovered the gulf of St. Lawrence. In the year 1527, Robert Thorne, of Bristol, approached the North Pole, probably with the same intent. In 1553, Sir Hugh Willoughby sailed from England, and discovered the coast of Nova

Zembla, but was frozen up, and perished in the Bay of Archangel. Steven Borough and Richard Chancellor also, in 1555-1557, sailed to Nova Zembla for the same object—the discovery of a north-east passage—but returned without effecting it. The year 1576 ushered in the splendid era of naval discovery which is associated with the name of Elizabeth. First in the order of time in this series of adventurers was the celebrated Martin Frobisher, who discovered the Strait which bears his name, and which was then erroneously supposed to divide Greenland. The succession of naval commanders, including Fenton, Pet, Mercator, Jackman, and Barentz, who from that period until the era of the celebrated Hudson (1607) devoted themselves with unremitting and untiring zeal to the prosecution of this object, may be compared with the men of our own time, except that, in the improvement of our naval tactics we possess much greater facilities for commanding success.

Thus terminated the first century of exploring in the North-West, in which, it must be confessed, the hardihood and bravery of our ancestors was conspicuously displayed; and their steady resoluteness, so far as history has afforded us the means of judging, has not been surpassed by anything in the naval history of more recent times, bearing in mind their necessary inferiority in nautical science. •

In the three voyages performed between the years 1607 and 1611, by Henry Hudson, he discovered the bay which has since borne his name, but made no other accession of importance to our previous geographical knowledge. In a fourth attempt, after having penetrated to the 73rd degree of latitude, he lost his life by the mutiny of his crew. During the first half of the seventeenth century, the endeavours to accomplish this undertaking, which occupied the dreams of our great traffickers, were not in the least relaxed. The names of James Poole, who reached the highest latitude yet known in Davis' Straits, of Sir Thomas Bulton, of Hall, of Gibbons, of Bylot and Baffin, who in their second voyage circumnavigated the bay which bears the name of the latter, and discovered Sir James Lancaster's Sound in 74° 20'; of Fortherly, of Munk, of Fox, of James, and of the Russians to the Eastward,—all combine to prove that nautical enterprise was not extinct, and, at the same time, to render the idea of a north-west passage more and more hopeless.

From that period—viz., the middle of the seventeenth century—scarcely the name of a navigator occurs until 1719, when Knight, Barton, Vaughan, and Scroggs, respectively set sail, with the intention of discovering this long wished-for communication;

but as nothing afterwards was ever heard of them, it must be presumed they were lost. In this century (the eighteenth) the ardour to engage in this enterprise was not abated. Maritime adventurers engaged in its pursuit at certain periods with unremitting activity. The famous Behring, who discovered the strait bearing his name from the Pacific side, was wrecked on an island in that locality, and there died. Christopher Middleton, in 1741, sailed in quest of this passage; and at the close of his narrative, detailing his fruitless search, is known to have expressed a strong opinion on its non-existence. William Moor and Francis Smith (in 1746) made an unsuccessful attempt in the same regions; discovered Repulse Bay, and returned. Hearne, between the years 1767 and 1772, discovered sea in latitude about 70° , at the mouth of Coppermine River, and certainly encouraged, in consequence, the hopes which the sanguine geographers of those days entertained concerning a north-west passage. In 1773, Commodore Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) made, as is well known, an unsuccessful voyage to the Polar regions; as did Pickersgill, sent out to meet Captain Cook by Baffin's Bay; Young, Mackenzie,—sent out, like Hearne, overland from Fort Hudson,—and Duncan, whose crew mutinied, and compelled him to return, after he had discovered Chesterfield Inlet.

In thus closing our mention of the series of British nautical adventurers of the last century, it must be added, that the restless and intrepid Captain Cook—a great name in our maritime history—entered Behring Straits from the Pacific Ocean; and in 1778 examined the various trendings of the coasts bordering the American continent about the 76th degree of latitude.

‘Having,’ he says, ‘but little wind, I went in the boats to examine the particular state of the ice. I found it consisting of loose pieces of various extent, and so close together, that I could hardly enter the outer edge with a boat; and it was as impossible for the ships to enter it as if it had been so many rocks. This ice appeared to be all formed at sea, and to be entirely composed of frozen snow.’ ‘It was improbable,’ he continues, ‘according to my judgment, that the little that remained of the summer (August 24th, 1778) could destroy the tenth part of what subsisted of this mass of ice, as the sun had already exerted upon it the full influence of its rays.’ ‘After repeated trials,’ he subjoins, ‘the season was now so far advanced, and the time when the frost is expected to set in so near at hand, that I did not think it consistent with prudence to make any further attempts to find a passage into the Atlantic this year in any direction, so little chance was there of succeeding.’

Neither was Captain Clerke (who succeeded him in the com-

mand, after the catastrophe at Owhyhee) more fortunate in the following year. 'We were never able,' he says, 'to penetrate farther north than at this time, when our latitude was $70^{\circ} 33'$; and this was five leagues short of the point to which we arrived last season.'

Such were the attempts made by some of the most experienced nautical captains of the British service during the past century to open a communication by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Has the failure of these attempts discouraged such effort in the nineteenth? No; the old solicitude to open new routes for our ships, where nature does not permit them to pass, was revived soon after the general peace. The representations of Captain Scoresby were the chief cause of this new movement. In the prosecution of the whale-fishery, in the neighbourhood of Davis' Straits, this distinguished seaman observed that the ice in those latitudes had assumed, latterly, the appearance of considerable change. He represented, in consequence, in the proper quarters, that now, if ever, would be the time for prosecuting the search after a north-west passage; and the first outfit was made in 1818, and placed under the command of Sir John Ross. This, as all know, led the way for a series of expeditions, under the Rosses and the Parrys, in which the most active bravery in surmounting difficulties, and the most patient endurance of inevitable suffering, were fairly tested—but to no purpose.

The last of these attempts was undertaken in 1845, and sailed, as we have seen, from England, under the appointment of Sir John Franklin: and we sincerely hope that it will be the last, and that our nautical experience in those seas, from the time of the Cabots to our own, will be admitted as sufficient to demonstrate the impracticability of the scheme. That our credulous ancestors should have looked forward to its consummation is not a matter of surprise. When the true figure of the earth was demonstrated beyond a doubt, by the voyages of Drake and Magellan, men, in our northern island, naturally concluded, that if they could sail northwards into the Pacific, and thence eastwards, without crossing the Equator, and doubling either of the southern Capes, a very great advantage would be gained. But since these expeditions first commenced, much light has been thrown upon geographical science, and also upon navigation. The prolonged experience of nearly two centuries and a half, dating from the demise of Queen Elizabeth, should not have been lost upon us, and perhaps should have sufficed to establish the point of there being no passage, which the ingenuity or the skill of man could ever succeed in opening,

either to the northwards or southwards of 74° . Both Parry and Ross, however, have occasionally hinted opinions to the contrary, and suggested that there is still ground of encouragement to hope for final success. But it must be owned that the narratives of their experience in their respective voyages are at variance with such an opinion. Indeed, the latter, in the introduction to his second voyage, upon a review of the different routes which have been vainly tried in exploring the north-west Arctic regions, speaks very despondingly on the subject. He briefly reviewed these routes, and declares it as in his judgment almost chimerical to expect success in the undertaking. The chivalric attempt of his brave contemporary, Captain Parry, to reach the Pole with boats on the ice, and so to sail, or travel, into the Pacific, by way of the Frozen Ocean, to the other hemisphere, appeared no more hopeful, it would seem, to Sir John Ross, than to most men of any reflection. And yet in the face of these opinions, and this experience, Government felt itself justified in another outfit to the same regions, and with the same expectations of success, under the auspices of Sir John Franklin. From the long lapse of time since his departure, there is but too much reason to fear that this brave and experienced officer and his crews will never again revisit the shores of England.

We think it time to ask, if the science, the skill, and the bravery of our seamen may not be more advantageously employed than in combating, age after age, the ices of the Arctic Ocean? Is it not more than Quixotic to be traversing the ocean in search of paths, made inaccessible to us by the laws of Nature, paths, the non-existence of which has been almost demonstrated? Our ancestors of seven centuries back expended a large share of the chivalry and enterprise of Europe in crusades against the infidels who had taken possession of the Holy Land. Shall we, with little less of infatuation, conduct ceaseless crusades against the polar ices, in the vain and bootless attempt to scale those barriers which the will of the Almighty has raised so invincibly across our path? Shall we continue, we repeat, to waste the skill and courage of our naval commanders and their devoted crews on schemes which, while the poles of the earth retain their geographical position with regard to the sun in the Ecliptic, must eternally offer insurmountable obstacles to the passing and repassing of ships round the North American continent, spite of all our maritime efforts to the contrary. It is to be hoped, that England will at length learn wisdom in this matter; and that her government, however tardily, will come to consult her honour, as well as her commercial advantage, in nautical undertakings, by directing her force

towards objects more likely to ensure at once national credit and national wealth.

We have long since thought of the advantage which England, as a first-rate commercial power, might have realized, had she been foremost in urging on the grand scheme of cutting the Isthmus, (either at Panama, Nicaragua, or Tehuantepec,) which is at length, as most men of judgment had predicted, undertaken by foreigners. The proposals, or rather the prospectus, published in 1845, by Don Jose de Garay, should have excited far more attention from the higher authorities in this country, than it appears to have met with. The work of cutting this celebrated isthmus, which divides the two continents, at Tehuantepec, instead of Panama, combines certainly some advantages as regards the nature of the soils through which it was intended that the meditated ship canal spoken of in these proposals should pass, and gave, perhaps, the former site the preference. Although, as is well known, treble the distance of the latter, still, the former recommended, as it indubitably was, in other respects, the scheme should not have been suffered to fall to the ground for want of patronage. If, as is well known, this grand project first struck the expansive mind of Columbus, it must be acknowledged, that the fact of ages having been suffered to lapse without witnessing the accomplishment of a work that would be so magnificent in its results, reflects little credit on the genius and the enterprise of subsequent times. In this scheme of Columbus, there was nothing *beyond* the reach of human power.

The honour (and it would have been an honour) of achieving this grand undertaking, in which the commercial interests of mankind are essentially involved, is now, at length, wrested from our hands. It is undertaken by the Americans themselves; and while we have been lavishing our national wealth upon railroads, very many of which can never yield any remunerative returns, *they*, and not *we*, will have the high credit of having opened a passage by sea from the western to the eastern world, without passing either of the extreme southern Capes. We need say little of the incalculable advantage which will accrue from opening this passage to the commerce of mankind—of the facilities it must afford to the social intercourse of Europe with the western shores of the two Americas, the great Pacific, India, China, and Japan. This passage once cut, and the boundless Pacific lies open to our ships! They may stretch northward to the shores of California, and to our new island settlement of Vancouver, without having encountered the perils and distress of a northern passage above the parallels of 74° of latitude, sup-

posing one to exist; and southwards to Lima, Quito, and the other cities of the Peruvian coast.

Can any man in the present day be so obtuse, or so infatuated, as to imagine that similar results to commerce, or to the intercourse of the Old and New World can ever flow from a passage (if discovered) to the Pacific within the Arctic circle, to be forced from Lancaster Sound to Icy Cape or Cape Lisburne, in the neighbourhood of Behring's Straits? The reverse, indeed, is too palpable to need further elucidation. The man who could cherish any such expectation must be a person on whom argument would be thrown away.

The late voyage of Sir James Clarke Ross to gather tidings of Sir John Franklin, was not performed to discover a north-west passage. It was an enterprise of humanity. He left England, in August, 1848, and has but recently returned from his arduous but fruitless search after the missing crews. Prompted by a wish to relieve his brave companions in peril, he hastened at the call of our Government, to the scene of his former labours, and entered Lancaster Sound, carefully exploring the inlets, and bays, and the trendings of the ice in that neighbourhood. A strong opinion has, however, been expressed, on the circumstance of his not exploring Wellington Strait, into which it is presumed, from some hints dropped by Sir John Franklin, previous to his leaving England, he intended to pass. But if such intention was indeed known by the latter commander, it may on the other hand have occurred to him from the position of the ice, that Sir John had not actually navigated in this direction.

It has again been insinuated that Sir James C. Ross has shown less anxiety to discover traces of the 'missing crews' than to complete his own previous discoveries on the Isthmus of Boothia Felix, and that no proper efficient search after Sir John Franklin and his companions has yet been made. We should be extremely unwilling to cast any such imputation on Sir James Clarke Ross, tried as he has been in many a perilous expedition, and unimpugned as his character has hitherto stood. We cordially concur, however, with those who assert that, in order to be successful, every possible precaution must be used in the second expedition which, it seems, Government is about to send forth with the like object in view. But the reported destination of this second outfit to Behring's Straits would be worse than nugatory. Sir John Franklin cannot be supposed to have penetrated into those regions of the Pacific, or it is reasonable to imagine he would have long since arrived in England. To explore, therefore, those latitudes in the Frozen Ocean at the vicinity of Icy Cape or Cape Lisburne, would, in

all probability, be uselessly imperilling the lives of our seamen, and throwing our efforts away. The old haunts of Lancaster Sound, and by Melville Island, seem the only reasonable route through which we can obtain the desired intelligence. Through those channels, or others in their neighbourhood, it is indispensably due to the devoted courage of these brave men, that they be yet sought for by the country which sent them forth. As 1700 miles of distance still intervenes between Wellington Strait and Cape Lisburne, it is in the highest degree improbable that Sir John Franklin can have penetrated through this space, taking into account the numerous barriers of ice which he would have to encounter. He must therefore be sought for, and will be found (if he still survives) by the old channels.

It is due, however, to Sir James Ross to say, that, upon the evidence contained in his narrative, he has been unremitting in his efforts to discover the object of his search. He explored the margin of the bays and inlets already discovered; Possession Bay, Prince Regent's Inlet, Pond's Bay, were respectively explored without meeting with the slightest indications that could lead to a conjecture of the destiny of the Arctic voyagers. The only hope which the friends of Sir John Franklin (and by this term we mean the whole English public) can entertain is, that he has abandoned his ships to their fate, and escaped over land to Hudson's Fort, or some neighbouring settlement. This hope, it must be acknowledged, is but a faint one, since in those desolate regions the extreme difficulty of subsistence for so large a party stamps such a possible course as almost desperate, as he himself had all but fatally proved on a former expedition.

ART. VI. *A Second Gallery of Literary Portraits.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. 8vo., pp. 429. Hogg, Edinburgh; Groombridge, London, 1850.

THE author of this volume subscribes himself plain 'George Gilfillan.' It is no secret, however, that he is something of a pluralist, being at once a portrait-painter and a divine. But he does not suffer in our estimation from this fact. Indeed, it would be grateful to us to see a larger number, not only of 'Secession' ministers in Scotland, but of Christian ministers everywhere, combining, in this manner, the man of the community with the man of the pulpit. There is a sense, and a momentous one, in which the guides of the church should be

guides to the world ; and it is not easy to see how they should become equal to the full breadth of their function, except as they learn to regard whatever concerns man as a matter in which it behoves themselves to be concerned. The Christian, it is said, is the highest style of man ; and on the same grounds, the instruction of the pulpit should be viewed as the highest style of instruction. Christianity is not intended to subdue, but to consecrate our manhood. So the office of the Christian instructor is not intended to limit the range of a man's intelligence and culture, but rather to give to it a higher tone and a nobler purpose. For obvious reasons, we feel a special interest in the religious authorship of laymen, and in the religious teaching of devout and gifted laymen in any form ; and for reasons no less obvious, we are pleased when we see the Christian minister giving proof that his special studies and avocations have not prevented his becoming all that men in general are, with his Christianity and his particular acquisitions and aptitudes to boot. But, judging from the feeling and opinion sometimes indicated on this subject, we should suppose that the man who becomes a Christian minister, thereby consents to relinquish his manhood, and to be henceforth classed among women. It will not be well with Christianity in the world until this sickly prejudice shall have come to an end—until the ministers of religion are felt to be in their place, not only as expounding the formal doctrines of their creed, but as extending their influence, in as far as their more immediate duties may permit, to whatever may contribute to ameliorate the condition of humanity, and to advance its highest culture.

The author of the volume before us, whether he has ever expressed himself to this effect in words or not, is evidently a man who thinks and feels after this manner. He has shown himself to be as much a student of the world as of the church. He is not to be cribbed in to the ordinary routine of his priesthood, nor to the narrow limits of a sect. He must be allowed to find his proper country in the great commonwealth of mind—his large church in the brotherhood of man. Scotsman though he be, it is plain he has no more thought of regarding Christianity as the possession of one church, than of regarding natural virtue as the possession of one nation. In common with all men who are not enslaved to a wretched ecclesiastical conventionalism, he may see his own idea of Christianity more nearly realized in his particular church than elsewhere, but he is, we doubt not, prepared to tell you, that he does not see it perfectly realised anywhere, apart from those scriptures whence he has derived it, and from that heaven where all is perfect. The Apollo and the

Venus of old Greece came not from nature as she is, but from nature as she might be. The parts are in nature, but their combination and the reality—the life breathed into the whole, these came from the genius of the artist. Too much thus is it with an object of much higher beauty—with our ideal Christianity. We find traces of the religion of the cross in all churches, even in the most corrupt, but its completeness, as a living reality, in no church. Men will give the impress of themselves,—of their own dear selves—to whatever they touch of the divine, and thus the brightness is obscured, the image is distorted.

Of course, the man who shall break away from the straightness of his sect only so far as our author has done, must lay his account with being-judged, in certain very sage connexions, as not a little eccentric, and hardly sound. But such men are content to leave the shibboleth people to their own paradise. Honour to all such men, say we!—the men who know how to do battle for their party, when the fitting occasion comes, and who are prepared to maintain a no less stubborn fight for what is of man, than for what is of their sect. It has been well and truly said, that the man who begins by loving his church more than truth, is a man likely to end in loving himself more than either.

But our business now is to see how our reverend friend has acquitted himself in dealing with themes which some very decorous persons may regard as rather beyond his province. The men whose portraits are given in this 'second gallery' are the following:—John Milton, Lord Byron, George Crabbe, John Foster, Thomas Hood, Thomas Macaulay, Dr. George Croly, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Dawson, Alfred Tennyson, Professor Nichol, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Shelley, William Cobbett, James Montgomery, Sidney Smith, William Anderson, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Moore, Isaac Taylor, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Phillip James Bailey, and John Stirling. The preacher needs be a bold man, who commits himself to discoursing, in the presence of the wide world, on subjects such as these. But there is no sin in boldness, if it be only coupled with discretion; and it will be seen presently, that in the case of our author, these good yokefellows go very fairly together. Not that his discretion is infallible, nor that the logical faculty is very conspicuous in him—his strength does not lie there. His cast of mind, indeed, if we except his spirit of thorough self-reliance, has a strong oriental tendency, such as we might have expected to find near the Jordan, rather than on the banks of

the Tay. His truth comes to him by meditation and insight, more than by breadth of research, or patience in reasoning. He believes, because the objects of his creed are *seen* as realities, are *felt* as truths. And he gives you his truth precisely as he gets it. It comes before you as pearls, which have succession, but which have been strung together you scarcely know how. Nevertheless, though neither cause nor sequence may be readily perceptible, you feel that truth after truth, as it passes, presents clearness and beauty as if by its own light. This, it will be remembered, is very much the manner of the sacred writers. Paul is almost the only exception. He could reason out his theme, subordinating everything to its scientific development, as in the Epistle to the Romans; and it seems to have been designed by Providence that his genius should serve, in this manner, to bridge over the space between the mind of the east and west, imparting to a doctrine which had been hitherto local, a fitness for universality. But, in general, the inspired writers give their instruction in brief and isolated forms, or with a thread of connexion which is rarely continuous. It is in the proverb, in the weighty saying, in the touch of pathos, and in the power of sentiment which gives a meaning, a poetry, and a personality to all things visible, that we find the chief characteristics of the sacred writers, characteristics resulting evidently from the peculiarities of race and of condition.

Now it is very much thus with Mr. Gilfillan. He abounds in the beauties and in the faults of this Asiatic manner. This is especially observable when he touches on the subject of religion. The severity of analysis which he brings to bear on human genius and on its products, has no counterpart in his manner when religion is the object contemplated. Religion he is prepared to receive in its great outline, in its broad and awful generalities. Here, his reverence of the manifestly holy is such as to teach him to confide in the logic of the heart, more than in that of the understanding. The microscopic faculty may have its uses elsewhere, but not here; and the habit of exacting a reason may be good in its place, but not in this place. In short, the man who is not content to be religious by means of truths which are clear as the light, and stable as the hills, will never be religious. Such would seem to be our author's manner of viewing religion, and there are minds to which it may be well adapted; but we suspect, that among the people of these western regions, and especially among those who live so far north as our author, there are many who must have something more certain and settled for their understanding to rest upon, if their emotional nature is to be brought into play. Mr. Gilfillan promises

us a volume on 'the Bards of the Bible.' To no living writer could such a theme be more congenial; but we fear that such an occupation may tend rather to stimulate than to discipline a natural tendency towards an oriental exuberance and gorgeousness.

The best work of our author is, we think, still to come, and still somewhat distant. But he will live and die the man of a happy temperament. He has an eye to discern the great and the beautiful wherever presented to him, a heart which responds, as by instinct, to all such appearances, and an imagination which readily brings the lights of contrast or resemblance to every topic, often diffusing over the whole the pomp of a court equipage in old Babylon, or beyond the Indus. All his thoughts speedily become pictures. It is as pictures, not as abstractions, that he remembers them. His ideas no sooner become his, than they pass—not in the sense intended by the schoolmen—into 'sensible species.' Such is the vividness of his fancy, that his qualities of things become, not only visibilities, but personalities; as when he describes Macaulay's paradoxes as being 'so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved,' that you not only see them, but hear them speak, and witness the good reception given them in the circle to which they are introduced. The Bible does not need the graver's art to make it 'pictorial,' and the same may be said of the writings of Mr. Gilfillan. But his happy temperament does not consist in his power to see, or in his power to feel, so much as in the joyous freedom with which he can give utterance to it all. No man could play the critic so largely and so openly upon other and living men, who was not himself singularly free from the fear of criticism. This measure of self-confidence may be judged by some unfavourably; but, on the other hand, readers are pleased to find that in their author they have to do with a transparent man,—a man who wins their candour by giving them proof that he confides in it. John Foster would have pondered for a week over the use of figures which Mr. Gilfillan sometimes sends to the press within an hour. It will not be supposed, therefore, that his metaphors and illustrations are so nicely adjusted as those of our great essayist. Sometimes, indeed, they are grotesquely bad, as, when he tells us that his friend, William Anderson, 'loves to stand by the burning bedsteads of Voltaire, Volney, 'Rousseau, Burns, and Byron, and to interpret the wild Babel 'of their confused blasphemies and piercing lamentations, 'forming out of the vague clamours the treble, tenor, counter, 'and bass of the music of hell;' or, as when he informs us that Emerson has broken away from the restraints of the pulpit,

that he might 'stray to and fro along the crooked serpent of eternity.' But, more frequently, his touches and similitudes have in them much of the felicity of genius; as, when he compares poor Burns, in the drunkenness and foul-mouthed blasphemies of his latter days, to a ship on fire, whose sides you dare not approach because her guns are going off! No doubt, with a little more caution, the worst of Mr. Gilfillan's figures might be made much more respectable; but then we fear lest the man should become lost in his respectabilities, his force being so manifestly dependent on his freedom. In Professor Wilson, our critics do not complain of the mixture of grave criticisms with frequent bursts of gaiety and frolic, but the manner in which our author avails himself of this freedom will not, we fear, meet with the same tolerance. At present, with all kindness be it spoken, we feel obliged to think of Mr. Gilfillan as a powerful artist somewhat in the rough. His mind is teeming with the elements of great things. His portraits are not so much finished pictures, as masterly sketches preparatory to something still to be done. You read paper after paper with the feeling that you have before you the jottings which are to be wrought up ere long into something brilliant and powerful. You are in a studio, with separate figures and groups of high promise all about you; you have to wait, however, to see these with their last touches, and with the advantage of place and relation in the intended picture. There is a compass and severity of taste, which knows how to extrude superfluous ornament, and how to subordinate the parts of a picture to the whole, on a great principle of unity; but it must be admitted that a taste of this order is not at present the strong feature in Mr. Gilfillan's writings. In some of his papers we have been pleased to see what has seemed to indicate a sense of this deficiency, and an effort to make way in this direction. Both in science and art, it is necessary to the highest form of power that a man should see the end from the beginning, and should know how to determine the first step, and each successive step, in its relation to the last, so that your feeling as you reach the last is—now that is done. There is great beauty, and great power too, in this matter of unity. In every sermon, argument, oration, poem, or work of art, this principle should have place—place so as to be *felt* if not *seen*. Every step should be progress, and the progress should be that of a power growing on and on until it becomes resistless. We remember that in our younger days, we once ventured to speak before John Foster in praise of a certain book—Drew on the Soul—as a work of some point. 'O, yes,' was the gruff reply, 'plenty of point—

it is all point; but it has no *great* point.' The saying, we hope, was not lost upon us.

But we are free to say that, to us, it is very pleasant to read Mr. Gilfillan. His very faults, on which some minor critics show themselves so large, are often faults which the said critics could not commit. There is a freshness and naturalness in what he does that we enjoy exceedingly. Every page has thought worth looking after; and through the whole there are the signs of penetration, acuteness, and general mental power of a high order. He is bold in the avowal of his Christianity, but somewhat more lenient at times in his judgment concerning the deadly antagonism to that system evinced by some of his philosophical friends than we feel ourselves at liberty to be. On the whole, however, we know of no book in our modern literature which we should more readily put into the hands of intelligent youth than the volume before us. Its pulse is healthy and noble. It is evidently the feeling of the author that the next blessed thing to possessing genius, is to be possessed of the power that can appreciate it, that can discern the elements of which it is composed, and show the processes by which it works. His enthusiasm loses nothing from this scrutiny—it is the food, rather, on which it lives and grows. The good anatomist is involved in the good sculptor. To the initiated, the processes of genius are hardly less interesting than its results. To be admitted into its secrets is a high privilege; to be allowed to look on as it performs its miracles—miracles which are to fill the unborn with amazement, is next in enjoyment to being ourselves parties to such achievements. Nor is the pleasure small which the critic finds, as he is able, from his calmer point of view, to distinguish between weakness and strength in these 'sons of the morning,' and able to assign to each his relative place in the great gallery of Time. Our author knows what this means. The following passages from the paper on Milton will enable the reader in some degree to test the justness of our strictures:

'Milton has uttered more than one noble complaint over his completed blindness. We could conceive him to have penned an expostulation to the advancing shadow, equally sublime and equally vain, for it was God's pleasure that this great spirit should, like himself, dwell for a season in thick darkness. And scarcely had the last glimmer of light been extinguished, than as if the coming calamities had been stayed and spell-bound hitherto by the calm look of the magician, in one torrent they came upon his head; but although it was a Niagara that fell, it fell like Niagara upon a rock. In an evil hour, as it seemed for the time at least, for Britain, for Milton, for

the progress of the human race, the restored Charles arrived. The consequences were disastrous to Milton. His name proscribed, his books burned, himself obliged to abscond, and it was what some would call a miracle that this blinded Samson was not led forth to give his enemies sport, at the place of common execution, and that the most godlike head in the world did not roll off from the bloody block.'—p. 9.

'It is with a certain severe satisfaction that we contemplate the death of a man like Milton. We feel that tears and lamentations are here unbecoming, and would mar the solemn sweetness of the scene. With serenity, nay, joy, we witness this majestic man-child caught up to God and his throne—soaring away from the many shadows which surrounded him on earth into that bright element of eternity, in which he seemed already naturalised. Who seeks to weep, as he sees the river, rich with the spoils of its long wandering, and become a broad mirror for the heavens, at length sinking in the bosom of the deep? Were we permitted to behold a star re-absorbed into its source, melted down in God, would it not generate a delight, graver, indeed, but as real, as had we stood by its creation? And although there were no shouting, as on its natal morn, might there not be silence, the silence of joyous wonder among the sons of God? Thus died Milton, the prince of modern men, accepting death as gently and silently as the sky receives into its arms the waning moon. We are reminded of a description in 'Hyperion,' of the death of Goethe: 'His majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm like a god, the old man sat, and, with a smile, seemed to bid farewell to the light of day on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which has just dropped from his dying fingers. 'Open the shutters and let in more light,' were his last words. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air, and as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man was gone.'—p. 12.

'*Samson Agonistes*,' is perhaps the least poetical, but certainly by no means the least characteristic of his works. In style and imagery it is bare as a skeleton, but you see it to be the skeleton of a Samson. It is the purest piece of *literary sculpture* in any language. It stands before you like a statue, bloodless and blind. There can be no doubt that Milton chose Samson as a subject, from the resemblance in their destinies. Samson, like himself, was made blind in the cause of his country; and through him, as through a new channel, does Milton pour out his old complaint, but more here in anger than in sorrow. It had required—as the Nile has seven mouths—so many vents to a grief so great and absolute as his. Consolation Samson has little, save in the prospect of vengeance, for the prospect of the resurrection-body had not fully dawned on his soul. He is, in fact, a hard and Hebrew shape of Milton. Indeed, the poem might have been written by one who had been born blind, from its sparing imagery. He seems to spurn that bright and flowery world which has been shut

against him, and to create with his darkened tabernacle a scenery and a companionship of his own, distinct as the scenery and companionship of dreams. It is, consequently, a naked and gloomy poem; and as its hero triumphs in death, so it seems to fall upon and crush its reader into prostrate wonder, rather than to create warm and willing admiration. You believe it to be a powerful poem, and you tremble as you believe.

‘What a contrast in ‘Comus.’ The growth and bloom rather than the work of his youth! It bears the relation to the other works of Milton that ‘Romeo and Juliet’ does to the other works of Shakspeare. We can conceive it the effluence of his first love. He here lets his genius run riot with him—‘in the colours of the rainbow live, and play i’ the plighted clouds.’ It is rather a dream than a drama—such a dream as might have been passing across the fine features of the young Milton, as he lay asleep in Italy. It is an exercise of fancy more than of imagination. And if our readers wish us, ere going further, to distinguish fancy from imagination, we would do so briefly as follows:—They are not, we maintain, essentially different, but the same power under different aspects, attitudes, and circumstances. Have they ever contemplated the fire at eventide? Then they must have noticed how the flame, after warming and completely impregnating the fuel, breaks out above it into various fantastic freaks, motions, and figures, as if having performed its work, it were disposed to play and luxuriate a little, if not for its own delectation, for the amusement of the spectator. Behold in the evening experiences of the fire the entire history of the mind of genius. There is first the germ or spark, or living principle called thought, or intuition, or inspiration. That fiery particle coming into contact with a theme, a story, with the facts of history, or the abstractions of intellect, begins to assimilate them to itself, to influence them with its own heat, or to brighten them into its own light. That is the imaginative, or shall we call it the transfiguring process, by which dead matter is changed into quick flame—by which an old fabulous Scottish chronicle becomes the tragedy of ‘Macbeth’—or by which some lascivious tale in an Italian novel is changed into the world-famous and terribly true story of ‘Othello, the Moor of Venice.’ But after this is done, does the imaginative power always stop here? No; in the mere exuberance of its strength—in the wantonness of its triumph—it will often, like the fire on the hearth, throw out gushes of superfluous but beautiful flame, in the words, images, ‘quips, cranks, and wreathed smiles’—and thus and here we find that glorious excrescence and luxury, which we call fancy. Fancy is that crown of rays round the sun which is seen in the valley of Chamouni, but not on the summit of Mont Blanc, where a stern and stripped stillness proclaims collected and severe power. It is the dancing spray of the waterfall, not the calm uncrested voluminous might of the river; or it may be compared to those blossoms on the apple-tree, which that tree pours forth in the exuberance of its spring vigour, but which never produce fruit.

Imagination is the war-horse pawing for the battle—Fancy the war-horse curveting and neighing on the mead. From such notions of imagination and fancy, there follow, we think, the following conclusions:—first, that true fancy is rather an excess of a power than a power itself. Secondly, that it is generally youthful, and ready to vanish away with the energy and excitement of youth. Thirdly, that it is incident to, though not inseparable from, the highest genius—abounding in Milton, Shakspeare, and Shelley—not to be found, however, in Homer, Dante, or Wordsworth. Fourthly, that the want of it generally arises from severity of purpose, comparative coldness of temperament, or the acquired prevalence of self-control; and fifthly, that a counterfeit of it exists, chiefly to be known by this, that its images are not representative of great or true thoughts; that they are not original; and that, therefore, their profusion rather augurs a mechanical power of memory than a native excess of imagination.' In 'Comus' we find imagination, and imagination with a high purpose; but more than in any of Milton's works do we find this imagination at play, reminding us of a man whose day's work is done and who spends his remaining strength in some light and lawful game. Our highest praise of 'Comus' is, that when remembering and repeating its lines we have sometimes paused to consider whether they were or were not Shakspeare's. 'They have all his mingled sweetness and strength, his careless grace or grandeur, his beauty, as unconscious of itself as we could conceive a fair woman in some world where there was not even a river or lake, or drop of water to mirror her charms. In this poem, to apply his own language, we have the 'stripling cherub,' all bloom and grace, and liveliness; in the 'Paradise Lost,' we have the 'giant angel,' the emblem of power and valour, and whose very beauty is grave and terrible like his strength.'—p. 22.

'Life, with him, was neither on the one hand an earnest single eyed effort, nor was it, could it be, a mere display. He believed, and trembled as he believed, that it was a serious thing to die, but did not sufficiently, if at all, feel that it was as serious a thing to live. He would not struggle; he must shine; but could not be *content* with mere shining without struggle. And hence, ill at ease with himself, aimless and hopeless, 'like the Cyclops—mad with blindness,' he turned at bay against society, man, and his Maker. And hence, amid all that he has *said* to the world—and said so eloquently, and said so mournfully, and said amid such wide, and silent, and profound attention—he has told it little save his own sad story.'—p. 45.

Our readers will have seen in this passage something of that acuteness, power, and exuberance of which we have spoken—and something of the want of that finer feeling which prescribes where to stop.

Take the following, also, on Byron, not much heeding the one or two Scotticisms we have been wicked enough to put in italics.

‘ We would first ask *at* Byron the simple question, ‘ What do you mean?’ A simple question, truly, but significant as well, and not always very easy to answer. It is always, however, our duty to ask it; and we have in general a right, surely, to expect a reply. If a man come and make us a speech, we are entitled to understand his language, as well as to see his object. If a man administer to us a reproof, or salute us with a sudden blow, we have a double right to turn round, and ask, ‘ Why?’ Nay, if a man come professing to utter an oracular *deliverance*, even in this case we expect some glimmer of definite meaning and object; and if glimmer there be none, we are justified in concluding that neither has there been any oracle. ‘ Oracles speak’—oracles should also shine. Now, in Byron’s case, we have a man coming forward to utter speeches, to administer reproofs, to smite the public on both cheeks—in the attitude of an accuser, impeaching man—of a blasphemer, attacking God—of a prophet, expressing himself, moreover, with the clearness and the certainty of profound and dogmatic conviction; and we have thus more than a threefold right to inquire, ‘ What is your drift—what would you have us to believe, or what to do?’ Now here, precisely, we think, is Byron’s fatal defect. He has no such clear, distinct, and overpowering object, as were worthy of securing, or as has secured, the complete concentration of his splendid powers. His object!—what is it? Not to preach the duty of universal despair, or to inculcate the propriety of an act of universal simultaneous suicide; else, why did he not, in the first place, set the example himself, and from ‘ Leucadia’s rock’ or Etna’s crater, precipitate himself, as a signal for the species to follow? And why, in the second place, did he profess such trust in schemes of political amelioration, and die in the act of leading on a revolutionary war? Not to teach, nor yet to impugn, any system of religion; for if one thing be more certain about him than another, it is that he had no settled convictions on such subjects at all, and was only beginning to entertain a desire toward forming them, when the ‘ great teacher,’ death, arrived. Nor was his purpose merely to display his own powers and passions in imposing aspects. Much of this desire, indeed, mingled with his ambition, but he was not altogether a vain attitudinizer. There is sterling truth in his taste and style of writing—there is sincerity in his anguish—and his little pieces, particularly, are the mere wringings of his heart. Who can doubt that his brow, the index of the soul, darkened as he wrote that fearful curse, the burden of which is ‘ forgiveness?’ The paper on which was written his farewell to Lady Byron is still extant, and it is all blurred and blotted with his tears. His poem entitled ‘ The Dream,’ is as sincere as if it had been penned in blood. And was he not sincere in sleep, when he ground his teeth to pieces in gnashing them? But his sincerity was not of that profound, constant, and consistent kind, which deserves the stronger name of earnestness. It did not answer to the best description in poetry of the progress of such a spirit, which goes on—

‘Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont.’

It was a sincerity such as the falsest and most hollow of men must express when stung to the quick; for hath not he, as well as a Jew, ‘eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, and hurt by the same weapons? If you prick him, does he not bleed? If you tickle him, does he not laugh? If you poison him, does he not die? And if you wrong him, does he not revenge?’ Purpose, therefore, in its genuine simplicity, and deep, quiet, sincerity, was *wanting* in Byron’s character. And this greatly accounts for the wreck which he became, and for that misery—a misery which was wonderful, passing the woe of man—which sat down upon his spirit. Many accounts have been given of his grief. Macaulay says that he was a spoiled child. Shelley declares—

‘The thought that he was greater than his kind,
Had struck, methought, his eagle spirit blind,
By gazing at its own exceeding light.’

But, in plain prose and English, it lay in his union of intensity of power, with the want of intensity of purpose.’—pp. 43—45.

The following, also, is too good to be omitted:—

‘The relations in which a man stands to his age are, perhaps, three-fold. He is either before it or behind it, or exactly on a level with it. He is either its forerunner, or he is dragged as a captive at its chariot wheels; or he walks calmly, and step for step, along with it. We behold in Milton the man before his age—not, indeed, in point of moral grandeur or mental power—for, remember, his age was the age of the Puritans. The age of Hampden, Selden, Home, Vane, and of Cromwell, who was a greater writer than Milton himself—only it was with the sword he wrote—and whose deeds were quite commensurate with Milton’s words. But in point of liberality of sentiment and width of view, the poet strode entire centuries. We see in Southey the man behind his age, who, indeed, in his youth, took a rash and rapid race in advance, but returned like a beaten dog, cowed, abashed, with downcast head and tail between his legs, and remained for the rest of his life aloof from the great movements of society. We behold in Brougham one whom once the age was proud to claim as its child and champion, the express image of its bustling, versatile, and onward character, and of whom we still, at least, say, with a sigh—he might have been the man of his time. In which of these relations, is it asked, did Byron stand to his age? We are forced to answer—in none of them. He was not before his age in anything—in opinion or in feeling. He was not in all or many things disgracefully behind it, nor did he move with equal and measured step in its procession. He stood to the age in a most awkward and uncertain attitude. He sneered at its advancement, and he lent money, and ultimately lost his life, in attempting to pro-

mote it. He spoke with uniform contempt, and imitated with as uniform emulation, the masterpieces of its literature. He abused Wordsworth in public, and in private 'rolled him as a sweet morsel under his tongue;' or rather, if you believe himself, took him as a drastic dose to purify his bilious and unhappy nature, by the strongest contrasted element he could find. He often reviled and ridiculed revealed religion, and yet read the Bible more faithfully and statedly than most professed Christians—made up in superstition what he wanted in faith—had a devout horror at beginning his poems, undertaking his journeys, or paring his nails on a Friday—and had he lived, would probably have ended, like his own Giaour, as 'Brother Byron,' with hair shirt and iron-spiked girdle, in some Achaian or Armenian convent. He habitually trampled on, and seems to have really despised the opinion of the public; and yet, on some points, he felt it so keenly, that, says Ebenezer Elliot, 'he would have gone into hysterics had a tailor laughed at him.' And although, when the 'Edinburgh Review' sought to crush him like a worm, he rose from the heel a fiery flying dragon, yet, to the assaults of the meaner creatures of the press, he was pervious all over, and allowed minikin arrows, which were beneath his laughter, to rouse his rage. Absurd and ludicrous the spectacle of this Laocoon, covered from head to foot by these snakes of supernal vengeance, yet bearing their burden with deep agonized silence, starting and shrieking at the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant had thrust into his foot. In one respect we grant that Byron was the spirit of the age; he was the representative of its wants, its weakness, its discontents, its dark unrest, but not of its aspirations, its widening charity, and its hopeful tendencies; his voice was the deep vague moan of the world's dream; his writhing anguish the last struggle of its troubled slumber; it has since awaked, or is awakening, and 'as a dream when one awakeneth,' it is despising, too much despising, his image. He stood high, yet helpless, between the old and the new, and all the helpless and the hopeless rallied round to constitute him first magistrate over a city of flames—supreme ruler in a blasted and ruined realm. In one thing he was certainly a prophet—namely, a prophet of evil. As misery was the secret sting of all his inspiration, it became the invariable matter of all his song. In some of his poems you have misery contemplating; in others, misery weeping aloud; in others, misery revolving and reproducing the past; in others, misery bursting the confines of the world, as if in search of a wider hell than that in which it felt itself environed; in others, misery stopping to turn and rend its real or imaginary foes; and in others, misery breaking out into hollow, hopeless, and heartless laughter. (What a terrible thing is the *laugh* of the unhappy! It is the very echo to the seat where sorrow is throned.) But in all you have misery; and whether he returns the old thunder in a voice of kindred power and majesty, or sings an evening song with the grasshopper at his feet—smiles the smile of bitterness, or sheds the burning tears of anger—his voice still

speaks of desolation, mourning and woe ; the vocabulary of grief labours under the demands of this melancholy genius; and never, never more till this scene of tears and sighs be ended, shall we meet with a more authentic and profound expounder of the wretchedness of man. And as such we deem him to have done good service; first, because he who approaches toward the bottom of human woe, proves that it is not altogether bottomless, however deep; because, if human grief spring from human greatness, in unveiling the grief he is illustrating the grandeur of man; and because the writings of Byron have saved us, in this country, what in France has been so pernicious, 'the literature of desperation:' they are a literature of desperation among themselves; they condense into one volume what in France has been diluted throughout many, and, consequently, our country has drained off at one gulp, and survived the experiment, the poison which our neighbours have been sipping for years to their deadly harm.'

From these portraiture we pass to a third possessing scarcely a trace in common with them—a portraiture which presents neither power, nor depth, nor feeling, nor earnestness, but in which there are the signs of a shrewd imitativeness, of a fluent cleverness, which have been sufficient, in these disjointed times, to give to their owner place and conspicuousness. We refer to the person who has been variously described as the Rev. George Dawson, A.M., as George Dawson, Esq., and, in his own chosen phrase, as a 'Gentleman teacher of Religion.' It is in the following terms that Mr. Gilfillan introduces this gentleman to our notice :

'For some time it might have been advertised in the newspapers—'Wanted, an interpreter for Sartor Resartus.' Without the inducement of any such advertisement, but as a volunteer, has Mr. George Dawson stepped forward, and has now for two years been plying his profession with much energy and very considerable success.

'It were not praise, it were not even flattery, it were simply insult and irony, to speak of Mr. Dawson in any other light than as a clever, a very clever, translator, or, if he will, interpreter, of a greater translator and interpreter than himself. In all the lectures we have either heard or read of, his every thought and shade of thought was Carlyle's. The matter of the feast was, first course, Carlyle; second, ditto; dessert, ditto; *toujours*, Carlyle: the dishes, dressing and sauce only, were his own. Nor do we at all quarrel with him for this. Since the public are so highly satisfied, and since Carlyle himself is making no complaint, and instituting no hue and cry, it is all very well.'

'To call this gentleman a cockney Carlyle, a transcendental bag-man, were to be too severe; to call him a combination of Cobbett and Carlyle were to be too complimentary. But while there is much in the matter which reminds you of Carlyle, as the reflection reminds you of the reality, there is much in his style and manner which recalls William

Cobbett. Could we conceive Cobbett, by any possibility, forswearing his own nature, converted to Germanism, and proclaiming it in his own way, we should have had George Dawson anticipated and forestalled. The Saxon style, the homely illustrations, the conversational air, the frequent appeals to common sense, the broad Anglicanisms, and the perfect self-possession, are common to both; with some important differences, indeed, since Dawson is much terser and pointed—since his humour is dry, not rich, and since he is, as to substance, rather an echo than a native though rude voice.

‘To such qualities as we have now indirectly enumerated, we are to attribute the sway he has acquired over popular, and especially over English audiences. They are not, while hearing him, called profoundly either to think or to feel. They are not painfully reminded that they have not *read*. Enthusiastic appeal never warms their blood. A noble self-contempt and forgetfulness is never inculcated. Of reverence for the ancient, the past, and the mysterious, there is little or none. They are never excited, even to any fervour of destructive zeal. A strong, somewhat rough, voice is heard, pouring out an even, calm, yet swift torrent of mingled paradoxes and truisms, smart epigrammatic sentences, short, cold, hurrying sarcasms, deliberate vulgarisms of expression, quotations from ‘Sartor Resartus’ and Scripture, and from no other book—never growing and never diminishing in interest—never suggesting an end as near, nor reminding us of a beginning as past—every one eager to listen, but no one sorry when it is done; the purpose of the whole being to shake, we think too much, respect for formulas, creeds, and constituted authorities—to inculcate, we think too strongly, a sense of independence and individualism—and to give to the future, we think, an undue preponderance over the past.’—pp. 197—199.

But our purpose in calling the reader’s attention to the subject of this sketch is indicated in the following passage :

‘So far as Dawson is a faithful renderer or doer into English of Thomas Carlyle’s sentiments, we have, we repeat, no quarrel with him. But in some points we dislike his mode of expounding and illustrating these, or if he be in all things an accurate expounder of his principal, why, then, we must just venture to question his principal’s infallibility. Mr. Dawson, for instance, sets himself with all his might to inculcate the uselessness of the clergy as teachers of truth, and the superiority of the lecturing class, or prophets, as he modestly calls them. Samuel, he told us, was a much greater personage than the priests of his day. We do not, in all points, ‘stand up for our order.’ We are far from thinking that the clergy, as a whole, are awake to the necessities of the age, or fully alive to its tendencies. We know that Dr. Tholuck, when in this country, was grieved at the want of learning he found in some of our greatest men, and especially at their ignorance of the state of matters in Germany. We know that he advised two eminent doctors of different denominations to read Strauss’s ‘Life of Christ ;’ and that while one of them declined in very strong language, the other, Dr. Chalmers

(how like him !) said, 'Well, I will read it, Dr. Tholuck ; *is't a big book ?*' Strauss, of course, he recommended, not from sympathy with his theory, but because his book is as necessary to be read now by defenders of Christianity as was Gibbon's 'History' fifty years ago. But while granting much to Mr. Dawson, we are far from granting all. Ministers do not profess to be prophets, except in so far as they are *declarers* of the divine will, as exhibited in the Scriptures, or as they may be endowed with that deep vision of truth and beauty which is now, by courtesy, called prophetic light. But who are prophets, pray, in any other sense ? Who can now pretend to stand to ministers in the relation in which that Samuel, who had in his youth been awakened by the voice of God, and who in his manhood had, by his call, aroused the slumbering thunder, and darkened the heavens by the waving of his hand, stood to the priesthood of Israel ? Not, surely, George Dawson, A.M., nor yet Thomas Carlyle—no, nor Fichte and Goethe themselves. Alas ! may we not now, all of us, take up the complaint of the psalmist !—

' Our signs we do not now behold,
There is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
That knows the time how long.'

'It is as it was at the close of Saul's guilty and inglorious reign, when God refused to answer by dreams, by Urim, or by prophets ; and when, in defect of the true vision, he went to consult with wizards and *quack salvers*. We are, indeed, rather more favoured, and have still among us wise and gifted men ; but if we would find prophets, in the highest sense of the word, we must just go back and sit at the feet of those awful bards of Israel—those legislators of the future—whose words are full of eyes, and the depth of whose insight communicates with the omniscience of God. As poets, as seers, as teachers, as truthful and earnest men, not to speak merely of their august supernatural pretensions, they still tower, unsurmounted and unapproached, the Himalayan mountains of mankind.

'It is easy for a popular lecturer, primed and ready with his three or his six polished and laboured efforts, to sneer at the ministers of Jesus. But it is not so easy for one of this now calumniated class to keep up for years a succession of effective appeals to the conscience and to the heart in season and out of season, through good report and through bad report. And it is not particularly kind or graceful in a gentleman who must have experienced the peculiar difficulties of the order to which he still belongs to turn again and rend them ; enjoying as he does even yet some of the immunities of the class, it is mean in him to shirk its responsibilities, and, meaner still, to long to try to shake its credit in the estimation of his countrymen.

'He draws a distinction, to be sure, between a preacher and a man preaching—a distinction as obvious nearly as that between a fiddling man and a man fiddling, a barking puppy and a puppy barking. He is not a preaching man but a man preaching. What a miserable quibble !

Who means by a preacher anything else than a man who has voluntarily assumed the task of declaring the truth of God to his fellows? Does one necessarily cease to be a man in becoming a preacher? Or does one necessarily become a man by ceasing to be, or wishing to be thought that he has ceased to be a preacher? Nay, verily. In fact, a considerable share of Mr. Dawson's popularity with a certain class, at least, springs from the preacher-air and the preacher-phrases which still cling to his delivery and style. He is little else than a clever lecturer, made out of the elements or ruins of a second-rate preacher.'—p. 204.

Yes, this is the talk now too common among us, employed for the purpose of superseding nearly the whole of the apparatus of means by which religious instruction is perpetuated among our people. The too frequent defectiveness of the religious teacher, and the too common want of a deep tone of spiritual feeling among professed Christians are greatly exaggerated; and, in place of attempting to amend what is imperfect, the sage conclusion is, that our present ministry, as an order, should become extinct, and that our present church usages should be consigned for the most part to the same fate. Lecturers are praised as being much more expert in their vocation than preachers, and philosophical deists as being much more spiritually minded than evangelical believers! But it has been in our way to be able to compare these two classes of teachers, and, as the result, we feel that we have the right to affirm that the stimulus of the lecture-room has produced but a sorry supply of able instructors, compared with what has been called forth by the much-abused system of our churches and chapels. For one lecturer in connexion with our popular institutions who can command an auditory, you find a score that few will listen to: and for one deist possessing any apparent religious feeling, you may find as large a number who are known profligates, or who, at best, make no pretensions to anything religious. Far be it from us to deal otherwise than considerately and kindly with doubts that bear the stamp of sincerity; but equally far from us be the shallow and sycophant talk which teaches every empty stripling to believe that *his* reasons for being an infidel are far more weighty than ever found their way into the brain of Bacon or Locke, of Hall or Chalmers. We fear that this maggot-bred semi-scepticism has experienced too much fostering at the hands of Mr. Dawson.

We once heard this gentleman lecture. It was on Bailey's 'Festus;' and had the sable personage himself, who fills so large a space in that poem, taken upon him for the evening the function of a 'gentleman teacher of religion,' the teaching could hardly have been more in accordance with his wishes. We had

the lecturer's usual fluency—his best things and his worst, dropped with the same ease as if from his finger ends—the same hits at opinions deemed sacred by men possessing much wiser and older heads than his own—the same caricatures of customs accounted by the more virtuous portion of the community discreet and wholesome, the same everlasting negationism, demolishing everything and constructing nothing, and the same recurrent peals of laughter from the auditory. On leaving we felt disposed to ask the question—to what does all this amount, and what is the impression likely to have been made by it? We must confess that the answer returned filled us with sorrow as regarded the people who had listened, and with some other feelings beside sorrow as regarded the man who had been discoursing to them. The moral of the whole was, not simply that good often comes out of evil, but that evil is the natural parent of good, and needs be great where the highest form of goodness is to become great. Common-place minds never become chargeable with strong aberrations from received opinions or common usage, simply because they are not capable of the strong in anything. But with nearly all minds that rise above mediocrity, there is a sort of apprenticeship to evil which precedes the attainment of the good. Thus some two hundred young men, most of them but very slenderly educated, are sent home with the lesson, that the best promise of their rising to something considerable in the years to come, would be found in the skill with which they should be seen to play the infidel and the profligate through the years immediately before them. We do not say that Mr. Dawson *intended* to convey this impression—but the mildest thing we can say is, that such was his levity, and his want of moral skill in that lecture, that this was its legitimate issue. Enough was said, as usual, about what men should *not* believe, about what they should *not* account sacred, and about what they should *not* do, but of what should come into the void thus produced we heard little. We could not but ask, why does the man halt at this point? Why is he silent upon that threshold where, as a teacher, it behoved him to be most prepared to speak? We regret to say that a voice seemed to answer—perhaps to speak out beyond that line is reserved for the bolder men of a coming age—an age in which the measure of our national corruptness will be more neatly filled up, and the judgment awaiting it will not tarry. Mr. Dawson may not mean to act as a pioneer to such a course of things, but we sometimes fear that this may prove to be the mission of the men of his class who are now so active in our midst.

the proximate causes of the revolution of 1848, socialism laid hold of that movement, and implicitly made it its own. The peculiarity of that revolution, its *differentia* as compared with previous revolutions, was precisely this, that it was dominated by the ideas of socialism. The popular instinct saw this when it demanded the red flag instead of the tri-colour; and though it was balked of this symbol of the real truth by the obtuse magnanimity of Lamartine, to whom at that time, socialism was a less definite phenomenon than it is now, it managed to express the same thing in another way by christening the new state of affairs *La République Démocratique et Sociale*. Let us see how the three forms of socialism respectively justified this appellation.

That, at least, the vague sentimental species of socialism had gained possession of the crisis, was made evident by the first acts of the new government. On the 25th of February—that is, on the very morrow of the Revolution—the provisional government decreed the ‘Right of Labour,’ in other words, the right of every man born in France to have the means of subsistence afforded to him by the State, when his own means failed. This, which seems to many only a blow at the principle of Malthus, was really socialism incarnated. Then, again, on the 27th, the government decreed the establishment of *Ateliers Nationaux* for the employment of the idle in Paris. This, which was but a consequence of the previous decree, was a distinctly socialist measure. Lastly, on the 28th, the government appointed a permanent *Commission of Inquiry and Superintendence* on behalf of the working classes. This was socialism prolonged, and put in authority. In short, without very clearly knowing it, the provisional government represented and gave expression to all that vague socialism, all that repugnance to Adam Smith, and disposition to defy him, or to overrule him, that had been accumulating for thirty years in the mind of France.

But, in the second place, there were not wanting evidences of a desire on the part of that more precise form of socialism which we have denominated co-operative socialism, to avail itself of the crisis. Various commercial companies, for example, both in Paris and in other towns—including the proprietors of the *Presse* newspaper, and the directors of one or two railways—immediately announced their intention of adopting the Leclaire system of conducting business. New associations, on the same principle, also sprang up in various parts of France.

Nor, lastly, was communistic socialism denied its share in the general eruption of revolutionary principles. The person appointed to preside over the new commission for the working-

classes, was no other than M. Louis Blanc himself, the chief of the practical communists, and already a member of the provisional government. The official care of industrial interests was thus, as it were, handed over to communism; and, though a great portion of the work consisted merely in receiving deputations of masters and workmen at the Luxembourg, in making socialist speeches, and in doing what could be done to allay the excitement of the moment; yet in one respect communism did turn its unexpected elevation to its own peculiar account. This was by the institution, under Louis Blanc, of two industrial associations on the communist principle—the one an association of ‘working tailors, using for their *atelier* the ancient prison of Clichy; the other an association of working saddlers, occupying a barracks in the Champs Elysées. The former included 1200 workmen, electing their own foremen, and sharing the profits equally; the latter was not quite so numerous, but was similarly ‘organized.’ Both associations received at the outset, and, in fact, were supported by, large orders from government. ♦

Socialism, therefore, in all its forms, was, for the moment, triumphant in France. But the triumph did not last long. Gathering its prostrate strength, ‘the Reaction,’ to use a word which custom has rendered familiar, passed like a tide over the surface of France, sweeping away the *Droit au Travail*, the *Ateliers Nationaux*, the Luxembourg commission, and every other manifestation of socialism that wore a national character. In October, 1848, nothing remained to witness the power of socialism in France, except those things which it was impossible for any reaction to sweep away—the vehement socialist tendencies of the people betraying themselves in their daily speech; the resolute appeals and incessant expository addresses of the socialist leaders, rendered all the more enthusiastic and opinionative by their recent nearness to the mastery; and such actual experiments in socialist practice as depended entirely on private enterprise and encouragement. To ourselves, indeed, looking back on the condition of France from that time to this, the whole historic interest, as regards the socialist controversy, seems to concentrate itself in these two subjects of study—(1.) The new and peculiar turn that has been given to socialist speculation during that period by the predominant activity of Proudhon; and (2.) The quiet and unostentatious progress, during the same period, of the cooperative kind of socialism among the working classes, as manifested by their desire to apply it in the formation, under purely private auspices, of as many co-operative associations as possible. Although, for several years prior to the Revolution of 1848,

the name of Proudhon had been tolerably familiar to the public ear in France—his *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?* having appeared as early as 1840, and his chief work, the *Système des Contradictions Economiques*, having been published in 1846—it was not till after the Revolution, and when he came before the Parisians in person as a journalist and speaker at their clubs, that the full influence of his extraordinary originality as a thinker began to be felt. A socialist in the extreme sense of that word, so far as conviction of the necessity and the certainty of a thorough reorganization of society is implied in it, Proudhon differed so widely from all other socialists, had such peculiar views of his own, held these views with such tenacity, and exhibited such a determination to promulgate them, and to bray into powder every poor wretch that came controversially in his way while he did so, that the existing socialism of the hour stood timidly aghast to listen to him, and became half convinced of its own idiocy, when so terrible a man swore to the fact. To give anything like an adequate idea of the doctrines of Proudhon, (totally misunderstood in this country,) or of their effect in modifying the general mass of French socialist opinion, is here quite impossible,—a mere hint or two as to the direct bearing of his views on the questions of the hour, must be deemed sufficient, all allusion being suppressed to that astonishing system of metaphysical subtleties and generalities, on which his political views rest, and out of which, as first principles, he professes logically to deduce them.

We have already mentioned that Proudhon puts himself forward as the critic both of the economists and the socialists. His precise position, as between these two sects, will appear from the following extracts from his *Contradictions Economiques*.

‘The social science is the reasoned and systematic knowledge, not of what society *has been*, nor of what it *will be*, but of what it *is* in its whole life—that is to say, in the *ensemble* of its successive manifestations; for in this alone can there be reason and system. The social science ought to embrace the sphere of human things, not only in this or that period of its duration, nor in certain of its elements, but in all its principles and in the integrality of its existence; as if the social evolution, stretched out through space and time, were suddenly to be amassed and fixed on one *tableau*, which, exhibiting the series of generations and the succession of phenomena, should manifest their connexion and unity. * * * It may very well be, then, that political economy, despite its individualizing tendency and its exclusive habits of affirmation, is a constituent part of social science. * * * From this point of view the discordant, and so often subversive, facts which now form the staple and object of political economy, ought to be considered by us as so many special hypotheses successively realized by humanity

in its advance to a higher hypothesis, the realization of which would resolve all difficulties, and, without abrogating political economy, give satisfaction to Socialism.

‘The most controverted question of the present day is, without doubt, the *organization of labour*. As St. John the Baptist preached in the desert—*Repent*, the Socialists go about crying everywhere this novelty as old as the world—*Organize labour*, without ever being able to say what they think this organization should be. Somehow or other, the economists have seen in this socialist outcry an injury to their theories; it was, in fact, as if one reproached them with ignorance of the very first thing they ought to be acquainted with—labour. They have, therefore, replied to the challenge of their adversaries; in the first place, by maintaining that labour *is* organized, that there is no other organization of labour than is implied in the liberty of production and exchange, whether on one’s own account or in company with others. Then, as this style of argument only made their adversaries laugh, they have seized the offensive, and, showing that the Socialists themselves understood nothing of this organization that they were making a bug-bear of, have ended by saying, that it is but a new chimera of socialism, a word void of sense—an absurdity. The most recent writings of the economists are full of these pitiless judgments.

‘Nevertheless, it is certain that these words *organization of labour* present a meaning as clear and rational as any of the following:—organization of the workshop, organization of the army, organization of the police, organization of charity, organization of war. In this respect, the polemics of the economists are marked by a deplorable want of sense. * * For ourselves, guided by the idea we have formed of the social science, we affirm against the socialists and against the economists, not that labour *must be organized*, nor that it *is organized*, but that it *is being organized*. Labour, we say, is being organized—that is, it has been organizing itself since the beginning of the world, and will organize itself till the end. Political economy furnishes us with the first rudiments of this organization; but socialism has ground to assert that, in its existing form, the organization is insufficient and transitory; and the entire business of science is to inquire incessantly, in the presence of the results obtained and of the phenomena in course of transaction, what are the changes immediately realizable. Socialism and political economy, therefore, while waging a burlesque war with each other, are pursuing, at bottom, one idea—the organization of labour. But they are both guilty of infidelity to science, and of mutual calumny, when, on the one hand, political economy taking for science its morsels of theory, blocks itself up against further progress; and when, on the other, Socialism, rejecting tradition, tries to reconstruct society on non-existing foundations.’—*Contradictions Economiques*, v. i. pp. 47-50.

‘The error of Malthus, or rather of political economy, does not consist in the assertion that a man that has nothing to eat ought to die, nor in professing that under the regime of individual appropriation, he who has neither work nor revenue has nothing left but to quit life by

suicide, if he does not prefer being driven from it by famine; such is, on the one hand, the law of our existence, on the other, the consequence of property. * * * The error of Malthus, the radical vice of political economy consists generally in affirming as a definitive state of things that which is really transitory—to wit, the distinction of society into the upper and lower classes (*en patriciat et proletariat*), particularly in saying that, in an organized and consequently mutually-interested society, it can happen that some shall possess, work, and eat, whilst others shall have neither possession, work, nor food. Finally, Malthus, or Political Economy, makes but a rambling conclusion, when it sees in the faculty of indefinite reproduction which the human species possesses, neither more nor less than all species of animals and vegetables, a permanent menace of famine; whereas it was incumbent only to deduce therefrom the necessity, and, consequently, the existence, of a law of equilibrium between population and production. In one word, the theory of Malthus—and this is the great merit of that writer, a merit with which none of his brethren have dreamt of crediting him—is that it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of political economy.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 59, 60.

'To act prohibitively, or to let things take their course (*Empêcher ou laisser-faire*) this is the eternal alternative of the economists; their genius goes no farther. In vain one tells them that there is no question either about *prohibiting* or *permitting*, and that what society waits for from them is a *conciliation*; this double idea does not enter into their heads.'—*Ibid.*, p. 218. •

'Competition, as an economic phase or position, considered in its origin, is the necessary result of the intervention of machines, &c.; considered in its proper meaning and tendency, it is the mode according to which the collective activity manifests and exercises itself, the expression of the social spontaneity, the emblem of democracy and equality, the most energetic instrument in the production of value, the support of association. As a trial of individual powers, it is the guarantee of their liberty, the first moment of their harmony, the form of the responsibility that unites them and makes them mutually bound. But competition abandoned to itself, and deprived of the direction of a superior and efficacious principle, is but a vague movement, an oscillation without aim of the industrial power, eternally tossed between those two equally fatal extremes—on the one side, corporations and patronage; on the other side, monopoly. Socialism, in protesting with reason against this anarchical competition, has never yet proposed anything satisfactory for its regulation.'—*Ibid.*, p. 233.

Proudhon, therefore, as a critic of the existing state of things, acknowledges himself a socialist; but as a man of action and progress, as a politician seeking to devise means for achieving that small portion of the general social evolution which Providence has assigned to the present generation, he stands aloof from the other socialists. Their formula of improvement, we have seen, their artifice, so to speak, for accomplishing the

present step of the long historic equation, is *association, the abolition of competition by means of association*. His formula is quite different. For Phalanxes, *Ateliers Nationaux*, communistic societies, and such like, he has the most unbounded contempt; and towards the immoral forms or deductions of the communistic creed, its abolition of the family, its proscription of marriage, and its so-called emancipation of the flesh, he entertains the most fierce and unquenchable hatred. Even of co-operative associations in their most simple, inoffensive, and practicable shape, he seems to have but a low opinion. However effective they may be, while few in number, as a means of ameliorating the condition of those engaged in them, they will not be of any avail in themselves, he seems to think, as a means of wholesale cure for the evils that devour society. Thus, speaking of the Leclaire experiment in connexion with the scheme of Louis Blanc, he says (*Contradictions Economiques*, vol. i. p. 230,) ‘The Leclaire establishment is a collective monopoly, supported by the great society that envelopes it. Now, if the question is whether society at large may become one entire monopoly, I positively deny it.’ In short, to find the true formula of the next great move in the process of social amelioration, the true formula of the transition out of the gloomy to-day into a better but still necessarily imperfect to-morrow, we must, Proudhon thinks, go much deeper into the bowels of the social science. Not proscribing competition, not denouncing the principle of supply and demand, but holding these facts firmly in our hand, as expressions of real value that it has cost the human intellect much hard effort to attain; yet facing at the same time all the horrors in which these facts leave us, we must excogitate a new doctrine that will include these facts, together with something more, and pierce through those horrors into the future. Now, such a doctrine, Proudhon thinks, is the law of the disintegration of property.

The notion of property; the notion that a man may in any circumstances truly say of a thing, *This is mine*; the notion that any individual human being can possess a right to a single fraction of the earth or of what it produces, beyond that varying quotient that would be his if the whole sum to be shared were perpetually divided afresh by the whole number of those that were alive to share it;—this notion or belief, Proudhon thinks, is not an absolute category of human thought, but has been gradually losing force ever since the world began, and is doomed eventually, in virtue of the law of all social evolution, to a sure extinction. This principle, expressed by him for popular use in the famous aphorism, *La Propriété, c'est le vol*, he regards as the greatest truth of the age. Only in this principle does he see any

Much has been said by this gentleman on the importance of adapting religious instruction to the masses of the people, and far from any of us be indifference to that object! But in so far as we can see, the talk on this subject, in the case of Mr. Dawson, has been mere talk. We are often told by persons who take up this language, that one thing strictly necessary to bring the people at large within the influence of our instructions is, that our places of worship should cease to indicate, by their general appearance, that they are intended for the rich or well-to-do, rather than for the poor; that, in fact, they should cease to suggest the existence of any distinction at all between the highest and the lowest. But, we must ask, is 'the Church of the Saviour,' in which Mr. Dawson officiates, an exemplification of this extreme democratic principle? Nothing of the sort. The said church, with its cold, massy, and ornate architecture, its richly-stained woodwork, its crimson cushions, and its studied elegance everywhere, is a place of a more aristocratic aspect than any place of worship we have ever entered beyond the pale of our established church. It is true there are no pews, their place being occupied by uniform rows of benches with backs to them. But this does not prevent the building altogether from presenting the appearance of a first-class fashionable assembly room. There is not really so much to repulse the poor man in Willis's Rooms, or in the Hanover-Square Rooms, as in this would-be poor man's church.

It is true there is no pulpit, and in the place of it there is that much coveted thing—an elevated platform. But here also the promise lacks performance. The platform is there, but the brotherhood, the company, the staff, or whatever else you please to call it, of teaching-men, that should be there, do not make their appearance. The pulpit is gone, but the thing of which it is the symbol—the monopoly of teaching—remains. It is still a one-man system. The talent of the Church lies bound, silent, useless, on those cushioned benches; and one separated to the work of teaching, does all the teaching, and takes his regular pay for the doing of it. Do we blame this course of proceeding? Not altogether. In itself we think it wise, but in such a connexion we regard it as a huge inconsistency.

The Scriptural law, and, therefore, the *right* thing to be done in such matters, is, that those 'who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel;' that the men who give themselves to this work should *not* be entangled with the affairs of this life, but be at liberty to give themselves, 'wholly' to it, that their profiting may appear to all. This was the *rule*, even in the apostolic age, when the presence of miraculous powers and novel exigencies

gave rise to many things that could never have been meant to serve as precedents to us. The instances in which men wrought with their hands to provide for their necessities, and to preach the Gospel without charge, being, even then, the rare exception. Precisely to this latitude, as we hold, is our present liberty. We scruple not to say that many good and needy men who do not aim to meet their necessities, at least in part, by such means, would be far more happy and useful were they to avail themselves of this freedom. But as regards Christian teachers generally, if these, in conformity with the Apostolic law, are to be men separated to their work, and sustained in it, like any other class of workmen, by a fair remuneration of their labour, then the question whether these men should be called an order, a profession, a guild, a class, or the like, comes to be a question about names, not about things. There is, in reality, as much of the priestly in Mr. Dawson as in any Non-conformist minister in this kingdom. To him it exclusively pertains to preach, to be the administrator of the ordinances of the Church, and to hold at least the first place in it as a ruler. Again it may be asked, do we blame Mr. Dawson for this? Again we answer—only in part. It shows him to be a much wiser man in his generation than his loose talk would sometimes lead the unwary to suppose. It shows, moreover, the change that may come over a man's views when called to reduce his theories to practice.

Were Mr. Dawson to determine that the imputation of preaching for pay shall no more be cast upon him; that henceforth he will become a trader in packing-cases, brass nails, mouse-traps—in anything that may yield him an honest living; that in future he will take his place on the elegant platform of his church upon a Sunday as one teacher only among many, the group about him prepared to play the orator in common with himself, being all brother traffickers or brother craftsmen, the black, white, or gray in costume, that may hitherto have denoted order, being wholly dispensed with; that preaching shall give place on such occasions to discussion, the discussion itself being such as to allow questions, suggestions, and the expressions of opinion to any latitude, on the part of the auditory;—were our young ecclesiastical innovator to resolve upon a reform thus thorough, we should certainly be curious to see its effect on the charge now subject to his oversight. We suspect that before the lapse of six months the change produced by such an experiment would be very edifying. Some of our readers will be aware that Sandemanism, Derbyism, Irvingism, and Plymouth Brethrenism, all have set out with a scheme of this description;

and we know the result. No doubt our present usages admit of much amending ; but could the substitution of any such course of things as we have now described as taking the place of them be made general, only for the space of one short generation, its damaging effect on the position of everything Christian among us would, we feel assured, be such as the wiser labours of many generations could hardly suffice to repair. Our comfort is, that the tendencies inherent in such a system, if system it may be called, are of a sort that can hardly fail to work a speedy cure.

Of course if the men who preach are to live by preaching, as truly as other men live by their particular avocations, each labourer receiving his hire, only taking care that the labour in this case, as in others, shall be worthy of the hire, then the same means that are found expedient to give men efficiency in all kind of skilled labour must be in place here. The argument against colleges for divines, accordingly, if carried fairly out, becomes an argument against colleges for anything, against precautionary training for anything—in short, an ignoring of that common sense which is older than our Christianity, and which Christianity can hardly be meant to supersede. If, as seems probable, we are to have some controversy on this topic, this is the ground on which the battle must be fought, and perhaps the sooner we bring things to this issue the better.

In the case of the parties who have aimed in this manner to break down and efface the polity and customs of our churches heretofore, these peculiarities as to things external have generally been allied with something very dogmatic in the shape of doctrine, with high Calvinism, for the most part, often including a considerable infusion of Milenarianism. But in the case of Mr. Dawson, and of some others who are now avowing a similar disaffection to things as they are in this respect, the tendency is in an opposite direction. The aim is to substitute, more or less, the *Philosophist* for the divine, and a *Philosophism* for the Gospel—we use these terms advisedly, as the best, in our judgment, wherewith to describe a philosophy, ‘falsely so called,’ and the men who give themselves to the ministration of it.

Take the following passage as presenting some intimation of the ground on which it would be easy to justify our use of these designations :

‘Too often, in Mr. Dawson’s prelections, what is new is not true, and what is true is not new. In proclaiming the stern truth that there is something higher than happiness—namely, blessedness—he only repeated the finest sentence in that abysmal volume, ‘Sartor Resartus.’ But who instructed him, for once, to go beyond his master,

and to ridicule the phrase, 'luxury of doing good?' Because duty can play its high part, at times, without public fee or reward, has it not always, in its own exercise, 'A joy beyond the name of pleasure?' Does not Scripture often appeal to the desire and to the prospect of happiness as stimulants to duty? Has not the Divine Being annexed even to sacrifice and to martyrdom a feeling which we may appropriately term 'luxury,' if luxury mean something at once delicious and rare? 'To be good for good's sake' is the noblest reach of man; but what does good imply in its very conception? Surely some severe but real delight, partly in present feeling, and partly in future prospect. We know right well the tendency of Mr. Dawson's sneer—it is an attempt to scoff out the golden candlestick of celestial blessedness, as a reward of the good; although as well might he seek to puff away to-morrow's sun.—p. 205.

Bentham reduced morality to a pure question of profit and loss, and because some men would thrust pain or pleasure into the place of virtue, Mr. Dawson must affect to deny that virtue knows aught about such things. The *consequences* of good and bad shall not be even the *criterion* of virtue, because they may not be its *foundation*. Inasmuch as to live *mainly* to such calculations, is not to be virtuous, to have any thought about them is accounted incompatible with virtue! This may be taken as a specimen of what we mean by the teaching of a Philosopher, as distinguished from a philosopher, and by Philosophism, as distinguished from philosophy.

If further illustration were needed, we might refer to the manner in which Mr. Dawson substitutes the 'new birth' of 'Sartor Resartus,' for that of the gospel; and the philosophical atonement, said to be in all sorrow, for that which comes to the guilty from the Cross—the scriptural phrases in these instances being retained, while the scriptural ideas denoted by them are discarded. We admit that the ethical element is not so strong as it should be in our modern evangelicism; but any attempt to make the more abstract aspects of theism and moral government, more effectual as the means of producing spiritual life in men, than the doctrine of a Divine Mediation and of Divine Grace, as commonly expounded among us, must end, we feel persuaded, in a miserable failure. The gospel proclaims *peace* for the *guilty*, *rest* for the *weary*, *blessedness* for the *spiritually-minded* and the *well-doer*, and it is not by its proclamation of any *one* of these, but by its proclamation of them *all*, that it becomes 'the power of God unto salvation.' But we have said more than we intended on this subject, and must now return to Mr. Gilfillan. The following paragraph in the paper on James Montgomery is full of vigour, but not more vigorous than just:—

ART. VII.—*Man Primeval: or, the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being. A Contribution to Theological Science.* By JOHN HARRIS, D.D., Author of 'The Great Teacher,' 'The Pre-Adamite Earth,' &c. &c. Ward and Co. pp. 490.

OF late years it has been the fashion with a certain class of writers, to depreciate and even ridicule the 'argument from design' for the Fundamental Truth of theology, natural and revealed. Without denying, with Hume, its possibility or legitimacy, they have represented it as unnecessary, and even beneath the dignity of a philosopher to employ. Their inward revelations lift them far above the need of patient induction, and child-like study of the lessons of external nature. Of what use is a ladder to a man who has wings, and who can even fly in a vacuum? Perhaps we should be nearer the truth in saying, that by poring too intently over the depths of their own being, their eyes have grown blind to the hand-writing which covers every page of creation, and with all its manifold yet consenting voices ringing in their ears, they are deaf to any but the oracular voice within their own breast. By such philosophers, the most successful and brilliant efforts of two generations in the service of natural theology have been set aside with a sneer, as amounting only to a demonstration of the obvious truism, that 'design implies a designer.'

In spite, however, of the annihilating disdain of these profound philosophers, the world will persist in thinking that there is a vast difference between a truism and a self-evident or intuitive truth; and further, in regarding the statement 'that adaptation of means to ends, and especially of the best means to the highest ends, is incontestable evidence of the presence and operation of mind,' as a proposition quite as important as it is self-evident; and sufficiently important and self-evident to constitute no infirm or narrow basis on which to rest the grand argument for a Supreme and All-controlling Mind.

One great merit which characterizes the volume before us, in common with its predecessor, (the 'Pre-Adamite Earth,') and to which we attach considerable importance, is, that it is a virtual protest against such supercilious dicta of a too subjective philosophy, and that it powerfully sets forth the witness which created nature, and man himself as a part of creation, bear to the power, wisdom, goodness, and moral perfection of the Creator.

The argument from design as commonly presented, is cumulative. It is an induction from a multitude of particulars. Every science furnishes its quota of materials, and every fresh

step in discovery, if it cannot make the conclusion more certain, adds new splendour to the illustration of it. Every being with which we are conversant,—every limb and fragment of every being,—every atom composing those fragments is found to bear on it the stamp of purpose,—the very autograph of mind. It is a means, or an end, or both means and end. But the argument does not rest here. Innumerable particular instances irresistibly indicate Mind as the agency at work in the universe. Starting from this conclusion, the argument takes a wider and loftier range; and on a contemplation of the combined phenomena of nature, the conclusion is equally irresistible, that all is the work of One Mind. Harmony and analogy pervade nature. Part answers to part, so as inevitably to suggest the belief of a mighty whole. Many subordinate purposes are found combining as means to the fulfilment of some higher purpose. As each being ascends in the scale of creation, it is seen multiplying its points of contact, analogy, and harmony with the rest of nature; absorbing into itself a greater number of subordinate purposes, and rendering them subservient to its own ends. The question cannot but arise, where does this progression reach its limit? Are the harmonies which so widely obtain in nature, after all but partial, to be supplanted on a wider acquaintance by discord or utter independence; or do not all the parts of nature, numberless and widely scattered as they are, constitute one vast and accordant whole? These widely and subtilly interwoven analogies and correspondences, and this ascending scale of purpose, narrowing as it ascends, do they not clearly indicate that the whole is built upon one plan, and pervaded by a single purpose—*τέλος κυριώτατον*—to which all the rest are subordinate, and in which creation finds its unity, its destiny, and its reason? And if so, WHAT IS THAT PURPOSE? This stupendous universe cannot be a mere disjointed maze of particular contrivances,—a labyrinth of worlds leading nowhither,—a boundless temple, without altar, service, or indwelling Deity. The purpose we are in search of must exist; and nowhere can it be conceived to exist but in the Creator. The depth saith, ‘It is not in me.’ The heavens declare not their own, but their Maker’s glory; ‘for all are His servants.’ All lower ranks of being look up to man; but man himself looks up, demanding by the entire constitution of his being, some end beyond and above himself, and is by nature a worshipper. And when his ear is opened to hear the response given to his questionings by the very loftiest ranks of spiritual creatures, that response is one echoed from every region and limit of the material universe,—‘Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory

and honour, and praise : for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.'

Thus far the ground of the argument on which Dr. Harris entered in the 'Pre-Adamite Earth,' and which is carried forward in the work before us, cannot be contested by any rightly constituted mind. That creation has a highest end, and that this end is found not in creation itself, but in God, are truths established alike by reason and by Scripture. *For Him*, as well as *by Him*, are all things. And if so, it seems a natural, if not inevitable conclusion, that the manifestation of deity—the utterance, exercise, and display of the Divine nature and perfections—must be the great object of the universe. Thus the most philosophic of the inspired writers declares, 'For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead.'

Dr. Harris appears to have detracted somewhat from the grandeur of this view of creation, without gaining, that we can perceive, any corresponding advantage, by regarding the '*Divine all-sufficiency*,' simply, instead of the Divine nature and character, as the grand theme of the manifestation. By '*all-sufficiency*' he explains himself to mean that from eternity the Divine Being 'has included in Himself all that is or ever will be necessary to impart (consistently with infinite perfection) existence and ever advancing excellence and happiness to a created universe.' The manifestation of this all-sufficiency, our author regards as the great purpose, or ultimate end of creation.* Upon this view, it is the relative, not the absolute perfection of the Divine nature which is presented to our contemplation : not what God *is* in Himself, but what he *becomes*, in the everlasting progress of the universe, to His creatures. We venture to submit that this is too low a point of view (though no doubt a true one, as far as it reaches,) from which to speculate on the 'ultimate purpose.' If so, the influence of this low starting point is likely to be, as we suspect it actually is, injurious in some measure to the whole course of argument, but especially to those parts of it which touch upon the origin of evil, and reasons for its permission, and on the possibility of 'change' in man's moral character and standing.

We are led thus to recur in the outset of our remarks, to Dr. Harris's former volume, because, as our readers are aware, 'Man Primeval' is not an entirely independent work, but one of a series, of which 'The Pre-Adamite Earth' did not simply

* Pre-Adamite Earth, p. 10.

constitute the first member, but unfolded the fundamental principles, deductions from, or illustrations of which, form the subject matter of the entire series. In that work, these laws or principles, having first been hypothetically deduced, were verified by applying them to the successive stages of the ancient earth. The work before us exhibits their further historical development, in connexion with the 'constitution and primitive condition of the human being.' Hence any important flaw in the commencement of the argument must make itself felt through all the successive volumes. In propounding the objection just hinted, however, and in any others which we may deem it right to touch upon, we have no desire to assume a hypercritical or oracular tone. We do not affect to be competent to detect and correct the errors of this eloquent, erudite, and masterly treatise, with the ease of a pedagogue reviewing a schoolboy's exercise; nor do we pretend to settle the profound and vexed questions on which it touches,—and often, of necessity, but hastily touches,—within the limits of a paper like the present. Dr. Harris would be the last to be gratified by indiscriminate or unthinking panegyric, and will well know how to receive objections offered in a candid and friendly spirit. Let us be understood as speaking less as critics than as inquirers and fellow-students of those 'deep things,' regarding which the greatest of our 'masters in Israel' is but a learner yet.

Readers of the former treatise will remember, that the first three stages of the manifestation were, the creation of 'inorganic nature,' 'organic life' (vegetable nature), and 'sentient existence' (animal nature.) Power, wisdom, goodness, are regarded as the perfections successively illustrated (not *exclusively*, but principally) by these respective stages of creation. The theory is so beautiful that one feels as if it *ought* to be true. There is a logical sequence in the three ideas: the exercise of wisdom in adapting means to ends, demanding the attribute of power, and that of goodness involving wisdom, while power is the only attribute that can be conceived of as exercised alone, and necessarily lies at the very foundation of any manifestation whatever. Incontestable evidence, moreover, assures us that the formation of the matter of our globe preceded, perhaps by a vast interval, the production of organic life; and there is at least plausible ground for assuming the latter to have preceded, possibly by a similar interval, the birth of sentient creatures. But is it the fact that these successive periods are so distinctively and pre-eminently marked by the display of power, wisdom, and goodness, respectively, as to warrant the conclusion that we here discover 'the reason of the method?' Without speaking dog-

matically, we confess that we feel considerable doubt on this point.

The question, no doubt, quickly proposed itself to most thoughtful students of Dr. Harris's theory,—how could it be the design of these successive stages of creation to illustrate in order these divine attributes to a race of creatures who were not to come into existence till after the lapse of untold ages, when the scene of these displays of power, wisdom, and goodness, had become 'formless and desolate,'* and the half obliterated monuments of former creations were buried beneath the dust out of which the new race sprang? Man found himself the inhabitant of a world in which all around him seemed not hoary with antiquity and blurred with decay, but fresh with the dew of youth, as if newly sprung, like himself, from the Creator's hand. The temple in which he was called to worship appeared not like some huge venerable pile upon which successive ages have left their legible impress, both in what they have added, and what they have destroyed, and whose every stone is stained and worn by the fingers of time; but the complete and harmonious structure seemed the work of a single epoch, as well as of a single hand. Every shaft and capital was sharp from the chisel, every tint fresh and glowing from the pencil of the great Architect; the breath of life pervaded and gladdened it; and man could not guess that its hidden foundations were laid in decay, ruin, and death. Not until the further lapse of some six or eight thousand years, have we penetrated into the crypt of this temple, and read the mysterious '*Hic Jacet*' inscribed on the monumental stones beneath.

To an objection of this sort, Dr. Harris's reply, if we mistake not, would be, that it matters not how recently these monumental remains have been brought to light, or how long the inscriptions were traced upon them before the eye of man first opened on the glories of a new creation blooming over the grave of its predecessors. Enough that the inscriptions are there, legible, authentic, indisputable. What memory would have done for us, had we actually been spectators of those early and ancient stages of creation, reason and imagination, guided by those sublime monuments, can do,—lead back our thoughts along the dim track of ages and millenniums, calling again into being and activity the series of former worlds, among whose sepulchres we tread, till at length from the remotest past is breathed into our listening ears the lesson of that awful moment when matter first invaded the solitudes of space, and our earth, with its sister

* Genesis, i. 2.

globes, first rolled on its axis, and flew, a semi-fluid glowing mass, along the path marked out by its Creator. And in the eloquent paragraphs with which our author closes his chapter on 'inorganic nature,' he endeavours to show that the distinctive and supreme lesson of that period, thus retrospectively surveyed, is the Power of the Deity. Could the spectacle have been displayed to the eye, 'of enormous masses of matter rolling around the horizon of illimitable space,' it must have irresistibly compelled the conclusion 'that the Creator of these must be a Being of all-sufficient power.'

Undoubtedly it would. But would it not compel certain other conclusions, with at least equal cogency? We admit, that if this stupendous and overwhelming spectacle were surveyed simply with the eye of uninquiring and uninstructed wonder, or if the simple fact of its creation out of nothing were alone regarded, the idea of power would probably be the only one distinctly conveyed, although not unattended by lively impressions of grandeur, sublimity, and beauty. But to such an uninstructed survey, more than half the wondrous lessons of the scene would remain undisclosed. Let the spectator only be supposed endowed with those powers of observation, analysis, and deduction which God has actually bestowed upon the human mind, and he will soon discover that this wilderness of shining globes is not a mere 'splendid phantasmagoria, it is κόσμος, the empire of order and law. It is a congeries of systems, constituting together one system of immeasurable vastness, yet ruled by laws which embrace and connect its remotest members. These enormous masses have all been weighed; these inconceivable velocities and measureless distances have all been meted and calculated. None of these orbs can swerve a hair-breadth from its path without the force which turns it aside having been foreseen, and its result compensated. Disturbance succeeds disturbance; every alteration in the path or velocity of one of these bodies acts upon all its fellows; yet the result of this perpetual change and apparent confusion is imperishable stability. Order reigns supreme; but order so recondite and complex that its discovery has tasked the human intellect to its utmost stretch. Must not the spectator, by whom the phenomena of inorganic nature were not merely ignorantly gazed upon, but intelligently comprehended, be at least as forcibly impressed with the profound intelligence, as with the mighty power displayed in this moving universe? While he could not but exclaim, 'Great is Jehovah, and of great power!' would he not in the same breath be constrained to add, 'His understanding is infinite!'

This conclusion would, perhaps, be yet more forcibly established by a consideration of the internal structure and qualities of unorganized matter. The perfection which Dr. Harris considers the vegetable world especially intended to illustrate, is that of wisdom, as evinced in the adaptation of means to ends. Now, it can scarcely be thought that the simple survey of vegetable phenomena, apart from anatomical and physiological investigation, would suggest this idea. Imagine our hypothetical spectator traversing the mazy glades of some pre-Adamite forest, its giant ferns waving in the sunshine above his head, and the greensward glistening with dew where the light falls between their broad restless shadows, while not the buzz of an insect's wing, the note of a bird, or the least sign of animal life, disturbs the stillness of those green solitudes. The ideas of Beauty and Life would be those, we apprehend, which would most powerfully be presented, and bear witness to the glory of the unseen Creator. The idea of Design would hardly be suggested, unless it were in the shape of a wondering inquiry, what the design of these beautiful, but unconscious and apparently useless creatures could possibly be. The design of the vegetable world, as a whole, must remain a riddle, until animal life appeared on the scene, and solved the mystery. If we mistake not, however, Dr. Harris would seek the illustration of design in the internal structure of plants, regarding the various parts of each plant as 'mutually means and end,' and directing attention to the exquisite mechanism and inimitable chemistry by which the various processes of nutrition and growth are carried on. But if so, the same principle should be applied to inorganic nature. And such an application would, perhaps, evolve instances of design, if possible more wonderful than those furnished by the structure of plants. The limited number, mysterious properties, and endless combinations of those forms of matter at present regarded as elementary, (as oxygen, hydrogen, the metals, &c.) the law of chemical equivalents, and the formation of compounds so utterly unlike their elements; the structure and qualities of air, water, and other substances most needful to man; the laws of heat, electricity, light, and force generally; and the unspeakably important results flowing, as if by accident, from causes probably coeval with the first formation of the earth,—as, for example, the winds, the tides, the seasons,—all these, and many more of the facts of inorganic nature, furnish demonstrations not to be surpassed of far-reaching and comprehensive foresight, and of that highest order of designing wisdom which provides, by means of a few primary causes, for innumerable and ever-varying exigencies,

and again combines numerous independent causes in the production of a single result.

It seems undeniable, that we cannot read aright the lessons of any stage of creation apart from the knowledge of the ends for which it is the designed preparation. Applying this principle in the retrospective survey of the first stage of creation, may we not read there goodness as well as wisdom inscribed in most legible characters? Surely, the actual peopling of the earth with sentient and happy beings can scarcely speak more intelligibly, though it may seem to speak more loudly, of Divine goodness, than the mute, yet eloquent records of the tender providence which prepared, myriads of ages beforehand, for their comfort and welfare. When our earth first received the inclination of its axis, and its impulse of rotation and of orbital motion, the grateful vicissitude of day and night, and all the beautiful phenomena of changing seasons, were already in the Maker's view. In the first creation of carbon, the time was anticipated when from the wreck of primeval forests, after long ages of growth and decay, should be formed those inexhaustible stores of coal which, when man needed them, were to minister to the comfort of the home fireside, and the progress of arts and manufactures, to the greatness of nations and the civilization of the world. In the proportions, as well as the qualities of each of the primitive materials of our earth, wisdom held the scale, and goodness adjusted the weight and the measure, with a constant reference to the future tenants.* In the structure of the earliest granite, provision was made for fertilizing those plains from which one day man was to reap his harvests. The chalybeate spring, at which the invalid drinks health, received its tincture, and the breeze which fans his fevered brow, its cooling freshness, myriads, perhaps millions of ages ago, when the metals first received their properties, and the atmosphere its laws. But instead of pursuing this train of thought, we cannot do better than quote Dr. Harris's own eloquent and forcible language, in the commencement of the work before us :

'Man was not made for the earth; the earth, from the first, had been preparing for man; and we are to suppose that now, at length, the hour of his creation had arrived. Often, we believe, since the material of the earth was at first called into existence, had vast spaces on its surface become 'formless and waste,' and 'darkness' had hung 'on the face of the deep.' And as often had the creative will recalled it from chaos, and restored it to order and beauty. But even each of these successive wrecks of the earth had looked on beyond itself, and

* Prov. viii., 22—31.

had a respect to the coming of man ; and each of the new creations which followed had formed part of a system of means of which he was to be the subordinate end. For him, volcanic fires had fused and crystallized the granite, and piled it up into lofty table-lands. The never-wearied water had, for him, worn and washed it down into extensive valleys and plains of vegetable soil. For him, the earth had often vibrated with electrical shocks, and had become interlaced with rich metallic veins. Ages of comparative quiet had followed each great revolution of nature, during some of which the long-accumulating vegetables of preceding periods were, for him, transmuted into stores of fuel; the ferruginous deposits of primeval waters were becoming iron ; and successive races of destroyed animals were changed into masses of useful limestone. The interior of the earth had become a storehouse, in which everything necessary had been laid up for his use, in order that, when the time should come for him to open and gaze on its treasures—on ‘the blessings of the deep that lieth under,’—on ‘the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills,’ he might gratefully recognise the benevolent foresight of the Being who had prepared, selected, and placed them there. Many of those great facts which we are accustomed to regard as alone constituting the ‘laws of nature,’ because the uniformity of their operation extends through ages of duration, had repeatedly given place for a time, and had owned their subjection to a principle more comprehensive still—the principle that, not the uniformity of ten thousand years, but the change which then breaks up that uniformity, is the grand controlling principle of the universe,—itself, perhaps, of uniform recurrence. And, for him, many of these successive changes of the earth had been commemorated by geological monuments, which, when uncovered and deciphered, should convince him that all its revolutions had been conducted under the superintending eye of Infinite Wisdom. All this may be said to have taken place for him ; not, indeed, exclusively and supremely, but in the sense that, as every end to be answered by creation must be supposed to be included in the Divine purpose ; and as the coming of man was calculated to answer the highest end at that time attained, every preceding end may be regarded as a means in order to its attainment.’—pp. 1, 2.

Leaving our readers to form their own conclusion as to the general theory advanced by Dr. Harris, we must now direct attention more particularly to the illustration of it in the volume whose opening paragraph we have just quoted. In the first chapter, entitled ‘Holiness,’ the author points out the probability that man, while he might be expected to epitomize, as it were, and yet further to illustrate all that had yet been displayed of the Divine glory, might also be expected to add a new book to the revelations of the created universe. On this point our readers shall hear Dr. Harris state his views for himself. Concluding that, on a retrospect of the past, an intelligent

being would have been prepared, at the creation of man, to anticipate the unveiling of some new perfection of the Divine nature, he proceeds to ask—

‘ But what will that next perfection be? If power, wisdom, and goodness are not to perpetuate their manifestation by multiplying physical creations alone, some other perfection must now appear, which shall render the continuation of such additions to the mere material world unnecessary. And if all which power, and wisdom, and goodness have done already is not to exist in vain as a revelation of God to the creature, a being must yet be formed capable of recognising these perfections in what they have already done. The same reason which made it infinitely desirable that the glory of God should be made objective as all-sufficiency, clearly implied, that when displayed, there would be beings to understand it. . . . Such a capability, will, of course, be associated with the power of appreciating what is understood of the manifestation; for to understand, and yet not to appreciate it, would be to defeat the very design of the manifestation. But the system requires that beings capable of understanding and appreciating the divine perfections, and who are thus constituted a part of the manifestation, should be capable, also, of consciously and voluntarily promoting the objects of the great system, and should be held *responsible* for understanding, appreciating, and intentionally promoting it, to the utmost extent of their means. Now, this is only saying that man, besides having a physical, organic, and animal nature, will be also an intelligent, moral, and accountable being; and this will bring to light the moral perfection of the Deity—that *holiness* of nature, or subjective excellence, by which he has complacency in all moral goodness; and that *justice*, or objective excellence, by which He exhibits His holiness in retributive acts. In other words, the earth, sooner or later, will become the scene of *moral government*.

‘ But as mighty intervals have separated the stages of the Divine procedure hitherto, will similar intervals separate the coming manifestations? Will holiness, after imprinting its image on man, reign on earth, and rejoice in its likeness, for an uncountable period, before primitive justice follows, and kindles its fires? Will justice then burn for ages, converting earth into a place of punishment, before mercy comes, if it come at all, to soothe and to save? Will all these perfections be displayed in the history of the same race? Or will there be a race for the display of holiness, to be succeeded, when removed, perhaps, nearer to the palace of the great King, by a second race for the display of holiness and penal justice? And are these again to be succeeded, when removed and banished afar from God, by a third race for the display of holiness, justice, and some other attribute—say mercy. Or have either of these attributes been elsewhere displayed already? displayed by beings, who, though not inhabitants of this world, are yet members of the great system of manifestation, of which this world and all that it contains, form a part? And if so, is it not in harmony with

all the past history of the divine conduct to expect that the introduction of the new race, essentially differing from all the past, will involve or be attended with a new manifestation? that besides the power, and wisdom, and goodness, and holiness, and justice of God, already displayed, the history of man will be made the occasion of a new display of the divine character?"—pp. 5—7.

An answer to these questions is furnished by the facts, that God has actually created a race of intelligent beings, denominated in Scripture angels, for the display of his holiness, some of whom, by falling from their original state, gave occasion for a manifestation of divine justice. Hence, argues Dr. H., since the new race will come 'upon the stage of divine procedure at a period when power, and wisdom, and goodness, and holiness, and justice, are already made manifest, we might have expected that the great design of another stage of creation would be the display of another divine perfection.'

Believing fully that it is man's exalted destiny not only to manifest the divine glory, but to become the means or occasion of its being manifested more sublimely and impressively than through any former kind or rank of creatures, we yet cannot help pointing out an important element of uncertainty which seems here to be introduced into the theory. The reader will observe that angelic beings are regarded as filling up the interval in the stages of divine manifestation between the creation of animals and the creation of man. One of two conclusions is obvious. Either we are here introduced to quite a distinct series of creations from that of which this globe has been the theatre, or else this earth must itself have been the ancient home of angels—the 'first estate,' which the sinning angels 'kept not,' and from which those who remained constant in faith and obedience rose to their present glory. The former of these suppositions would turn us adrift, without chart or rudder, on an ocean of conjecture. The second, though a bold, is not altogether an improbable hypothesis; but in the absence of all direct evidence, it must be regarded, as we have said, as introducing considerable uncertainty into any system which assumes it as a fact. On the other hand, assuming the fact, a presumption might be claimed in favour of the theory, as seeming to render necessary the supposition of such orders of superhuman beings as are actually revealed to us in scripture. On this subject, Dr. Harris's views have been published through another channel,* and are sustained by some acute reasoning in a note appended to the present volume.

Chapter II. is occupied in illustrating the principle (the

* *Biblical Review*, January, 1848.

eleventh of the Laws deductively stated in the 'Pre-Adamite Earth,') that, 'all the laws and results of the preceding stages of creation will be found brought forward in the human economy; and that all that is characteristic in those lower steps of the process will be carried up into the higher, as far as it may subserve the great end; or unless it should be superseded by something analogous in this higher stage.' A great variety of topics are briefly, but ably treated in this chapter, upon which it would be foreign to our present purpose to touch. The conclusion is, that 'the laws of nature, as known to the ancient earth, were now introduced and embodied in the constitution of the new made man.' We are thus prepared for the consideration (in Chapter III.) of the 'Progression' displayed in man's constitution. The ninth law hypothetically laid down in the former volume, prepares us to look for '*the production of new effects, or the introduction of new laws.*' At this point in the argument, the attentive reader must again be sensible of the difficulty already suggested, arising from our uncertainty as to the capacities of angelic beings, and their position in the scale of nature. That man is at once united by closest analogies with those orders of sentient beings which we know to have preceded him on this globe, and advanced almost immeasurably beyond and above them, might be established by simply comparing the human skeleton with the skeleton of the monkey. The plan and materials of the structure are identical. The resemblance is so close as at first sight to seem degrading to man. But on a closer inspection we perceive that a transforming, ennobling process has affected every part of that framework, plainly adapting it for nobler purposes in the one case than in the other. Even from the skeleton of the human form we may perceive that the body which is to clothe it is not intended to be the mere instrument of animal activity and brute enjoyment. It is a shrine, built of common clay, but meant to be lighted up with the immortal lamp of mind. The being for whom this body is prepared is to walk erect, to rule the earth, and to converse with heaven. And the nobility of his nature seems more illustrated by this transfiguration of things beneath him, than if he had owned no kindred with them, but worn a form altogether unique and incomparable. But now, between these two links, so closely related, yet touching the two opposite horizons—or rather the zenith and the nadir—of sentient existence, we seem compelled, if we strictly and rigorously carry out the theory, to interpose another; and that other the most mysterious order of creatures of whom we have any knowledge. There was, it

should seem, a step in 'progression' beyond animal nature, before man claimed the earth as his own; a 'Past,' to be 'brought forward' in human nature, which has left no foot-steps on the mountains and plains of earth, no traces in its fossil chronicles. If angelic beings, as manifesting holiness and justice, intervene as a stage or stages of the manifestation between brutes, as manifesting goodness, and man, as manifesting some fresh attribute of Deity; does it not seem to follow that they also were in the earlier stage of their being not only inhabitants of this globe, but as closely allied with previously existing animals as man himself—that they were, in fact, 'men of like passions with ourselves,' but in some respects inferior to the race that was to succeed them? We do not venture to assert that this was not actually the case. Our knowledge is too limited even for us to pronounce it improbable. But whatever degree of improbability or uncertainty may be deemed to attach to this supposition, must attach to any theory to which it is logically necessary. We confess that we do not clearly deservy any escape from this embarrassment, but by abandoning or greatly relaxing the idea of a strict logical sequence in the Divine Manifestation, with reference to distinct attributes or perfections; and supposing that the Divine Plan may rather be analogous to the gradual and orderly, but yet manifold and complicated process, by which each living thing that God has made, plant and animal, body and soul, puts forth its hidden energies, and manifests its inmost nature and characteristic attributes. The human mind, for example, does not unfold its faculties one by one, in fixed and regular succession. One part of the course of an individual, or of a nation, may, it is true, bear more of the impress of imagination and genius; another of indomitable purpose; another of calm reflective wisdom; but in proportion as the mind nears the standard of ideal excellence, its various powers will be jointly, equably, and harmoniously developed. We admit that the analogy fails in one very important particular: the faculties and attributes of the creature actually come into existence, and grow, as they are manifested; those of the Creator are eternal and unchangeable, and may therefore be disclosed in what order or measure He thinks fit. Still the analogy is not, we think, worthless. Characterising as this principle does so many, and some, at least, of the noblest, orders of created beings, may it not be suggestive of the Divine Plan and Idea of creation? Seems it not to indicate that the manifestation of the Creator through and to his creatures moves (so to speak) not along a single line

of action, but along numberless parallel or converging lines, in which now one, now another, and now many of the attributes of God are variously, and in varied order displayed; each of these lines, perhaps, having its points of intersection with the rest, so that all shall mutually illustrate all in the progress of the eternal future? And thus, if we may be permitted the metaphor, the hymn that Nature utters is not a single melody, how richly or grandly soever modulated, but an anthem in many parts, ever swelling into fuller and more harmonious chorus, a tide of praise, ever deepening and widening as it flows, ever reflecting from its billows a brighter splendour, into which innumerable distant and coeval fountains pour down through the ages of all time their tributary streams, to swell 'the praises of eternity.'

The chapter on 'Progression' forms a large portion, and perhaps the most ably-written and closely-reasoned portion of the volume. It is, in fact, a treatise in itself,—a brief essay on man. All the most profound and varied questions in metaphysics come successively under review. The nature and validity of sensational perception; the existence of necessary truths, and the organ or faculty of discerning them; the freedom of the will, human responsibility, the nature of virtue, and origin of moral ideas; all these, with a variety of cognate or subordinate topics, are discussed briefly, but in a lucid and masterly style. The author has displayed great philosophical acumen, accomplished scholarship, and, we need not add, the power of clothing the most arid and abstract themes with all the charms and graces of eloquence. In fact, if we were to find a fault with the book in reference to style, it would be that it is too eloquent,—that is to say, too oratorical and even poetical in its diction, and sometimes in the mould of the thoughts themselves. The character of Dr. Harris's genius is rhetorical rather than logical. His habit of thought is accumulative and illustrative rather than consecutive and deductive. His mind has wings; and though he can measure the ground, when he chooses, with many a dull frequenter of the sandy wildernesses of logic and metaphysics, who has no more idea of flying than an ostrich, yet as soon as opportunity by any chance presents itself, he is apt to soar; and sometimes when we expect him to clench the last nail of an inference, he surprises us by a lyrical episode, or a practical application. Perhaps it is owing to our own dulness, but we confess that those parts of the volume are most to our taste in which he has put the curb upon his eloquence, and allowed our pedestrian intellect to jog along the 'high priori road,' or the humbler path of analysis and induc-

tion, by his side. What may at first sight seem inconsistent with the character we have just ascribed to the author's mind, is probably, in fact, a result of it; namely, that the section on 'Imagination' is, in our judgment, the least satisfactory of this whole chapter. That upon the 'Emotions' strikes us as one of the most ingenious and original. We must make room for an extract from it, as affording a favourable specimen of the author's treatment of questions in mental science. From the general proposition that 'man exists for an end, and his constitution is the appointment of means to that end,' it is inferred 'that he will be the subject of different kinds of emotion, in harmony with the attainment of that end.' On this deduction are founded six 'classifying laws' of the emotions, according to which they arrange themselves in the following genera:—1. *The appropriative*, including the love of life, of activity, of knowledge, of society, of power—either in the form of *property* in things, or of *superiority* over persons—and lastly, the love of approbation. 2. *Impartative*, including the desire (for others) of justice and liberty; the desire to impart knowledge; the desire to seek associates (*i. e.*, the wish to be a companion to others, which Dr. H. distinguishes, but scarcely with sufficient reason, from the desire of *having* others as our companions;) the desire to be governed, or to yield to authority; and the disposition to accord approbation to merit. 3. *Arrestive*, including surprise, astonishment, wonder, admiration, awe. 4. *Perfective*, including complacency in the beholding of improvement, excellence, or happiness, and the emotions of beauty and sublimity. 5. *Remedial*, including compassion, in its various stages of 'concern, sorrow, distress, and anguish,' and gratitude. (This last emotion seems somewhat strangely placed, in consequence of the peculiar and limited definition given of it.) Lastly, *Relational*, including hope, fear, joy, sorrow, anger, with all their various shades and modifications.

'Now it might, I think, be shown,' (proceeds Dr. Harris,) 'that each of these six classes is distinctive, and that there is not a single simple emotion which might not find an appropriate place under one or other of these heads, and, therefore, no compound emotion, the elements of which might not be similarly distributed. But if this classification be accepted, we shall find that the emotions admit of a further generalisation into those arising from the *nature* of the mental objects which excite them and those arising from a perception of our *relation* to the objects. The former division includes the first five groups we have specified, namely, the appropriative, the impartative, the arrestive, the progressive or perfective, and the restorative or remedial. The latter division includes the emotions of the sixth class—namely, those attending the

attainableness, the possession, and the loss of the objects belonging to the preceding classes. This latter division necessarily presupposes the former, on which account the two divisions may be designated respectively the primary and the secondary; not, be it observed, as measuring or comparing their importance, but as simply indicating the order of their mutual relation. Further: all the objects and emotions of the first division are to be regarded as immediate, or as existing without any reference to time. This is true even of the desires. To class desire with the prospective emotions is to confound it with hope—an emotion of the second division, and relating to the attainableness of an object; whereas desire, like surprise or admiration, knows no future any more than it does a past. ‘It arises from good considered simply,’ and respects only the quality of objects. On the other hand, those of the secondary division are related to time, for, as attainable or unattainable, they respect the future; as possessed, the present, as lost, the past. Each division alike may be characterised as agreeable or disagreeable; but with this important distinction, that while the primary and immediate emotions are *essentially* agreeable or the reverse, the secondary are such only in a *relative* sense. ‘The character of the former is carried over to the latter, and determines whether the perception of our relation to their objects shall occasion hope or fear, joy or sorrow.’—pp. 100, 101.

In the remaining fifteen chapters of the first part, the other ‘Laws of the Manifestation,’ as laid down in the former volume, are illustrated in their application to ‘man primeval.’ As the order in which they are discussed will cost the reader some trouble to ascertain, we may as well subjoin it. The 11th and 9th having been already applied, the rest are treated in the following order: The 10th, 13th, 12th, 3rd, 14th, 15th, 16th, 4th, 17th, 5th, 7th, 8th, 6th, 18th, and 19th. Each of these has a chapter devoted to it. We are well aware of the thought and labour which such a mind as Dr. Harris’s must have bestowed upon the plan of a work of this magnitude and importance. Yet we cannot but regard this part of the arrangement as defective, more especially as no reasons are stated for the order in which the laws are illustrated. Some of the laws, too, are so similar in statement, that unless the reader is very careful in discriminating them, he is in great danger of confounding them one with another. And as the same facts serve to illustrate many different laws, repetition is unavoidably engendered, and this portion of the work is rendered easy, indeed, to *read*, but extremely difficult to *study* and remember. It would have been a great advantage, had the author found it practicable, to reduce several of his laws to a single more general expression; or else to have arranged them in groups, and illustrated each group, instead of each separate law, in a distinct chapter.

Under the head 'Analogy,' Dr. Harris has offered a solution of the difficult problem, the *partitio scientiarum*, based upon his theory. He regards the Creator as proceeding, in the manifestation of Himself in nature, 'from the logical to the chronological, from ideas to laws, from the general to the particular, 'from the possible to the actual, in the successively enlarging 'spheres of matter, life, sense, and reason; a series in which 'man takes his place as one of the consecutive means by which 'the Infinite is pleased to expound his own nature.' This basis, observes the author, prescribes, of necessity, an order of universal classification. 'God, nature, man, the order is settled.' We subjoin the scheme, as given at p. 349:

<i>Fundamental ideas.</i>	<i>Sciences.</i>	<i>Classification.</i>
Substance	Metaphysics	Essential Being.
Space and Time	Mathematics	Quantity or conditions of dependent being.
Cause or Power {	Astronomy Physics Chemistry	{ Unorganized Bodies.
Design, or Wisdom . . . {	Phytonomy Botany	{ Organized Bodies.
Goodness	Zoology	Sentient Being.
Rightness {	Applied Sciences Ethics Theology	{ Rational Being.

Upon this wide and difficult subject, we will here venture only two remarks. First, that if we adopt the definition of metaphysics, which we agree with Dr. Chalmers in thinking by far the most clear, convenient, and sensible, that it is '*scientia scientiarum*,' the philosophy of knowledge, then the '*fundamental idea*' of metaphysics is not Substance, but Knowledge. What, indeed, is a science of 'things as they are,' or of '*essential being*,' but a grand name, with no corresponding reality? Secondly, we submit that 'Space and Time' cannot be considered as the fundamental ideas of mathematics, but rather Form and Number, both of which are attributes of matter. Pure geometry deals not with space absolute, or even space as a condition of matter, but with the property of material objects by which they enclose distinct portions of space, and which, abstracting it altogether from matter, we term Form. Again, those branches of mathematics which deal with Number and Quantity have no necessary reference to either space or time. If it were possible to apply a graduated scale and fixed standard to those mental phenomena which are susceptible of *more or less*, we might have a mathematics of mind, might find the central

point of good temper, as we find the centre of gravity, and apply the calculus to hope, fear, or love, as easily as to the cycloid or the catenary curve. Time, again, cannot enter into mathematical reasoning, except as measured by Motion, from which the fundamental idea of 'Cause, or Power,' is obviously inseparable.

In the closing chapter of this part, entitled 'Change,' an attempt is made to balance the probabilities of man's fall, which existed before that fall became a dreadful reality. 'This is awful ground, upon which we scarcely like to set foot. As to the first presumption adverted to (and from which the chapter takes its title)—namely, that 'man came into a system of things which was already subject to a law of change,' we cannot but wonder that this should be supposed to have furnished the least ground for so tremendous a conjecture. The author has himself suggested a consideration which completely refutes such an idea. Because, from the creation, there had been a perpetual succession of changes, in which every step had been onward and upward, and the augmenting excellence and happiness of the creature had gone hand in hand with the unfolding glory of the Creator, how could any intelligent being have conjectured, for an instant, that now a change was to take place, not from good to better, but from good to evil, disorder, and misery? How could he have imagined that man, the top and crown of this goodly creation, for whose abode all past ages and revolutions had prepared the earth, and whose new-born nature contained within itself the seeds of an infinite and glorious future, would fall from this eminence of power, wealth, and felicity, when his foot was just planted on the lowest step of a still loftier ascent, would lose the image of his Maker, sink almost below the brutes that were meant to serve him, and be commanded in wrath back again to the dust from which he was taken? The idea that evidently weighs most with our author, however, is, that the fall of man would form the occasion for the manifestation of a new perfection of the Divine nature. That it has actually done so, will be the theme of praise through eternity. But that it could have been conjectured, beforehand, that it would do so, by any finite mind, we deem more than doubtful. We respectfully submit to Dr. Harris's consideration, whether his idea of the Divine *all-sufficiency* as the theme of manifestation has not here led him to write in a different manner from that in which he would have written had he taken the view to which we referred at the beginning of this paper; whether, in fact, the idea of some *emergency*, as necessary to *call forth* the hidden resources of the Deity, has not led him to

speak as though there were a kind of moral necessity that this dreadful emergency should arise, in order that a new perfection of the Divine nature should be manifested. If a rigid logic were applied to the carrying out of the principles contained in this chapter, we do not see how a conclusion could be avoided which we scarcely like to put into words, and which, we need not say, we do not for a moment imagine Dr. Harris to hold—namely, that the plain answer to the question stated at the beginning of the chapter, ‘*Will man fall?*’ would have been, ‘*He was created with that intent, that he might fall!*’ On such a topic as this, as we close even the eloquent pages of Dr. Harris, we cannot help thinking of Thomas Carlyle’s favourite saying, ‘Speech is silvern, but silence is golden!’

The second and third parts of the work contain only about a hundred pages together. They discuss ‘The Reason of the Method,’ and ‘The Ultimate End.’ The ‘Reason’ is shown to be twofold, partly referring to man’s constitution and well being, partly to the Divine all-sufficiency; and this twofold reason is considered in its application to the first man. The concluding part sums up the illustrations afforded in the constitution of primeval man of the Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and Holiness of God. We conclude our extracts with the closing paragraph of the book:—

‘By the creation of man the earth itself may be said to have been transfigured, for its new inhabitants consciously radiated the Divine image. In his constitution, dominion, and far-reaching relations, he stood forth the embodiment of a Divine Idea—the ‘type of him that was to come.’ His probation raised the earth into a scene of moral government. Sinai itself was anticipated and even surpassed, in him, for his constitution was a living court of Divine judicature. His temptation announced that he had joined the solemn march of events at a period when the great conflict between good and evil had already begun, and that as a moral agent he could not but take part in it. His first sin—by which the crown fell from the head of creation—may be regarded as a foreshadowing for all time of the kind of contest which he would be likely to wage; presuming on his sufficiency for himself, he brought his will into collision with the Supreme will. And the first great lesson taught him by experience (the lesson already deposited in the archives of angelic experience) that the well-being of the creature lies in obedience and dependence, may be regarded as a prophecy of the moral of man’s entire history. There can, indeed, be no second fall of man; for never again can there be a first man, insulated from all the influences of his race, yet representatively related to them all. Probation, in this sense, can never be repeated. The first stage of man’s experimental history is over—over for the race; but not, therefore, is his career to cease. His

nature, unlike that of any of the races which have preceded him, admits of a prolonged process of development; and from this point a new stage of his eventful history is to begin, and a new aspect of the Divine character to be disclosed. And the spirit of the first sin, we repeat, will be found reappearing in every stage of the ever deepening process, and the accompanying lesson of his dependence will be heard 'waxing louder and louder.' Meantime, the first great crisis has arrived. By aiming at self-sufficiency, man has rendered himself more dependant than ever. His self-apotheosis has involved his degradation. Aspiring to raise himself superior to law, he has left himself no resource but mercy. And we know the manner in which the Divine All-sufficiency was pleased to meet the greatness of the occasion.'—pp. 476, 477.

We take our leave of Dr. Harris, cordially thanking him for this 'contribution to theological science.' While there are many of his views to which we are not prepared to yield unqualified assent, and on some of these we have not refrained from freely expressing our opinion, we are none the less able and disposed to accord him due honour for the distinguished ability with which they are propounded and advocated. We tender to him our hearty congratulations on his having added to his well-earned and well-worn honours as a preacher and an essayist, the chaplet due to one skilled in metaphysical philosophy. He has furnished in these two treatises a beautiful example, which his younger brethren in the ministry will do well to study, of the manner in which philosophy may wait as a handmaid on theology, refreshing her lamp with oil drawn from the vast storehouse of nature, and all studies and all sciences may be made to minister at the altar of Him, whom to know is life, and whom to make known is the highest purpose of the unintelligent universe, and the noblest work of intelligent and immortal minds.

ART. VIII.—(1.) *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains.*

By GEORGE F. RUXTON, Esq. A New Edition. 8vo. London: Murray, 1849. pp. viii. and 332.

(2.) *Life in the Far West.* By GEORGE FREDERICK RUXTON. 8vo. Edinburgh: Blackwoods, 1849. pp. xvi. and 312.

(3.) *Address to the Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, 28th May, 1849.* By W. J. HAMILTON, Esq., President. 8vo. London: 1849.

COULD an Englishman gratify his national love of travel on so magnificent a scale as to make an aerial voyage round the globe, and see its different regions in quick succession, like the

shifting scenes of a panorama, keeping near enough to observe what was passing beneath him, few things would be more likely to arrest his attention than the universality of the presence of his countrymen. In Africa, he would find them exploring the Great Desert; tracing the sources of the Nile,—undismayed by the fearful sacrifice of human life which has so often attended similar enterprises; and, with a still nobler heroism, preaching the Gospel, amidst peril and privation of all kinds, to the degraded Hottentot and the barbarous Caffre. On the borders of Europe and Asia he would see them hoisted in nets to the aerie-like monasteries of Meteora;—exploring the mountain chain of the Ural, and descending into its mines. On turning his eyes towards the Holy Land, he would perceive them busily employed in measuring the walls of Jerusalem, and taking the soundings of the Lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea. He would find them excavating the rock-tombs of Lycia;—exhuming the long-buried monuments of Nineveh;—studying the track of Alexander;—ascending Mount Ararat;—botanizing on the Himalayas, and on the mountain-chains of Thibet;—introducing commerce and civilization amongst the Malays and Dyaks of Borneo;—discovering coal seams in Formosa and on the continent of India; exploring the vast steppes of Mongolia. He would behold them laboriously surveying and mapping the Arctic shores of America; and seeking amidst the terrors of the Frozen Ocean for a shorter passage to the Pacific—undeterred by the failure of fifty-eight precedent English expeditions. Everywhere he would see proofs of the ardent curiosity, the bold enterprise, and the unflinching pertinacity of the Anglo-Saxon race.

But the qualities which must be united in order to make a successful explorer and discoverer, whether by land or sea, cannot be other than rare in their combination, even amongst the most favoured races. ‘How to observe’ is not the easiest of the lessons life has to teach, even when circumstances seem to favour its enforcement. The accomplished traveller must not only observe well, but endure well; and must have learnt to suffer hardship and bear privation without having blunted his sensibilities, or narrowed his sympathies. Like Wordsworth’s Wanderer, he should be—

‘ Alive
To all that is enjoyed where’er he goes,
And all that is endured.’

In short, the list of the qualities that a good traveller ought to possess, might be continued till it rivalled in length the famous catalogue of the charms that should be united in a woman in

order to entitle her to the praise of beauty, said to be emblazoned on the walls of the Sultan's harem at Constantinople.

That many of these desirable qualities were felicitously combined in the late George Frederick Ruxton, the works before us afford abundant proof; and that his career was rather one of promise than of performance, is but the necessary consequence of its premature close at the age of twenty-eight. Eleven of these brief years were employed in eventful wanderings in Southern Europe, in Central Africa, and in North and South America.

Mr. Ruxton was educated at the Military College of Sandhurst, which he quitted at the early age of seventeen, to learn the practice of war in the internecine contests of Spain. He obtained a commission in a squadron of lancers, forming part of the division of General Diego Leon, and was actively engaged in several important combats, displaying a gallantry which won for him the cross of the first class of the order of St. Fernando. On his return from Spain he was gazetted to a commission in the 89th regiment, and served with it in Canada, where he made his first acquaintance with those stirring scenes of Indian life, which he afterwards so graphically delineated. His thirst for adventure made him soon weary of the 'peace-campaigns' of our colonial army; he resigned his commission, and eagerly turned his steps towards the wilderness tenanted only by Red Indians and American trappers.

Upon the recollections of this portion of his career he dwelt with fondness to the hour of his death. In one of his letters he writes :—

‘Although liable to an accusation of barbarism, I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recal, but with pleasure, the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salade, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle, and no companions more sociable than my good horse and mules, or the attendant cayute which nightly serenaded us. With a plentiful supply of dry pine logs on the fire, and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near, and exhibiting the animals, with well-filled bellies, standing contentedly at rest over their picket-fire, I would sit cross-legged, enjoying the genial warmth, and, pipe in mouth, watch the blue smoke as it curled upwards, building castles in its vapoury wreaths, and, in the fantastic shapes it assumed, peopling the solitude with figures of those far away. Scarcely, however, did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life; and unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such is the fascination of the life of the mountain-hunter, that I believe not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilized of men, who

had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty, and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements, nor sighing, and sighing again, once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements.'

On his return from his first visit to America, Mr. Ruxton planned an exploration of Central Africa, to which the then president of the Royal Geographical Society thus alluded in his anniversary address for 1845:—

'To my great surprise I recently conversed with an ardent and accomplished youth, Lieutenant Ruxton, late of the 89th regiment, who had formed the daring project of traversing Africa in the parallel of the southern tropic, and had actually started for this purpose. Preparing himself by previous excursions on foot, in North Africa and Algeria, he sailed from Liverpool early in December last, in the *Royalist*, for Ichaboe. From that spot he was to repair to Walvish Bay, where we have already mercantile establishments. The intrepid traveller had received from the agents of those establishments such favourable accounts of the nations towards the interior, as also of the nature of the climate, that he has the most sanguine hopes of being able to penetrate to the central region, if not of traversing it to the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique. If this be accomplished, then indeed will Lieutenant Ruxton have acquired for himself a permanent name among British travellers, by making us acquainted with the nature of the axis of the great continent of which we possess the southern extremity.'

The enterprise thus spiritedly commenced failed through a combination of untoward circumstances, which had well nigh terminated Mr. Ruxton's career still more prematurely. The course he had laid down for his journey led him along a desert of moving sand, utterly without water, and with very little herbage save a coarse tufted grass, and twigs of the resinous myrrh. After enduring great hardships, Ruxton was compelled to abandon for the time his courageous attempt.* But he effected an important improvement in our maps by expunging from them what had been laid down as the Fish River running into Angra Pequena, which he ascertained to have no existence. On returning to England he strenuously endeavoured to obtain the sanction and assistance of Government for a better matured scheme of penetrating from the western coast of Africa quite across the continent to its eastern coast. The council of the Geographical Society strongly recommended the plan to the notice of the Government, but the endless delays which intervened deprived Ruxton of all hope of bringing it to a successful issue, and eventually led him, in the summer of 1846, to turn

* There is a full account of this journey in the *Nautical Magazine* for January, 1846.

his steps towards Mexico. To this change of plans we owe the fascinating volume detailing his adventures in that country, to which we shall presently advert.

In August, 1847, Mr. Ruxton returned to England, where he remained until the spring of the following year. He then set out on the journey which was to prove his last. Speaking of his projects in a letter written just before his departure, he says:—

‘My route takes me via New York, the Lakes and St. Louis, to Fort Leavenworth or Independence, on the Indian frontier. Hence packing my ‘possibles’ on a mule, and mounting a buffalo horse, I strike the Santa Fé tract to the Arkansa, away up that river to the mountains. Winter in the Bayou Salade, (where Killbuck and La Bonté joined the Yutes) cross the mountains next spring to Great Salt Lake—and that is far enough to look forward to.’

Alas, it was too far. He did but reach St. Louis, where he died, in September 1848, after a brief illness—the consequence, it would seem, of spinal injury received long before, in the Rocky Mountains, where he had fallen from a bare-backed mule on the sharp picket of an Indian lodge. So perished in early manhood one who appears to have united with an enterprising and dauntless spirit, the qualities of an accomplished English gentleman.

To an adventurous explorer Mexico presents many attractions. It contains magnificent scenery. It includes climates so various that the traveller who ascends from Vera Cruz may, as it were, pass in review, in the course of two or three days, the whole scale of vegetation, from the parasitic plants of the tropics to the pines of the Arctic regions. It is a country comparatively unhaunted by tourists. Its roads are sufficiently perilous to keep the blood in brisk circulation, and the brains in healthy activity, without presenting any great terrors to a traveller of tolerable nerve. And neither a long course of Spanish misgovernment, nor the ignoble degradation of the old Spanish race, have been able altogether to dissipate the charm which the romantic exploits of Cortes and his companions so long threw around the regions which they conquered.

Having landed at Vera Cruz, Mr. Ruxton proceeded through the *tierra caliente*, to the beautiful city of Jalapa, and thence, by way of Perote and Puebla, to Mexico. He depicts in glowing terms the charms of the country in the vicinity of the capital:

‘We left Puebla early in the morning, and, as day broke, a scene of surpassing beauty burst upon us. The sun rising behind the mountains covered the sky with a cold silvery light, against which the peaks stood out in bold relief, whilst the bases were still veiled in

gloom. The snow-clad peak of Orizaba, the lofty Popocatepetl (the hill that smokes) and Iztacekuatl (the white woman) lifted their heads now bright with the morning sun. The beautiful plain of Cuicilacoapan, covered with golden corn and green waving maize, stretched away to the mountains which rise in a gradual undulating line, from which in the distance shot out isolated peaks and cones, all clear and well defined.' 'We soon after crested the ridge of the mountain, and, descending a winding road, turned an abrupt hill, and, just as I was settling myself in the corner for a good sleep, my arm was seized convulsively by my opposite neighbour, who with half his body out of the window, vociferated—' *Hi esta, hi esta, mire, por Dios, mire!*' Look out, there it is. Thinking a Ladoon was in sight, I seized my gun, but my friend seeing my mistake, drew in his head, saying, 'No, no, Mejico, Mejico, la ciudad!'

'To stop the coach and jump on the box was the work of a moment; and looking down from the same spot where probably Cortez stood 300 years ago, before me lay the city and valley of Mexico, bathed by the soft flooding light of the setting sun.

'He must be insensible indeed, a clod of clay, who does not feel the blood thrill in his veins at the first sight of this beautiful scene. What must have been the feelings of Cortez, when with his handful of followers he looked down upon the smiling prospect at his feet, the land of promise which was to repay them for all the toil and dangers they had encountered.

'The first impression which struck me on seeing the valley of Mexico, was the perfect, almost unnatural, tranquillity of the scene. The valley, which is about sixty miles long by forty in breadth, is on all sides enclosed by mountains, the most elevated of which are on the southern side; in the distance are the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Iztacekuatl, and numerous peaks of different elevation. The lakes of Tezcuco and Chalco glitter in the sun like burnished silver, or, shaded by the vapours which often rise from them, lie cold and tranquil on the plain. The distant view of the city, with its white buildings and numerous churches, its regular streets and shaded pascos, greatly augments the beauty of the scene, over which floats a solemn, delightful tranquillity.'

After remaining a few days in Mexico, he set out on his long journey to the North, taking the mountain road towards Queretaro, in order to avoid the plains, then covered with water; but soon descending into the beautiful champaign, through which meanders the Rio Lerma, and passing along the verge of the volcanic region of Jorullo, the scene of the extraordinary earthquakes of 1759, when the surface of the plain, undisturbed for centuries, was seen to rise suddenly in the shape of a vast dome, thrusting out small conical masses to an elevation of 1200 and 1400 feet above the original level of the ground. From Queretaro he proceeded through the vast plains of Silao, where the

eye seeks in vain for signs of cultivation, but is often gratified by vast and splendid prospects, to Zacatecas, a populous city in the midst of one of the most valuable mining districts of Mexico. The country around it is wild and barren; but the rugged sierras teem with the precious metals. On the road from Zacatecas to Fresnillo, he met a *conducta* bearing bars of silver to the mint of Zacatecas, which presented a characteristic picture of the state of the country.

'The wagon in which it was carried was drawn by six mules, galloping at their utmost speed. Eight or ten men, with muskets between their knees, sat in the wagon, facing outwards, and as many more galloped alongside, armed to the teeth. Bands of robbers, three or four hundred strong, have been known to attack *conductas* from the mines, even when escorted by soldiers, engaging them in a regular stand-up fight.'

The country between Fresnillo and Durango, the metropolis of Northern Mexico, is wild and desolate, being almost continually laid waste by the Comanches. It includes a curious volcanic tract, known as the *Mal Pais*, through which the flow of the molten lava can easily be traced, with its undulations, still retaining the exact form of the ripple, as it poured down from the crater. When Mr. Ruxton reached Durango, its worthy inhabitants were in great alarm from the vicinity of some five hundred Comanches, who were known to be encamped on the *north-east* of the city. So, says our traveller, after a *fanfaronade* of several days, and high mass in the church for those that were going to be killed, the troops and 'valientes' of the city, with drums beating and colours flying, marched out to the *south-west*, and so happened to miss 'los barbaros,' which saved to their families and their country the 'valientes' who would have been slain.—*Cosas de Mejico.*

Durango, which, by the route our author pursued, is about 650 miles from the City of Mexico, may be considered the Ultima Thule of the civilized portion of the country, such as it is. Beyond it, to the north and north-west, extend the vast uncultivated and unpeopled plains of Chihuahua, the Bolson (or purse) of Mapimi, and the arid deserts of the Gila. Over these regions Indian warfare is perpetually carried on, and at the period of Mr. Ruxton's travels, the fierce Comanches were even more audacious than in previous years. His route led him through the midst of the scenes of their ravages, and many are the stories he has to tell of 'moving accidents by flood and field.' These tracts of country are almost entirely unvisited by Europeans, and on our recent maps we may still read, 'Little is known of the country north and west of Durango.' Mr. Ruxton's graphic

narrative is therefore, in every point of view, highly interesting. Shortly after his departure from Chihuahua, (the principal town of the state of the same name,) nine hundred American volunteers—raw backwoodsmen—marched through the State, and took the capital, defeating three thousand Mexicans with great slaughter, and lost not a single man in the encounter. This fact sufficiently explains the periodical incursions of the Indians.

On leaving Chihuahua (on the 10th November), Mr. Ruxton set out towards Santa Fé, proceeding by El Carmen—which appears to have been the most westerly point of his journey—and Carrizal, striking into the valley of El Paso, where he crossed the Rio Bravo del Norte, thence travelling along the rugged precipitous bank of that river, and through the cotton woods of its fertile bottom, as far as San Diego, where he entered on the dreaded 'Jornada del muerto'—the journey of the dead man—passing through a plain which stretches along the table land between the Sierra Madre, or main chain of the Cordillera, on the west, and the small mountain chain of the Sierra Blanca and the Organos, which form the dividing ridge between the waters of the Del Norte and the Rio Pecos. After meeting with several adventures, and suffering from the scarcity of provisions and water, he reached, towards the end of December, the 'miserable mud-built Santa Fé.' After a very brief stay in this filthy town, he journeyed on through the valley of the Taos, (in all maps confounded with a town which, under that time, has no existence, but is identified by Mr. Ruxton as the rancheria or village of Fernandez,) and that of Red River, to the village bearing the same name, *Rio Colorado*,—the last and most northern settlement of Mexico, and distant from Vera Cruz about 2000 miles. Our traveller reached this place in bad plight, having one of his feet frozen. Immediately upon his recovery, he turned his back on Mexico and the Mexicans, and shaped his course due north for the Bayou Salado, striking the Arkansa near its head waters on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. He describes the cold in the upland regions as more intense than he had ever experienced, even in Lower Canada.

After spending several months amidst the mountains, principally in buffalo hunting, Mr. Ruxton proceeded on his journey through the Prairies occupied by the Caw Indians and the Osages, passed the Caw or Kausas River by an Indian ferry, and, striking into a most picturesque country of hill and dale, entered the valley of the great Missouri. After a short stay at Fort Leavenworth, the most western military station of the United States, he embarked in a steamer for St. Louis.

The impressions left on Mr. Ruxton's mind by his intercourse with the Mexican people, during a journey through their country of nearly 2000 miles, are, like those of most preceding travellers, extremely unfavourable. He mixed with people of every rank, class, and station, and sums up his experiences by saying:—‘I cannot remember to have observed one single commendable trait in the character of the Mexican;—always excepting the women of the country, who, for kindness of heart, and many sterling qualities, are an ornament to their sex.’ In another place he says:—

‘The Mexicans, as a people, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are deficient in moral as well as physical organization: by the latter I do not mean to assert that they are wanting in corporeal qualities, although certainly inferior to most races in bodily strength, but there is a deficiency in that respect which is invariably found attendant upon a low state of moral or intellectual organization. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and without energy, and cowardly by nature. Inherent, instinctive cowardice is rarely met with in any race of men, yet I affirm that in this instance it certainly exists, and is most conspicuous; they possess at the same time that amount of brutish indifference to death which can be turned to good account in soldiers, and I believe, if properly led, that the Mexicans would, on this account, behave tolerably well in the field, but no more than tolerably. It is a matter of little astonishment to me that the country is in the state it is. It can never progress, or become civilized, until its present population is supplanted by a more energetic one. The present would-be republican form of government is not adapted to such a population as exists in Mexico, as is plainly evident in the effects, of the constantly recurring revolutions. Until a people can appreciate the great principles of civil and religious liberty, the advantages of free institutions are thrown away upon them. A long minority has to be passed through before this can be effected; and in this instance, before the requisite fitness can be attained, the country will probably have passed from the hands of its present owners to a more able and energetic race.

‘The population is divided into but two classes—the high and the low: there is no intermediate rank to connect the two extremes, and consequently the hiatus between them is deep and strongly marked. The relation subsisting between the peasantry and the wealthy *pacien-dados*, or landowners, is a species of serfdom, little better than slavery itself. Money in advance of wages, is generally lent to the peon, or labourer, who is by law bound to serve the lender, if required, until such time as the debt is repaid; and as care is taken that this shall never happen, the debtor remains a bondsman to the day of his death.

‘Law or justice hardly exists in name even, and the ignorant peasantry, under the priestly thralldom, which holds them in physical as

well as moral bondage, have neither the energy nor courage to stand up for the amelioration of their condition, or the enjoyment of that liberty, which it is the theoretical boast of republican governments their system so largely deals in, but which in reality, is a practical falsehood and delusion.

Darkly coloured as is this picture of the people, we fear it is but too faithful. We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Ruxton when he adds: 'The separation from Spain has been the ruin of the country.' What he saw in Mexico is plainly the natural consequence of the system of colonial government pursued by Spain for nearly three centuries. By that system, the vital interests of the colony were habitually sacrificed to the selfish, short-sighted, and fallacious aggrandizement of the mother country. The adventurers who flocked to it sought only to make fortunes as rapidly as possible, and to hasten their return. The whole colonial history of Mexico is but an elaborate version of the old fable concerning the goose that laid golden eggs.

Few countries possess greater natural fertility than does a large portion of the Mexican Republic. And the extraordinary variety of its climate makes it possible to cultivate, in some part or other of the country, almost every plant known to the rest of the world. In addition to its vast mineral treasures, it can produce the coffee tree of Arabia, the cocoa tree, cotton tree, banana, and sugar cane of the Indies, the palm tree of Egypt, the fir tree of the Alps, the vine and olive of Southern Europe, and the corn of the North. Situated in the very centre of the maritime communication between the world of Europe and the world of Asia, it would seem destined by nature to be a country great both in agriculture and in commerce. But what did Spain for the development of these vast resources?

She prohibited the cultivation of the vine and the olive, of flax, hemp, and saffron; forbade the rearing of silkworms, restricted the growth of coffee, cocoa, and indigo to such quantities as she might require for her own consumption, made the culture of tobacco a government monopoly, permitted no foreign goods to be imported, save in a triennial flotilla from Cadiz, and in an annual galleon from Manilla, forbidding these to be unladen, except in three privileged ports,—Vera Cruz, Porto Bello, and Acapulco,—whence their cargoes were to be carried into the interior on the backs of mules or of Indians. After her colonial dominion had lasted two centuries and a half, she opened its commerce to all the ports of the mother country, and called this concession the establishment of 'free trade!'

Equally unjust and shortsighted had been the treatment of

the aborigines from the very outset of the Spanish domination. Cortes and his companions found in the Indians of Mexico a remarkable contrast to the nomadic and hunting tribes of northern America. Fierce and sanguinary in their superstitions and their warfare, and almost feudal in their system of government, they were a sedentary, an agricultural, and even a manufacturing people. They could weave, dye, carve, and model, with no mean skill. Their architecture appears to have combined, with almost Egyptian massiveness, a rude but gorgeous decoration. They had made considerable attainments in science, so that their solar year is said to have been more accurately computed than that of the Romans or the Greeks. But Spain thrust them back into the barbarism from which they had partially emerged, and derived no more profit from the industry of the Aztecs than she had done from the arts and learning of the Moors. In her colonies, as at home, she drove her new subjects into a nominal profession of a corrupted Christianity by fire and sword. In Mexico, as in Grenada, she turned what should have been a source of strength into a cause of weakness. And now the descendants of those who fought with Cortes flee before the face of the lowest of the Indian tribes. The policy which has reduced her to the level of a third-rate power in Europe, has made her a scoff and a bye-word in America. In a commercial policy which discouraged every branch of industry, save that of mining, and under which the gold and silver mines themselves were grossly mismanaged, whilst those of iron were totally neglected; in a religious policy, which contrived to transform Christianity at once into a cruel tyranny and a contemptible mummerly; in a system of serfdom, which was little distinguishable from slavery; and in the utter absence of any intermediate class between the very rich and the very poor, we have a series of causes—in operation for centuries—amply sufficient to account for the degraded and distracted condition of Mexico, without resorting to invectives against its ‘republican institutions,’ which as yet are scarcely a quarter of a century old. And in addition to causes such as these, we have a population, extraordinarily heterogeneous in its origin, sparsely scattered over an almost unmanageable extent of country.

The first official census of Mexico, taken in 1793, gave a population of 4,483,529; but Humboldt who, in the following year, carefully scrutinized this census, and the methods employed in taking it, adduced cogent reasons for raising the numbers to 5,200,000. The second census, in 1806, yielded a total of 6,500,000. No third census was taken till 1832; but Mr. Ward, who visited the country in 1827, and made elaborate

inquiries into its condition, estimated its then population at 8,000,000. The total of the census of 1832, the last of which we have any account, was 7,734,292. Since this date, the separations of Texas and the Californias have occurred. Mr. Ruxton's estimate of the population, in 1847, was about eight millions; but he gives some amusing instances of the difficulties attendant upon statistical researches in Mexico. Speaking of San Juan del Rio, he says:—

‘It is difficult to arrive at anything like a correct estimate of the population of a Mexican town, unless by comparing the size with that of another, the number of whose inhabitants is known, and it is almost impossible to obtain anything like correct information on any statistical point from a Mexican, who, for the glory of his town or province, will invariably give an absurdly exaggerated statement. Thus, on asking in San Juan of a respectable merchant what was the number of inhabitants, he gravely answered, ‘Masque ochenta mil’—more than eighty thousand; and on another occasion, on asking the same question of a ‘rico,’ of Taos, a valley of some twelve thousand inhabitants, he answered without hesitation, ‘two millions.’ At a rough guess I should estimate the population of San Juan del Rio at eight or ten thousand.’

Of the probable eight millions of Mexicans, it has been computed that a million and a half are creoles or native whites of European descent; about 25,000 natives of Spain (Chapatores,) about four millions Indians, or native Mexicans, and above two million Indians of mixed castes or ‘Indios bravos.’ This population is spread over a breadth of territory estimated to contain about 1,312,000 square miles, which would give an average of six inhabitants to the square mile.

The difficulty and insecurity of the means of intercommunication throughout this vast country must seem almost incredible to those who have not visited it. The roads are execrably bad, and are infested by regularly organized bands of *ladrones*, who coolly commence their operations by appointing one of their number to inspect the coaches as they start for the several towns; these robber-spies, after counting the passengers and examining their arms, gallop away to rejoin their respective bands and settle the point of attack. Men of all ranks and station appear to resort to the road when embarrassed by their losses at the gaming-table. Most of them escape justice; but some are occasionally apprehended and punished. Mr. Ruxton mentions the case of an aide-de-camp to Santa Anna himself—Col. Yames—who was garrotted for the robbery and murder of a Swiss consul.

The system of criminal procedure in Mexico is graphically

illustrated in our author's account of a robbery committed on his own baggage, which he had left at Guajoquilla, whence he started on an expedition to the wild Sierras 'del Diablo.' As he rode into the town on his return, the prefect, followed by a crowd, met him, and apprised him that his rooms had been broken into, and his property stolen. What ensued he thus narrates:—

'My servant now made his appearance, with a face as white as a sheet. I had given him strict orders, when I started, on no account to leave the house until my return. The night before, however, he had been induced by the robbers to go to a fandango, where they locked him in a room for several hours with a party of men and women drinking and dancing. When he returned to the house, he found the door of my room, which was entered from the street, open, and thinking that I had returned, he went into the house, and awakening the women, asked them when I had come back. They told him that I was not yet returned, and he replied, 'He must be, for his door was wide open.' At this, out jumped the patrona from her bed: 'Ladrones! ladrones!' she cried out, instantly guessing what had happened. Striking a light, the whole household entered my room, and found it stripped of everything. They had actually carried off the matting of my pack-saddle; trunks and saddles, guns, pistols, sword, and all were gone; and in one of the packs were some three thousand dollars, so they had made a good night's work of it. My servant was in despair: his first idea was to run, for I would kill him, he said, as soon as I arrived. The old padrona did not lose her presence of mind; she rushed to her sala, and snatched from the wall a little image of el Niño Atocha, a juvenile saint of extraordinary virtue. Seizing my distracted mozo by the shoulders, she forced him on his knees, and, surrounded by all the women of the family, vowed to the uplifted saint three masses, the cook on her part a penance, and my servant a mass likewise, if the stolen goods were recovered, besides scores of pater-nosters, dozens of Ave Marias, &c.

'The prefect, Don Augustin, was soon on the scent; one man was already suspected, who had been seen in front of the house late on the night of the robbery, and, passing by frequently, had attracted the attention of my patrona. My mozo, pistol in hand, went to the house of this man and collared him, and when I arrived had already lodged him in the calabozos. Two others were shortly after taken on suspicion of being accomplices.

'No hay cuidado—there is no fear,' said Don Augustin; 'we'll get everything back, I have put them to the torture, and they have already confessed to the robbery.'

'My servant, who witnessed the operation, said it was beautiful to see the prefect screwing a confession out of them. Their necks and feet were placed in two different holes, which, by means of a screw, were brought together, until every muscle of the body and limbs was

in a frightful state of tension, and the bones almost dislocated. At length they divulged where one trunk was concealed, and then another, and after two or three faintings, one article after another was brought to light. In the intervals the prefect rushed to me, wiping the perspiration from his forehead:

‘No hay cuidado, no hay cuidado; we’ll have everything out of them. They have just now fainted off, but when they recover they shall be popped in again.’

• ‘At last everything was recovered but a small dish-knife, with a mother-of-pearl handle, which defied screwing, and I begged Don Augustín not to trouble himself about it, as everything else was safe. But ‘No,’ he said, ‘No hay cuidado, no hay cuidado, we’ll have everything out of them; strangers must not be robbed with impunity in my prefecture.’ However, it took another violent screw, and the poor wretch, with eyes starting out of his head, cried out at last to stop, and pulled out of his pocket the missing knife, which he had doubtless determined to keep, on the principle of having ‘something for his money.’

‘The chief delinquent was the priest’s nephew, and most of the stolen property was concealed in the reverend gentleman’s garden. To do him justice, however, the padre was very active in his attempts to recover my property, and stood by his nephew, when under the process of the screw, to exhort him to confession, or administer extreme unction if it was necessary.

• ‘When everything had been brought back, my good old patrona rushed to me with el Santo Niño de Atocha, which she begged of me to kiss, at the same time hanging it in my room to protect it from another spoliation. That evening I was sitting at the door, enjoying a chat with the señoritas de la casa, and a cigar, when I saw a figure, or rather the trunk, of a woman, moving along on what appeared to be the stumps of legs, enveloped in a cloud of dust, as she slowly crept along the road. She passed three or four times, going and returning upwards of a hundred yards, and earnestly praying the while. ‘Por Dios,’ I asked of one of the girls,—‘What’s this?’—‘Es Dolores, la concinera’—it’s Dolores the cook—performing penance, was the answer; and her vow instantly recurred to me. The poor old body had vowed to walk so many hundred yards on her knees in the public streets, repeating at the same time a certain number of Ave-Marias, if the credit of the family was restored by the discovery of the thief and the recovery of my property.’—pp. 136—138.

‘Life in the Far West’ is a very agreeable expansion and elaboration of some rapid sketches in those concluding chapters of the work we have been briefly reviewing, which describe Mr. Ruxton’s hunting adventures in the prairies, and amidst the Rocky Mountains,—

‘Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It is his hint to speak.’

It also contains the most curious account we have met with of the recent proceedings of those strange fanatics ‘the Mormons.’ The volume abounds in picturesque descriptions of character and scenery, in racy anecdotes of trappers and trapping, and in startling scenes of Indian warfare, some of which would tempt quotation, but for their previous publication in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine,’ whence they are now collected.

No one could travel in any part of Mexico, at the period of Mr. Ruxton’s journey, however remote he might happen to be from the actual scene of hostilities, without having frequent occasion to observe the bitter hatred which the conduct of the United States had excited in all classes of the people. Mr. Ruxton’s own life was more than once put in peril by the circumstance of his being mistaken for a North American citizen. But he does not permit either his contempt for the Mexicans or his respect and affection for the people of the United States—to whose high qualities he bears enthusiastic testimony despite their republicanism—to blind him to the gross injustice committed by the great and powerful nation against its debased and impotent neighbour.

That the United States had grave cause of complaint against Mexico is undeniable. The Mexican government had violated treaties, and had evaded, or had long delayed, the payment of its just debts. But other governments had done the same things, without being punished by invasion. The United States dealt very differently with powerful France and with feeble Mexico. In her disputes with the former, even diplomatic ingenuity was almost exhausted in contrivances to avoid an open rupture. In her quarrel with the latter, her envoys and ministers used their utmost skill and artifice to create plausible pretexts for a predetermined war. A plenipotentiary was so selected, and so accredited, as to make it certain that he would not be received; and his rejection was *preceded* by military orders for an invasion of Mexican territory, of which it was professedly to be the cause. The worst delinquencies charged upon the Mexican government were subsequent to the annexation of Texas. That annexation was the direct consequence of a civil war, excited and fomented by a powerful party in the United States. ‘Nothing,’ says an ex-president, Mr. Van Buren, ‘Nothing is either more true, or more extensively known, than that Texas was wrested from Mexico, and her independence established

‘through the instrumentality of citizens of the United States.’ This instrumentality had been put forth during a long series of years, sometimes in the form of intrigue, at other times in the form of open violence, but uniformly impelled by two powerful motives, the one what Channing called ‘the unappeasable hunger for Texan land,’ the other the determination to uphold and strengthen domestic slavery; or, in more elegant phraseology, ‘the peculiar institutions’ of the South.

Stripped of all flimsy disguises about the introduction of a ‘more energetic race,’ ‘the substitution of a higher civilization,’ and the like, these are the real motives which underlie the policy so long pursued towards Mexico by the dominant party in the United States. One of the best of the few redeeming features in Mexican history is her noble declaration when throwing off the Spanish yoke, ‘that no person thereafter should be ‘born a slave or introduced as such into the Mexican States; ‘that all slaves then held should receive stipulated wages, and ‘be subject to no punishment but on trial and judgment by the ‘magistrate.’ In the eyes of American land-speculators and slaveholders this decree, and its honest enforcement, would alone have been justification enough for taking advantage of her internal dissensions, putting her off her guard by protestations of friendship, plying all the arts of cunning, and then seizing a propitious moment to despoil her of her territory by force. And all this to keep up the falling price of slaves, to secure the political power of the slaveholding states, and to strengthen the system of slavery as ‘founded on the laws of God, and written in the climate and soil of the country!’*

It is a melancholy retrospect to look back on the course pursued in relation to the Texas annexation and the Mexican war by the foremost statesmen of America—the great landmarks of public opinion ‘beheld far off at sea.’ Mr. Calhoun was the chief promoter of the annexation, and voted for the war. Mr. Benton at first opposed annexation, and made a fine speech against it, but afterwards voted in its favour and supported the war. Mr. Webster condemned both the annexation and the war, which latter he declared to be ‘a presidential war,’ illegal, unconstitutional, and unjust. But, in December, 1846, at a meeting in Philadelphia, he thus addressed his fellow-citizens:—‘But, while the war lasts, while soldiers are on the ‘land, and seamen on the sea, upholding the flag of our country, ‘you feel, and I feel, and every American feels, that they must ‘be succoured and sustained. . . . They have done honour to

* Speech of Mr. Simms, of South Carolina, in Congress, as quoted in the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, of Dec. 1847.

'the country to which they belong.* In the course of the same month, Mr. Clay, like Mr. Webster, an opponent of the administration, and therefore unshackled by official ties, thus spoke: 'Although leading a life of retirement, I am not wholly unob-'
 'servant of the proceedings relating to the condition, welfare,
 'and prospects of our country. And when I saw around me
 'to-night, General Brooke, and other old friends, I felt half
 'inclined to ask for some nook or corner in the army, in which
 'I might serve, to avenge the wrongs done to my country. *I*
 '*have thought that I might yet be able to capture or slay a Mexican.*†
 This speech was delivered at the dinner of the 'Sons of New
 England,' met to celebrate the landing of their forefathers on
 Plymouth Rock.

The narrative of this Mexican war in the future history of the United States, will as surely prove a formidable bill of indictment against her leading statesmen, as it will add another dark chapter to the gloomy annals of Mexico. The enlightened, prosperous, and mighty Anglo-American race,—placed by Providence in a position in which, whilst best achieving its own true greatness, it might have rendered incalculable service to its ignorant and feeble neighbour, and have 'taught the nations how to live,'—will stand convicted of gross perfidy and injustice towards an impoverished and degraded people, already torn by intestine commotions. Of that people it will have to be recorded that, while they were painfully expiating the errors and crimes of their progenitors, and suffering the penalties of the most atrocious system of misgovernment the civilized world has witnessed, they had to endure the horrors of an unjust invasion from the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers, whose ardent aspiration it was to found a free Christian commonwealth on the basis of the golden rule, and who gloried in having provided in the New World a safe asylum from not a little of the tyranny and oppression of the Old.

* Speech, &c., ubi supra.

† Ibid.

- ART. IX. (1.) *Introduction to the Study and History of the Roman Law.* By JOHN GEORGE PHILLIMORE. London: W. Benning and Co., 1848.
- (2.) *Reports of Cases in the various Courts of Law and Equity in London.* By CRAIG, PHILLIPS, SIMONS, ADOLPHUS, and ELLIS, MANNING, GRANGER and SCOTT, MEESON and WELSBY, CARRINGTON and KIRWAN, ROBINSON and POLLOCK.
- (3.) *The Law-List for 1849.* By WILLIAM POWELL. Stevens and Norton, 1849.
- (4.) *Causes Célèbres du 19ème Siècle, par une Société d'Avocats et de Pallicistes.* Paris, 1849.
- (5.) *Physiologie de l'Homme de Loi.* Paris, 1849.
- (6.) *The Jurist and the Law Journal for 1849.* Sweet, Chancery-lane.
- (7.) *Gazette des Tribunaux.* Paris, 1849.
- (8.) *Reports of Cases heard in the Superior Courts of Dublin.* By JONES and LATOUCHE, SAUSSE and SCULLY, ALCOCK and NAPIER, LONGFIELD and TOWNSEND.
- (9.) *Reports in the High Court of Justiciary and Sessions Courts of Scotland.* By SYME, SWINTON, BROWN, SHAW, DUNLOP, BELL, MURRAY, YOUNG, and TENNENT.
- (10.) *The Lives of the Lords Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest to the death of Lord Mansfield.* By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LL.D., F.R.S.E. John Murray, 1849.
- (11.) *State Trials, from the earliest period to 1825.* Edited by T. B. HOWELL. London, 1825.
- (12.) *Lives of Eminent English Judges.* By W. N. WELSBY, Recorder of Chester. London: S. Sweet, 1846.
- (13.) *Statesmen of the Reign of George III.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. London: Knight, 1844.

IN any country possessing constitutional, representative, or responsible government—in any country pretending even to a small amount of civilization, the rights, duties, and privileges of the Bar can never be held as of small account. A counsellor learned in the law, admitted to plead at the bar, and there to take upon him the protection and defence of clients, is generally presumed to be a person of scholastic attainments, of disciplined intellect, of gentlemanly manners, and of unblemished character and reputation. To such men, in England and in France, we entrust with confidence our characters, our fortunes, our lives; and often, also, have such men been called to argue great constitutional questions, and to plead in defence of our liberties. The Bar, in both countries, is the source and spring of justice. From that great body, the chancellors, the judges, chief and *puîsné*, and many of the statesmen of England, are chosen. From that great body, in France, are selected the

whole of the magistracy, the presidents of the different courts of *Cassation* and *Premier Instance*, the *procureurs* and *avocats généraux*, and their substitutes, the chiefs of the *Parquet*, and that very numerous and very useful class of men called *juges de paix*. Thus the welfare of numberless individuals—indeed, of whole communities—depends upon the Bar, and of men risen to eminence and distinction out of its ranks.

Nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than success honourably and justly obtained; and where can there be a more honourable or a more splendid success than may be acquired in defending the innocent, in bringing the guilty to condign punishment—in unravelling the web of fraud, or in protecting the life, the liberty, the property, or the reputation of a client. In this respect, the successes of the Bar are more solid and more useful, present fewer regrets, and reminiscences more consolatory, than the successes of the hero, naval or military, whose renown is achieved at the cost, not merely of the enemy opposed to him, but of the lives and limbs of his own soldiers or sailors.

Independently of these considerations, the prominent position of the successful advocate, the place he fills in the mind and estimation of his fellow citizens—the publicity given, in England and France, to his exertions—the suitableness and adaptability of his particular legal and forensic acquirements to the highest walks of public and political life—all point him out as a man who may acquire rank, fortune, titled station, political and moral power—as one who may, sooner or later, have an important influence on the progress, or even on the destinies of his country.

The Bars of England and Ireland are, independently of these considerations, much in the eyes of the people. Their functions, whether in London or on Circuit, are exercised publicly, and in the open face of day. The courts of justice at Westminster, at Dublin, and at Edinburgh, and in every circuit town from York and Liverpool to Bala and Bodwin, are open to all the world. To these courts flock not merely attorneys and clients, but a learned and instructed bar, professional and recognised reporters, and the representatives of that fourth estate of the realm, the provincial and metropolitan press. To these courts also flock such of the gentry, commonalty, and general public, 'pioneers and all,' as desire to be either instructed, edified, or amused by the pleadings, the law arguments, the cross examination of the witnesses, or the addresses to the jury of the counsel on either side. There is not in England, as in Austria, Austrian Italy, Prussia, Naples, and the states of the church, any concealment or mystery in

English, Irish, or Scotch courts, and within four or five, or, at all events, within twelve or fourteen hours after any important civil or criminal trial is decided, the evidence, the speeches of counsel, and the summing up of the judge, with the verdict of the jury, are all together either in an evening or a morning paper, in the hands of any one who has fivepence at command, or who is disposed to spend a penny, three halfpence, or twopence, in the hiring of the best possible instructor on the matter. Reports thus given in a popular and attractive form are altogether independent of the notes of cases taken for the use of the profession—notes which form no inconsiderable portion of the young barrister's expenditure, and almost the whole of his professional reading. The immense publicity thus given to the labours of English lawyers, rather enhances than diminishes the interest with which their professional course is watched. Their conduct of great or remarkable causes, generally and individually, is now openly commented on and criticised in newspapers, daily and weekly, in magazines and in reviews devoted to general politics and to general literature. The fact, too, that most of the leading barristers—as the MURRAYS, the PRATTS, the DUNNINGS, the THURLOWS, the PIGGOTTS, the GARROWS, the ERSKINES, the LAWS, the GIBBS, the PERCEVALS, the ROMILLYS, the ABRAHAM MOORES, the NOLANS, the WETHERELLS, the COPLEYS, the SCARLETTS, the RAINES, the BROUGHAMS, the DENMANS, the HORNES, the CAMPBELLS, the WILDES, the FOLLETTES, the MAULES, the THESIGERS, the ERLS, the JERVISES, the TALFOURDS, the COCKBURNS, in England—and in Ireland and Scotland, the DUQUERYS, PONSONBYS, CURRANS, PLUNKETTS, DOHERTYS, O'CONNELLS, LEFROYS, JACKSONS, O'LOGHLENS, PERRINS, WOULFES, JEFFREYS, MURRAYS, HOPES, and RUTHERFORDS, have been, or are, members either of the Imperial or Irish parliament, tends not a little to place them still more conspicuously in the eyes of the public.

Nevertheless, there is not, in the United Kingdom, as in France, any regular history of the Bar, or, as our neighbours on the other side of the Straits of Dover would say—a history of the order of advocates. Whilst among the dramatic and imaginative Gauls, ever fanned as a '*peuple processif*,' and renowned, from the earliest times, as trumpeters, public criers, and advocates, there are many works touching forensic history, customs, manners, and discipline, such works in England exist not at all in a separate shape, and you are obliged, if they interest you, to collect the scattered details from general history, from biography, and from memoirs, or from those less interest-

ing chroniclers, the year-books and the reporters ; from Jenkins and Keilway, in the reigns of Edward I., II., and III. ; from Anderson and Brooke, in Henry VIII. ; to East and Campbell, in the reign of George III. ; from Barnewall and Cresswell, in the reign of George IV. ; to Craig and Phillips, to Adolphus and Ellis ; to Manning, Grainger, and Scott, and Welsby, Hurlstone, and Gordon, in the reign of Victoria.

Our neighbours, the French, have not merely interesting and learned histories of the bar, and a regular collection of the most celebrated discourses, revised, for the most part, by the speakers, made in all the great cases, but they have treatises *de modo gestu et habitu quem habere debet advocatus*. Few of the bar of England would possibly, at any time—fewer at the present moment than any other—come up to the standard required in this scarce French tract. The countenance of the advocate should be open, frank, affable, and lively,* says the writer ; he should not distort his countenance, overstretch his muscles, or bite his lips, for, quoth the authority, ‘*labia quaque torquere vel mordere turpe est.*’

The ‘*Histoire Abrégée de l’Ordre des Avocats*,’ published in Paris by Bouchier d’Argis, is a work of great interest, research, and learning. It collects together all the *ordonnances* and registers of the different *parlements*, whether metropolitan or local, relative to the profession, and all the *arrets* of the great magistrates which were binding on the French bar. This record of the bars of France was followed by the more copious volumes of Fournel, which brings down the history of the order of advocates to a comparatively late period. But independently of these two works, which treat directly, and at length, on the subject, there are a variety of others that shed much light on the history of the Bar, and of judicial institutions in France—such for instance, as the ‘*Dialogue des Avocats de Loisel*,’ the works of D’Aguesseau, the letters on the profession of an advocate, by M. Camus, with the introductory discourse of M. Dupin, now President of the Chamber of Deputies ; the ‘*Traité de l’Autorité Judiciaire*,’ by M. Henrion de Pansey, an edition of which was given to the public by M. Theophile Barrois ; the collection of laws concerning the judicial organization of France, by M. Dupin ; the memoirs of Berryer the elder, the father of the celebrated orator of the Chamber of Deputies, and many other publications not necessary here to name.

From these and other sources, it can be easily demonstrated that when the Franks seized on Gaul, in the fifth century, the bar of France enjoyed the highest consideration. The conquerors

* *Vultum affabilem, jucundum, et benignum.*

were the first to proclaim the calling noble. Though under the first and second races, and, indeed, under the third race of the French kings, the bar in France did not enjoy much lustre or consideration, and eloquence as an art was wholly neglected, yet the capitulary of Charlemagne made honourable members of the profession. Admission to the bar was limited to mild and pacific men, fearing God and loving justice. In the earlier history of the French bar, as in the earlier history of our own, none were advocates but churchmen—*nullus clericus nisi causidicus*, was the order of the day. Cyprian, Augustine, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Ambrose, had in the first ages of the Christian church followed the profession with credit and success; and Saint-Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, had also been an advocate and learned jurisconsult. The prohibition of Honorius III., forbidding ecclesiastics to teach and study the civil law, like a similar prohibition of Alexander III., in 1179, had not issued until the outcry against the malpractices of ecclesiastics had become loud and general. The *avocats clercs*, Fleury tells us, had been guilty of many excesses; and a Latin historian of the time, speaking on the subject, says, '*Multos habuit advocatos ecclesiæ excommunicatos.*' In the earlier French juridical works, advocates are called '*Plaidours*,' which is explained *plaideurs*, or *conteurs*, from whence may have arisen our own name of serjeants, counters, and pleaders.

The tracing of matters of this kind, though not devoid of a certain interest, is nevertheless more within the domain of the antiquary than of the practical lawyer. Some of the ordonnances of the French kings are, however, more than curious, if they be not occasionally edifying. Thus an ordinance of Philip III. directs advocates only to undertake just causes. Such causes they are directed to defend diligently and faithfully; they are enjoined to abandon them so soon as they shall be assured they are unjust. Barristers refusing to take an oath embodying these regulations are interdicted practice, or, as we should say, disbarred. Another regulation of the French bar, which has never been adopted into England, notwithstanding our fondness for Norman customs, was a provision that no advocate should receive, as *honorarium*, a sum of more than thirty livres.

In 1274, the advocate's oath of 1291 received in France important additions. Advocates were in the latter years forbidden to solicit delays, or falsely to interpret a rule or custom; and Fontaine and Beaumanoir tell us, that an advocate employed in any cause was not at liberty to abandon it at the solicitation of an adverse party who desired his neutrality.

In Dugdale's '*Origines*,' in Madox's '*Exchequer*,' in Gil-

bert's 'History of the Common Pleas,' in Spelman, in William of Malmesbury, in Roger of Wendover, in Hoveden, in Glanville, in Coke's '4 Institute,' in Hale's 'History of the Common Law,' and in Reeves' interesting work, and also in '*Fortescue de Laudibus Legum Angliæ*,' will be found much interesting matter relative to early English legal history, and the pleading of causes.

But in details relative to the bar and their mode of life, the French beat us hollow, partly from the archives and ordonnances being better preserved, but principally from the circumstance that the French kings and magistrates legislated and directed more in detail concerning the profession, than the kings or parliament of England. Before William had entirely subjugated England, he separated the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, confined the county court, from which the bishop was banished, to the cognisance of petty suits, and established a grand central tribunal for the whole realm, which should not only be a court of appeal, but in which all causes of importance should originate and be finally decided. This was the *curia* or *aula regis*, of which Odo was the first justiciar. The administration of justice in this court continued nearly on the same footing for eight reigns, extending over rather more than two centuries. Although, says Lord CAMPBELL, the most recent authority on the subject, during the whole of this period the *Aula Regis* was preserved, yet, for convenience, causes, according to their different natures, were gradually assigned to different committees of it, to which may be traced the Court of King's Bench and of Common Pleas, the Exchequer and the Court of Chancery. In the earliest law-books, in Glanville, or Bracton, or Fleta, we find few or no details respecting the members of the bar. The earlier history of the bar must, in truth, be sought in the records of the inns of Court and of Chancery, in the biographies of eminent lawyers, in antiquarian works and county histories, in the pages of Fortescue, Dugdale, and Wood's '*Athenæ Oxoniensis*;' in Selden, in Clarendon, in Roger North, in Burnett's '*Life of Hale*,' and in such biographies of eminent lawyers as are afforded to us by Holiday, by Peter, by Townsend, by Roscoe, by Welsby, by Brougham, by Twiss, by Romilly, and lastly, by JOHN, BARON CAMPBELL, a man who has risen from the humblest condition to high legal eminence, to the offices of solicitor and attorney-general, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and ultimately—though this is but the accident of an accident—to the chancellorship of the duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the cabinet, as one of her Majesty's ministers.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the library of a

French lawyer consisted only of, 1, 'Le Conseil de Pierre Fontaine à son Ami,' written in 1243; 2, The ' Coutumes et Usages de Beauvoisins;' 3, The ' Assizes du Royaume de Hierusalem,' which is a compilation of the laws, usages, and customs of France. About the same period, or even ten or twenty years later, a complete law library in England was formed of three works of Glanville, Bracton, and Fleta, which, in 1278, were the only authorities. These works might be purchased, at the period we speak, for a sum under—certainly not exceeding 5*l.*, whereas, in less than five centuries afterwards, a lawyer may lay out 5000*l.* in a library, and yet find it wanting in many works of reference and authority. The library of Mr. Swanston fills the whole of the ground floor and first story of the spacious house, 51, Chancery-lane, formerly occupied by Mr. Sergeant Mercwether, and a house adjoining incorporated with it; and the better portion of the house, No. 9, Sergeants' Inn, Fleet-street, was formerly filled with the legal, and possibly the only library of Mr. Sergeant, now Chief Justice WILDE. But these libraries, though very costly, and among the best in the profession, were and are far from containing everything necessary to a jurist, though both contained within their ample shelves nearly every work necessary to a practising lawyer. For a century and a half after the treatise of Hengham *Purva* and Hengham *Magna*, which followed Glanville, Britton, and Fleta, the legal literature of England had not to boast of much addition, and it was not till Sir John Fortescue flourished that we had the treatise ' De Laudibus Legum Angliæ,' from which many things relating to the bar and legal history may be profitably gleaned.

But though the bar in England produced few books touching its own history, from the earliest ages, its members were recruited from men not merely of substance in a worldly sense, but of fortune and condition, as well as of learning.

Before the order of advocates had acquired in France a social position or a *locus standi* very eminent—before the order was encouraged by St. Louis, or patronised by Philip VI., of the house of Valois, barristers and judges in England were important personages, and to finish your studies at an inn of court was deemed a necessary portion of polite learning. Though, therefore, it cannot be denied that the end of the reign of Philip de Valois was a brilliant epoch in the history of the French bar—though the recent services which so many of the order had rendered to the crown—though the union of the court to which they were attached—though the individual wealth and social position of the body—though their expenditure in a liberal and elegant hospitality, and their alliances with the great and power-

ful, gave to the French, at that epoch, a consideration apart from the respect and consideration which they derived from their learning and their eloquence, we are yet of opinion, that the bar of England, even thus early, exercised a more important influence on society, in every relation, mental, civil, and social. Beaumanoir, the French legal historian, talks of the luxury of the French bar, and says that an advocate who has only one horse, ought not to be as well paid as a counsel who has three or more horses. Fournel, in commenting on this remark, states that it was then the custom for an advocate to be followed by several grooms on horseback, and that a counsel of renown had a relay of four horses, or more. Now, though Dugdale, Fortescue, and Wood, record the ancient lineage of our early barristers, and though Dugdale, Stow, and Pegg, recount the 'number of great beefes,' of 'fat muttons,' of great veales, of 'porkes,' of capons of Greece, of pullets; pigeons, swans, and hawks, consumed at the call of a sergeant, we do not find that any legal chronicle boasts of the number of horses kept by any barrister, celebrated or otherwise, or the number of grooms by which he was followed.

From a very early period in English history, barristers looked to better things than mere personal show and ostentation. Not, however, that they did not enjoy the good things of this life, or mix with the great and the gay world. They always did so. In 1531, when Edward Montagu put on the coif and took upon himself the degree of sergeant-at-law, he gave a feast at Ely-place, Holborn, which lasted for five days. On the Monday, which was the greatest day, the King, Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine dined there, with all the foreign ambassadors, all the judges, the lord mayor and aldermen of London, all the king's court, and many of the nobility. The king took great notice of Sergeant Montagu, whose manners were particularly agreeable, and invited him to the palace. From the period of the feast the monarch was especially pleased with his host, the sergeant, and ultimately he was made Chief Justice of England. However many horses and grooms the Bar of France may have kept in the contemporary reign of Francis I., we do not find it recorded in French annals that any barrister in the reigns of Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., or Charles IX., gave such magnificent entertainments—was on such a footing of equality with the great and powerful, or was so favoured by his sovereign as this same Sergeant Montagu.

The first English reporter of law cases, the first recorder of the science and eloquence of the bar, was Dyer, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Queen

Mary. He attended in the courts of law every morning from seven to eleven, with his note-book, in which he took down the arguments and judgments in all important cases occurring in Westminster Hall. When he returned to his chamber after supper, at six o'clock, he digested and abridged his notes, introducing only the facts necessary for raising the point determined, with a short summary of the arguments of the counsel, and of the opinion of the Judges.

So honourable, useful, and improving was this labour then held, that it steadily advanced Dyer in business and reputation, and procured him to be returned to the last parliament of Edward VI. In this parliament he was elected speaker, though without the rank of solicitor-general, or sergeant, usually considered necessary for the deputy.

Till the age of Elizabeth we find, even in the state trials, few interesting particulars relative to the bar of England. But from the period of that reign the history of the bar became more and more intertwined with the general and constitutional history of the country, and we know very nearly as much of the lives of Bacon and Coke, as we know of the lives of Murray and Erskine, and more than we know of the life of Dunning. It is a curious and humiliating circumstance, and ought to be a tanning thought to human pride, to learn that a man whose name has never been heard of by nine-tenths of the actual bar of England, one Thomas Fleming, who started in the profession at the same time as Bacon, was not only preferred to him by attorneys, but by prime ministers. Fleming (and there have been many Flemings, though not one Bacon, during the last half century) had the highest professional honours bestowed upon him, while the philosopher, orator, and exquisite writer continued to languish at the bar without any advancement. It is creditable to Lord Campbell, himself very little more than a mere lawyer—that he states that Fleming enjoyed superior good fortune because he was a mere lawyer, because he harboured no ideas or aspirations beyond the routine of Westminster Hall, because he did not mortify the vanity of the witty, or alarm the jealousy of the ambitious. But though Fleming was made solicitor-general in preference to Bacon—thus inflicting, to use his own words, ‘an exquisite disgrace,’ on the

‘Greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,’

a disgrace for which Bacon had resolved to shut himself up for the rest of his days in a cloister at Cambridge, when a soothing message from the Queen induced him to remain at the bar;

but he had the mortification to see the man whom he utterly despised much higher in the law than himself, during the remainder of Elizabeth's, and a considerable part of the succeeding reign. Fleming, like many other mere lawyers since that period to our own day, utterly broke down in the House of Commons. In the great debate on monopolies he lost his recollection, and resumed his seat after an ignominious failure.

Though Coke, the great luminary of English law, was ignorant of science, and wholly unimbued with literature,—though he shunned the society of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson as vagrants—yet as member of parliament for Liskeard, for Norfolk, and for Buckinghamshire, he played an important part in the House of Commons, and carried resolutions in 1628, which were half a century after the foundation of the Habeas Corpus Act. Nor can any good Englishman forget that he framed the famous Petition of Right, and in the conference between the two houses, refuted the arguments of the Attorney-General, and other counsel, who were allowed to argue against the Petition at the bar as counsel for his Majesty, with a depth of constitutional learning, and a vigour of intellect greater than any one, or indeed than of all the law officers together. It was Coke alone, who, from his energy of character and constitutional learning, was able to carry the Petition of Right.* The public spirit which he there exhibited in defence of freedom raised up imitators who formed themselves upon his model, and Pym and the patriots of the Long Parliament were indebted to his example, as every constitutional Englishman is indebted to his precept and example, for denunciations against forced loans and benevolences, unlawful imprisonments, free quarters, and other enormities repugnant to the laws, customs, and constitution of the realm.

The barristers of the Commonwealth were men of great ability and sound professional learning. ST. JOHN, PYM, WHITELOCK, and MAYNARD, are men whose names will live for ever in the constitutional and legal history of England. But though we have abundant proofs from the State Trials and the Reports that they were solid, learned and laborious men, we have no proofs that they were men of eloquence,—men who charmed senates and electrified juries,—who wrung reluctant verdicts in spite of an adverse court and powerful government.

Hale was at that period, beyond competition or question, the first advocate in Westminster-hall, and he led with great boldness the defences of those who were prosecuted by the Pro-

* 2 Parl. Hist. 348. Rushworth, i. 558. Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, ii. 339.

lector for political offences. His last appearance was in Lord Craven's case. Burnet, who had conversed with those who were present, says, that he there pleaded with such force of argument, that the Attorney-General threatened him for appearing against the Government; when he answered, 'I am pleading in defence of those laws which you declare you will maintain and preserve, and I am doing my duty to my client, so that I am not to be daunted with threatenings.'*

Hale was a conscientious man—who had been brought up a Puritan. His leaning towards Presbyterianism made him particularly zealous in defending Christopher Love, a young Presbyterian minister, though Cromwell declared he would not march into Scotland till he had the head of this apostle of the Covenant. For six days did the good advocate struggle with solemn and serious energy, and conscientious courage. But he struggled in vain, for Love was convicted and executed.

The example of Hale was not lost on his profession. More than thirty years afterwards, Pemberton, Pollexfen, Treby and Somers (afterwards to be immortalised as the author of the Bill of Rights) nobly struggled in defence of the seven bishops, and exhibited a wonderful union of zeal, diligence, learning, if not eloquence. There can also be little question that the life and example of Hale had a prodigious influence on the career of that great lawyer and considerable advocate, Holt, who with Somers raised the profession to the highest position it had attained till the days of Mansfield.

William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, was unquestionably the man who elevated advocacy to the highest point it attained till the days of Erskine. Accomplished, devoted to literature, and not without some portion of literary fame himself, he enjoyed every advantage which birth and a careful education can bestow on the man of ancient lineage. But it is not to his lineage or to his elegant attainments that he owes his success, but to the energy and determination of his character—to his habits of industry and self-control—to his wary and feline circumspection—and to the steady pursuit continuously and untiringly, of definite and well defined objects, from the beginning to the close of his very long life.

As an advocate, his powers were greater, possibly, than those of any man that had preceded him; yet they were not first rate. He had every attribute of the orator but genius and heart. Nature, in denying him genius and sensibility, had been most bountiful in other respects. He was gifted with unequalled

* Burnet's Life of Hale.

sweetness of voice ; in clearness of statement, and skill of arrangement he was unrivalled ; in caution, wariness, and discretion, he surpassed the cunningest of his lowland countrymen. His knowledge was accurate, and always, not only under subordination, but at command. But yet at the bar he wanted the vigour and variety, the genius and originality, the ~~fine~~ flow and daring of his countryman Erskine, and of that borderer of our own day, half his countryman by descent, and more than half his countryman by education, Henry Brougham.

Lord Campbell clearly overrates Lord Mansfield's merits as a parliamentary debater. That his reasoning was lucid—that his diction was polished—that his knowledge was varied and copious, may be allowed ; that he was the only man capable of encountering the great commoner is also certain. But a hundred, or a hundred and seven years ago, speakers were rare, debaters rarer still, orators rarest of all ; and if Murray had been born fifty years later, though he must have filled a foremost place, yet he would not have been considered that burning and shining light that he was considered from 1743 to 1756.

Had Erskine, on the other hand, been cast into parliament at any season other than that in which the Foxes, the Pitts, the Burkes, the Sheridans, and the Windhams bore sway, there can be no doubt that he would also have been a consummate debater—that he would on great occasions have electrified the house as he electrified, not merely juries, but the auditors, the bar, and even the bench itself.

Of all advocates, either in ancient or modern times, there can be no doubt that Erskine was the greatest. The only man in his own profession that could be compared to him was the Irish advocate, Curran. Curran undoubtedly excelled him in imagination, pathos, and wit, and equalled him in fire and courage, but in taste, in strength, and Saxon purity of diction, the English advocate surpassed the Irish orator. No man that ever lived asserted so strongly and at such hazards as Erskine the dignity, the independence, and integrity of the English bar ; no man that ever lived so elevated and honoured his calling. He was ever ready to stand between the crown and the subject, and whatever the inconvenience, the risk, or the personal peril, to defend the oppressed. Juries, says Brougham, declared that it was impossible to remove their looks from him when he had riveted and fascinated them by his first glance. His motions, says the same writer, resembled those of a blood horse, as light and as limber, as much betokening strength and speed.

He had discretion as well as courage, and caution was blended with his enthusiasm. He had, moreover, a thorough knowledge

of mankind, of their passions and of their feelings. Nor was this wonderful. He represented the interests of men in every variety of private and public affairs; and by the victories he gained, and the principles he established in the greatest public causes, he placed the free constitution of his country on an imperishable basis. In the scale of such intellectual power as is brought to bear on the reasons, passions, and feelings of men, he stood as high as any one that ever existed. In all the volumes of Hansard, there are no specimens of parliamentary eloquence which, as literary and tasteful productions, can be compared to Erskine's speeches at the bar, with the single exception of Burke's. Beyond all his predecessors—beyond all his contemporaries—beyond all who have yet followed him—he is allowed to have shone; and it should also be stated, that the exquisite English diction of this undaunted and unsurpassed advocate was pronounced by a voice of surpassing sweetness, and graced by a manner and bearing courageous, dignified, and manly. Men hitherto decided in awarding the palm of parliamentary eloquence to Chatham, to his son Pitt, to Fox, to Sheridan, or to Burke, to Canning or to Brougham, are agreed in thinking, that in forensic eloquence Erskine surpassed any man that ever existed. If, as has been well said by Brougham, if there be yet amongst us the power of freely discussing the acts of our rulers; if there be yet the privilege of meeting for the promotion of needful reforms; if he who desires wholesome changes in our constitution be still recognised as a patriot, and not doomed to die the death of a traitor, let us acknowledge with gratitude, that to this great man, under Heaven, we owe this felicity of the times.*

Romilly was a man of a different nature and character from Erskine. His general capacity was, perhaps, of a higher order; he had greater powers of abstraction, a more extraordinary reach of thought; he was the greatest jurist but one, and most certainly the profoundest lawyer of his day. But though his authority at the bar and with the bench was unexampled, and his success in parliament very great, though his language was choice and pure, his powers of invective grave and severe, and his sarcasm, according to Brougham, 'tremendous,' though his manner was perfect, his countenance of singular beauty, and his sincerity and honesty unquestioned, yet his fame was never to be compared to the renown of Erskine, and he lives not in the memory of the masses (though he lives in the memory of instructed men) 'as a household word.'

A man of great power who followed Erskine was Law, after-

*. Statesmen of the Reign of George III.

wards Lord Ellenborough. He was leading counsel of Warren Hastings, and his talents as a lawyer and a speaker shone forth conspicuous even on that great occasion of oratorical display. He rose, in consequence, to the lead of the northern circuit—a lead which then and for some years afterwards could only be obtained by a man of vigorous mind, of impressive powers of statement and of exposition, of some scholastic attainment and literature, as well as legal repute. We have lived to see these things altered. The northern circuit is not now led by a Dunning, a Law, or a Lee; by a Scott, a Cockell, or a Topping; by a Scarlett or a Brougham; by a John Williams, a Creswell, a Baines or a Knowles, but by men not fit to untie the lachets of the shoes of forensic giants, such as Erskine, Dunning, Law, and Brougham, and not to be named in the same year even with the Scarletts and John Williams's of former days.

We now come to the period of the Copleys and Wetherells, the Scarletts and Broughams—the Denmans, the Pollocks and Campbells, the Folletts, the Wildes, the Kellys, the Thesigers, the Hills, the Talfourds, the Austins, the Cockburns of the present day. There can be no manner of doubt that, although Copley never reached the eminence of Erskine or Dunning as an advocate, or the success attained by Scarlett and Follett as a winner of common jury causes, yet that he was a greater advocate than any man of our own day, with the single exception of Brougham; and he greatly surpassed Brougham in knowledge of law, in clearness of statement, and in the symmetry and structure of a style beautifully clear and English. His knowledge, too, in classical literature and in history was far more correct and accurate than that of his celebrated contemporary. But though Copley excelled Brougham in clearness and conciseness of statement, though he possessed the faculty of putting his client's case in the plainest and most perspicuous light, though he argued a question of law in *banco* with a comprehensiveness, a vigour, a lucidity, and a depth, not attained by any man since, with the exception of the late Sir William Follett—though he examined and cross-examined witnesses with marvellous skill, yet there were *causes*—causes in which feelings of indignation and horror were to be roused—in which he could not compete with Brougham; and he was greatly inferior to that now eccentric personage in powers of exposition and of sarcasm.

Wetherell's greatest effort, perhaps his only great effort before a jury, was in the case of Watson. But though a repository of learning of all kinds, he had no qualification for an advocate in political causes, excepting great vehemence of feel-

ing. Scarlett was the greatest winner of verdicts in his own day, and probably since the days of Erskine, with the exception of Garrow. He was a man of great ingenuity and acuteness, capable of drawing the most subtle and delicate distinctions; well informed in his own profession, and, indeed, generally well read, more especially in classical literature. Over common juries, and over special juries also, in mercantile cases, he ruled supreme. But his most fulsome flatterer never supposed, however ingenious his addresses, and however colloquially pure his language, that he was to be named as a great and eloquent advocate. It was the peculiar felicity of his career to have lived in quiet times, and to have been concerned in everyday causes, in which discretion, judgment, and sound sense, and the absence of all exaggeration, go further than eloquence.

In great causes, and more especially in the Queen's case, there can be no doubt that BROUGHAM exhibited many of the highest qualities of an advocate, and that he also, in the King's Bench, now and then, surpassed any man of his time. But though he took the foremost rank as a debater in the senate, and was capable of making a better speech either to a single judge, to the full court, or to a jury, than any man who flourished at the bar, when he left it for the wool-sack in 1830, there can be as little doubt that he never shone with the luminous splendour of Erskine in England or of Curran in Ireland.

No man in our day has brought greater sincerity, zeal, ardour, and fearlessness, to the advocate's task than Thomas Denman. In fearlessness, he was the only man of his time to be compared to Erskine. In earnest energy, when he deemed his cause was good, or the principle he contended for just, neither the frowns of judges nor of princes could prevent him from doing his duty. Mr. Denman's voice was sonorous, deep-toned, and impressive; he was an excellent classical scholar, and a man of a liberal and ingenuous mind, and more learned in the lore of his profession than the world allowed.

Pollock—who is now Chief Baron of the Exchequer—who followed him, was an amiable man, of very considerable classical attainments, and some taste; but though a pleasing and rhetorical speaker, he was diffuse and wearisome, and had no pretensions to the title of advocate. Campbell, though a profounder and better read lawyer than any of those we have recently mentioned—though indeed a better read lawyer than any men of the elder school, with the exception of Scott, Abbott, Sugden, Holroyd, Richardson, Hullock, Park, Tindal, and Patteson, possessed no one gift or attribute of the advocate.

His person was awkward and ungainly; his countenance, heavy, dull, and unimpressive; there was 'the check of parchment and the eye of stone;' his voice was creaky and unmelodious; his style—if style it could be called—bald, disjointed, and graceless. Though a tolerable Latin scholar, and a passable historian, the ex-leader of the Oxford circuit had no pretensions to deep or elegant learning. Yet, by perseveringly plodding on, Lord Campbell, though as little brilliantly endowed as any man we know, has risen to be solicitor and attorney-general, to be Lord-Chancellor of Ireland, to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and, as we before said, one of her Majesty's ministers. And now while we write he aspires to be Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

Sir William Follett possessed a much finer intellect than Lord Campbell, though we should hesitate in pronouncing him to have been a better lawyer. He was also gifted with the sweetest and most mellifluous voice, the utmost suavity of manner, great purity of style, and a most comprehensive and a most subtle intellect. But though he stated a case admirably and luminously, and left nothing that could be explained unexplained in his reply, he wanted the higher gifts of oratory. He could always convince the understanding, rarely or ever did he touch the feelings.

Though his was an intellect that could accomplish almost anything, if his powers were directed to any given bent or direction, yet it so happened, that from being obliged to make his bread by the sweat of his brow, he dedicated himself wholly to the pursuit of his profession, and all its technicalities. He became, in consequence, a perfect and most accomplished English lawyer in every branch of law, from the minutest point of practice and pleading, up to the highest questions discussed before a court of appeal or of *dernier resort*. But he was not a scholar in any sense, nor a jurist. A man with less literature has seldom attained so high a position in a profession presumed to be learned, and believed to be acquainted with the elements, at least, of polite learning. He found a difficulty even in reading a French letter. The most eminent defect of Follett was his love of money—we may at once say, his avarice. To this he sacrificed his ease, his comfort, his real fame, and at length his life.

Wilde was a man less scholastically educated than Follett—more illiterate in the learning to be gleaned in books, in schools, and in universities, of which he knew little, and never had been an *alumnus*. But he possessed more of the qualities and attributes of a great advocate than Follett. Though almost always too diffuse, and not seldom turgid, he was earnest, he was ardent,

and occasionally eloquent; and if he had not been intensely cockneyish and eminently underbred, might not have been so undervalued as he always was by the more fastidious of his brethren.

During the quarter of a century that intervened between 1805 and 1830, it must be admitted that the Irish and Scotch bars generally surpassed the English in eloquence, and in all branches of advocacy. Curran, Plunkett, Bushe, Ponsonby, Saurin, Joy, Pennefather, Burrowes, Ball, Quin, Goold, Wallace, Warren, Holmes, O'Connell, Blackburne, North, O'Loghlen, Shiel, Woulfe, present a rare combination of every kind of eloquence and learning; and in Scotland we may cite Clerk, Jeffrey, Cranstoun, Murray, Rutherford, Lord Robertson, and others.

The Keells, the Thesigers, the Hills, the Austins, the Cockburns are yet at the bar, but Talfourd, at the end of the summer circuit, was removed from it, and raised to a puisné judgeship in the Common Pleas—a late and insufficient testimony to his eminent merits. Talfourd had ever been, in the worst of times, a liberal politician, and from his earliest appearance on his circuit, was loved for the kindness of his heart, and the generosity of his nature; for his probity, simplicity, and unaffectedness; for his love of letters and of learning, and for his strenuous pursuit of the law under discouraging circumstances.

But his love of literature never for one moment interfered with the most zealous attention to his profession—a profession he perfectly mastered in early life. No circuit that he travelled for the last twenty years—i.e., from 1830 down to the summer of 1849—passed without affording some proof of his eloquence, pathos, and irresistible power over the noblest and most generous sympathies, and the best instincts of our nature. But with all his richness of fancy, variety of imagery, fertility of illustration, and copious flow of words—with all his tenderness and powers of persuasion, Talfourd, though a considerable advocate, never was to be compared to Erskine, to Curran, to Plunkett, to Bushe, to Brougham, or to O'Connell—this last a great, a very great advocate, though of most vicious taste and unequal powers. Talfourd—to his credit be it said—could only plead with heart and soul honourable and honest causes. He could not read an affidavit like a late eminent member of his circuit; he could not 'lie like truth,' and take Heaven to witness to a falsehood. It is to the credit of the Whig ministry—it is to the credit of his old friend and brother circuiter, Lord Campbell, that this man of genius and irreproachable character, thoroughly conversant with his profession, has been at length promoted.

The members of the Oxford circuit, on which he reflected

such lustre, gave him a farewell feast on Saturday, the 15th November, in the past year. His speech, on returning thanks for his health, proposed by the amiable and excellent Whateley, who succeeds to the lead of the circuit, will long be remembered, for its earnest, manly, and independent tone.

Although he admitted that a literary career had brought upon him the unfavourable judgment of the public,—a public which stupidly persists in thinking that no man can be a poet and a lawyer, or an orator and a lawyer,—yet he proclaimed that his circuit and brother barristers had protected him against the public and against himself. This is undoubtedly true. From men who had gone fifty-eight or sixty circuits with him, Talfourd could, the day before he was made a judge, have called skilled witnesses to prove that he was lawyer, scholar, poet, orator, man of genius—and, better than all, a man of sincerity, truth, and honour. He is now a judge of the Common Pleas, and in so far as an estimate may be formed of a man who has only sat one term, he gives promise of being an excellent judge in a court which possesses the soundest of scientific lawyers, Mr. Justice Maule; and one of the ablest and most learned of municipal lawyers, and one of the most learned of pleaders, Mr. Vaughan Williams. Long may he enjoy the ermine which he has so well earned.

During the period to which we have last more immediately referred—i. e., to the quarter of a century from 1820 to 1845, there can be little doubt that the French bar, in eloquence, considerably surpassed the English, and, indeed, even long antecedently. Lemaistre and Patru were superior in fire, feeling, and enthusiasm, to any of the pleaders in our courts. Lemaistre was ardent, imaginative, fervent, and brilliant, but his efforts at the bar are disfigured by a misplaced erudition—by far-fetched and recondite illustrations—by a vain-glorious pedantry and discursiveness, travestied, more than two centuries afterwards, by the late Sir Charles Wetherell.

Patru exercised more influence on the literature of France than any single advocate ever exercised in England, with the single exception of the great Lord Bacon. Patru, according to Voltaire, was the advocate who introduced a pure style at the bar. He cultivated his language with rare assiduity, and was the first to give to French that impress of clearness and precision by which it has been since his time distinguished. Patru was, like most of the French advocates, as much a man of letters as of law. Vaugelas was indebted to him for nearly all his critical remarks, and he is praised by our own David Hume as a man of fine genius.

Erard and Terrasson were advocates distinguished by tact, by a certain rotundity of phrase, and by great adroitness. Both

were without vigour and vitality. We have had many such advocates among the bar of our own day.

Among the advocates of the eighteenth century, Gerbier was unquestionably the greatest. He must have somewhat resembled our own Murray. He is described, in the memoirs published about six years ago by the elder Berryer, as a person of the rarest natural endowments—a soft and sonorous voice, noble and dignified action, and majestic attitudes. But in addition to high mental gifts, he possessed a sensibility and a fancy of which Murray was destitute. No French advocate, and we believe no English, ever received the large fees obtained by Gerbier. It is recorded by M. Berryer that a French colonial governor handed to Gerbier a fee of 300,000 francs, or 12,000*l.* of our money, a larger sum by 4000*l.* than Sir Thomas Wilde received in the celebrated case of *Small v. Atwood*. On the death of Gerbier, in 1789, his mantle appears to have fallen on M. Delamelle.

The Revolution, which immediately followed, in dissolving the parliament, dispersed, and indeed it may be said, destroyed the order of advocates. A decree of the 11th Sept., 1790, declared that advocates were no longer advocates—that they should not form an order or corporation, or wear a professional costume. With the independence of the profession, its eloquence disappeared.

The modern bar of France may be said to date from 1810. But though *the order* of advocates was then restored, yet its ancient discipline was imperfectly established. Napoleon entertained an aversion against the profession. The tyrant loathed independence in every form and shape, and it needs not to be told that the spirit of inquiry and debate incident to forensic contests are unfavourable to despotism or military autocracy. The restoration of the order was therefore clogged with restrictions. The Minister of Justice possessed, of his own mere motion and authority, the power of disbarring, and of inflicting on the advocate such other discipline as he should think fit. A political test was also imposed on advocates, and petty spite was carried to the extent of not admitting a single advocate into the Legion of Honour.

The French bar, to its honour be it said, neither fawned on nor flattered Napoleon. They exercised their calling irrespective of his threats, as undaunted men, as men of conscience and of honour. Bonnet (like Curran) defended, environed by bristling bayonets, Moreau, with calm intrepidity, powerful reasoning, and consummate art.

The government of Louis XVIII. exhibited no prejudice

against advocates. In the process of Marshal Ney, Berryer the elder, and De la Croix Franville sustained their high reputations. It was in this trial, too, that Dupin ainé, now President of the Chamber of Deputies, first distinguished himself.

Of M. Dupin, we have already spoken at some length in an article on the public men of France.* Though not a person of genius, yet he is an advocate of great learning, subtlety, and dialectical skill, of great vigour and acumen, and thorough knowledge of his profession.

Marie, Chaix, D'Este, Ange, and BERVILLE, now stand at the head of the profession in Paris; for Hennequin, Mauguin, Berryer, Dupin, Odillon Barrot, may be said to have almost retired from the French Bar.

Hennequin was in his best day distinguished more for depth and scientific knowledge of his profession than for impassioned eloquence, resembling, in this respect, the Maules, the Tauntons, the Richardsons, the Erles, the Whitehursts, the Sergeants Stephens and Starkies of the English bar.

Mauguin was and is a man of a different stamp. Without being deficient in professional lore, he was and is still an advocate of a facile and graceful elocution, somewhat in the style of Mr. Cockburn, but more graceful and less declamatory, and capable of higher flights than the English advocate.

M. Odillon Barrot, too, of whom we have before spoken in the article on the public men of France,† in the last two years has ceased to plead, and now may be said to have retired from the French bar. But previous to the Revolution of 1848, he was a good deal employed in considerable causes, and argued questions gravely and learnedly, but somewhat too philosophically.

The great orator of the French bar, however, though he now rarely pleads causes, is M. Berryer, till the death of his father called Berryer fils. M. Berryer is, without the slightest doubt, the greatest—indeed, the only orator in France, and one of the very few which Europe can boast. Of his powers in the Assembly we have already spoken;‡ and he is, when he appears at the bar, as unrivalled as in the Chamber. He comes nearer to Erskine than any man that ever appeared at the bar in France; and, had occasion arisen for the very frequent exercise of his faculties in great political trials—as was the case in Erskine's day in England—he would have equalled Erskine at the bar, as he exceeds him in the Senate.

Ledru Rollin, when the French Revolution of 1848 broke

* See British Quarterly Review, No. XIII., 'Public Men in France.'

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

out, was fast rising into eminence and importance as a political lawyer in jury causes; and he possessed considerable natural gifts, which stood him in great stead for that purpose. But having entered the Ministry of the Interior, his career was suspended, and finally checked, by an involuntary exile.

Since M. Rollin's flight from France, M. Jules Favre seems, in a great measure, to have occupied his place. M. Favre is, possibly, a man of more solid attainments, but he wants suavity, grace, and a conciliatory spirit. He is too angular and morose, too much of a cold dialectician, to have great success in moving men's feelings.

Such are some of the prominent men now, or recently, before the public in France.

It now becomes necessary that we should state, that a candidate for the French bar must be a Frenchman by birth. He must also have gone through a three years' course of study, commenced after the completion of his sixteenth year, at a recognised school of law. He must, further, have obtained his diploma as a *licencié-en-droit*, which must be submitted to the attorney-general of the court at which he proposes to be admitted. If the attorney-general's consent be obtained, he is presented to the court by a third advocate, when he takes the prescribed oath. His name is then recorded by the registrar, and endorsed on his diploma. Thus commences his career as a *stagiaire*, in which position he remains for three years. At the expiration of that period, he is eligible to be placed on the tablet or roll of advocates, provided the inscription of his name be approved by the *Conseil de Discipline*—a council elected from among the whole body of advocates, and presided over by an officer termed a *bâtonnier*. These formularies in no respect resemble what in England is termed a 'call to the bar,' which with us takes place after dinner, in the private rooms of the benchers, at one of the four inns of court—namely, Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's, or the Inner or Middle Temple.

The limits assigned to us in this paper forbid further remark on the bar of France. But we ought, in taking leave of this portion of the subject, to say, that the leading men of the bar in that country are far less ponderous, prosy, and oracular, than their brethren, the leaders of the bar in England. There is about them more neatness, fluency, and precision of phrase—more flexibility and gracefulness, than is found among the generality of their brethren of England. Barristers in France, of any note, are well grounded in the civil law and other branches of humane learning, and a very great many among them are what are called 'hommes de

lettres.' Though we do not say there is more equality among them than prevails in the profession in England, yet there is a larger spirit of friendliness and brotherhood. They are less envious of each other's successes, and less jealous of each other's renown. There is also more generousness and disinterestedness in respect of money. In these last particulars they advantageously contrast with the bar of England, and resemble more the bar of Ireland and the advocates of Scotland.

We feel a great difficulty in speaking of the actual practitioners now at the bar of England. Never at any period within a century and a half was the profession at so low an intellectual ebb as at this moment. It is not that there is any deficiency of the day-labourers, the plodding formalists of the profession. These exist in greater numbers, and are probably as competent and well read in the lore of the blue books and practice cases as any of their predecessors. But superior intellects and brilliant talents are, in our day, altogether wanting. There is no Erskine, no Murray, no Law, no Romilly, no Brougham, no Copley, no Denman, no Follett, we have not even, in our time, a Best, a Garrow, or a Scarlett.

It will scarcely be credited by a lay reader—but the fact is not the less deplorably true—that with the exception of half a dozen men, we can scarcely name a barrister who can now address a jury, in an important cause, with average ability. Sir Frederick Thesiger, Sir John Jervis, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr. Mathew Hill, and Mr. Cockburn, may be mentioned as among the best specimens, and among these there is only one who can be called eloquent, and Mr. Cockburn's is the eloquence more of the rhetorician, than of the man of fervid and impassioned feeling.

Sir Frederick Thesiger is an exceedingly personable man, of prepossessing appearance, of pleasing and fluent utterance, of popular and animated manner. His style is limpid and flowing; he states facts clearly and lucidly; he declaims with peculiar emphasis and enunciation; and in a good cause, by his impetuous ardour and earnest zeal, carries the jury along with him. But though a pleasing and earnest declaimer, no man supposes him to have the oratorical powers of an Erskine or a Brougham, the force and vigour of a Wilde, the sagacity of a Garrow or a Scarlett, or the legal lore of a Follett or a Campbell. The attorney-general of Sir Robert Peel is, we readily allow, an honourable and high-minded man, and one of the best advocates of the day with a just and good cause, but nobody believes that, in retaining him, he engages the services of

a great advocate, a great lawyer, a great scholar, or a great jurist.

The present attorney-general, Sir John Jervis, understands the practice of the courts well, is an excellent case lawyer, and is generally well-read in his profession. He is a man of subtle and acute intellect, not wanting in courage or self-possession, and not deficient in fluency, but, albeit most respectable as a lawyer, as an advocate he cannot be compared with his father, Mr. Thomas Jervis, who for many years led the Oxford circuit.

A man of much more intellectual ability than either the Whig or the Peel Attorney-general is Mr. Mathew Hill. In any considerable cause, notwithstanding certain defects of manner, Mr. Hill is a really able and effective advocate. Occasionally, his efforts in this respect have been very masterly and vigorous, indicating a well-stored mind, and a greater degree of reading, research, and comprehensiveness than usually fall to the lot of practising barrister in our day. It may be said that Mr. Hill's efforts smell of the lamp, that they are marked by the *linæ labor*. Granted that it is so, what does this prove but that no high degree of excellence can be attained without labour? Men do not become painters, sculptors, or actors, without study, reflection, and perpetual labour. How can they hope, then, to become advocates *d'emblée*, or at a bound.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly has, during the last twelvemonth, in a great degree, retired from the practice of his profession, and now rarely appears, unless before the House of Lords, or the judicial committee of the privy council, or in cases in which he is brought *special*, as it is called, into Westminster Hall. But from the elevation of Sir Thomas Wilde, until the beginning of 1849, he had the pick of the best legal business, and always performed his work with consummate acumen, subtlety, and address. The style of speaking of Sir Fitzroy Kelly is eminently legal. His sentences are short, clear, and symmetrical; he arranges his facts lucidly, he grasps his details with considerable artistic skill and effect. He is ever chaste, natural, and uninvolved; and without being an *ad captandum* speaker, or descending to colloquial phrases, can make himself thoroughly understood by a jury. He possesses great judgment and tact, is an excellent pleader, a good mercantile lawyer, and generally is well-read in the common law of the land, yet, though a clear and dextrous arguer of cases, he is not a man of eloquence. To scholarship, Mr. Kelly has no pretensions whatever, though he has some knowledge of modern languages, and is tolerably read in English literature. Of a docile nature, and of flexible mind, he is, however, one of those men who can get up any subject

on or for a particular occasion, so as to please and satisfy an attorney, if not to carry the court or lead captive the jury.

Mr. Cockburn is considerably the youngest in years of the gentlemen we have mentioned, and is certainly a more accomplished and elegant scholar, and much more a man of the world than any one of them. Not a very profound lawyer, he is yet so well skilled in the principles of the science, and has so scholarly a knowledge of the civil law, that he can readily grasp any principle of jurisprudence. His intellect is so clear, his power of generalization so rapid and so sure, his felicity of expression so great, that he readily makes himself master of details. In dealing with the passions of men, Mr. Cockburn possesses greater powers than any of his competitors wearing a silk gown. Within the last three or four years he has had a very great increase of business, and as he is yet comparatively young—his age is about five-and-forty—there can be no doubt that practice and a larger experience of men may make him a greater advocate than he now is—though confessedly he surpasses any of his brethren in eloquence since the elevation of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd to the bench. To say, however, that he is a great advocate, unless as great among smaller men, would be incorrect. Mr. Cockburn when not very many years at the bar, obtained considerable practice, and latterly one of the largest practices before Committees of the House of Commons. In this branch of the law three times larger incomes have been made, than ever have been acquired in the regular pursuit of the profession. In 1844, 1845, and 1846, Mr. Charles Austin* is said to have made on an average more than 40,000*l.* a year. The Hon. John Talbot is known to have made more than 12,000*l.* a year; and juniors who have never attained 200*l.* a year at Westminster Hall, have made their 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* a year, during those three years before committees. This is an exceptional state of things, it is true, owing altogether to the railway mania, but Mr. Austin, from 1832, had steadily risen into the first rank in this parliamentary practice, and therefore it is necessary to say something of such a man.

Unquestionably Mr. Austin possesses great powers of exposition, and of lucid explanation—he has at command a copious flow of words and of ideas—he is ardent and cool at one and the same time—he possesses the reflective and the perceptive faculties in exceedingly well balanced proportion, and he is a man, moreover, very well read in ancient and modern literature. But like most suddenly successful men—like men who from small beginnings have grown immensely and speedily wealthy,

he is inordinately conceited—indeed preposterously conceited for a man so generally capable and well-informed.

Of genius or imagination Mr. Austin possesses not a particle, and though a clear, and occasionally an ardent and impassioned speaker, he cannot be called eloquent. A man, however, of such acquirements and ability, and now of such large wealth—and said to be of such strong political opinions, ought to have taken some part either on one side or the other, and not have appeared only as a neutral on the political field. But the besetting and eminent vice of Mr. Austin is an insatiable love of money. While Mr. Cockburn, by no means a rich man, renounced a most lucrative parliamentary practice to enter the House of Commons, Mr. Austin is known as an immensely rich man, who has stuck by his parliamentary practice, and prefers to count his gains, rather than to do the state some service as a senator or a politician.

Of the barristers who are considerable juniors, as it is called—i. e., men who take the burden of cases upon their shoulders, we have not spoken. Many of the most successful of this dull tribe is composed of men who have been bred up as attorneys, attorneys' clerks (not articled clerks), or who have commenced life as errand-boys in an attorney's firm, or as sweepers of offices or chambers, or servers of summonses. Nineteen out of twenty of the men doing second or third-rate business at the bar at this moment, and making from 500*l.* to 1500*l.* a-year, are persons who have either been attorneys a few years ago, or the sons, brothers, or cousins of attorneys—or who have married the sisters, daughters, or the female relatives of successful attorneys. A gentleman of scholarlike education, of liberal attainments, of guileless and unsuspecting nature, just escaped from the university, has no chance with such men as these. There is no fair start for the man of this sort, who desires to know his profession as a science. The smart tradesman who knows it mechanically as a craft, beats him hollow. On a considerable circuit in England, at this moment, there is a gentleman of twelve years' standing at the bar, making his 1200*l.* or 1500*l.* a year, who, thirteen or fourteen years ago, travelled the very circuit, which he now follows as a barrister, as a clerk to a great attorney agency house of Lincoln's-inn. In this guise, he became acquainted with every attorney and every attorney's clerk through the whole circuit. When called to the bar, such acquaintances and friends were useful in a double sense. Then what a knowledge of practice and routine must any man have gained who learned his profession in this manner! It is curious that, while regularly admitted and sworn attorneys

must be off the roll for a certain time, before they are allowed to enter as students for the bar, that an attorney's writing or copying clerk (we speak not of an articled clerk) or the sweeper of an attorney's office or chambers, may enter at once as a student, and may be sworn a barrister three days after he leaves the service of the lowest practitioner in Lyon's, Clement's, or Thavies Inn. If such a system produced Saunderses, or Pattesons, or Maules, or Parkes, or Vaughan Williamses, we could see the benefit of it—if it produced Erskines, or Currans, we might applaud it, but it produces excellence in no one way. It merely enables attorneys' clerks, ex-attorneys, attorneys' sons and brothers-in-law, brothers, and cousins, to start with a handful of briefs from the commencement of their career, and to daily acquire by doing some business of a tenth-rate kind, a certain species of mental and professional dexterity of the very lowest character. The men of this calibre, and there are at least sixty or seventy of them in Westminster Hall, making from 300*l.* to 2000*l.* a-year, are essentially neither more nor less than tradesmen—than journeymen lawyers who set about their work in the spirit of mechanics or handicraftsmen. Either this system should be put an end to, or it should be adopted for all. Compel every candidate for the bar to pass one year in an attorney's office, and the evil—or, more properly to describe it, the unfair advantage—which a few very illiterate, and not very high principled, yet well drilled persons possess, would pass away.

In looking over what we have written, we feel obliged to confess that eloquence and high gifts, generally rare amongst the advocates of England, has now nearly perished from amongst us. It is well stated in a recently published work of considerable research, which only fell in our way at the twelfth hour,* that one reason of the decay of everything resembling eloquence is the excessive degree of technicality which pervades every portion of English law. Though we do not deny that the principles of special pleading are based in rigid logic, yet we must admit—with Mr. John George Phillimore,—who has recently published an admirable summary of the Roman law, which we have prefixed to this article, and who had previously distinguished himself by a spirited pamphlet addressed to Lord Cottenham,† on law reform,—that the wire-drawn distinctions of special-pleading are the disgrace and the opprobrium of our age. To meander through such mazes would puzzle the subtlest intellect, and tax to the utmost the powers of a really

* Hortensius, or the Advocate, an Historical Essay, by William Forsyth, Esq. M.A. Barrister-at-law, late Fell. of Trinity College, Cambridge. J. Murray: 1849.

† Phillimore's Letter to Lord Cottenham. Ridgway: 1847.

robust masculine understanding, and sometimes tax such powers altogether in vain. The involved phraseology, the expletives, the synonymes, the pleonasms, the obscure and barbarous verbiage of the modern system of pleading are really the disgrace of our time and system. These abuses are excrescences of comparatively modern growth on the ancient body of English law, for in the earlier time pleadings were delivered *ore tenus* at the bar, and not written. The evil has been much increased by a body of very ingenious and subtle gentlemen acting under the bar as special pleaders, and it must be averred that for the last half century or more, our courts of justice in England have been far too prone to lend a willing ear to refined and technical points of objection which subtle pleaders below the bar delight to raise, and pettifoggers at the bar have a peculiar glory in sustaining in court.

The overgrown mass—the immense, shapeless, and unwieldy body of the English law is an impediment not less formidable to oratory than the technicality of pleading. The volumes of the statutes at large now amount, if we remember rightly, to about thirty-three volumes quarto, of about 850 pages each volume. On the construction of these statutes there are annually published about thirty volumes of Reports, containing, also, at an average, from 700 to 800 pages of matter, at a cost of about 2*l.* a volume, or 60*l.* a year to any one who subscribes to a complete set of Reports, beginning with the House of Lords, and ending with the Crown cases reserved. How can any one or any ten men master all this enormous or unwieldy mass or properly digest and common-place it in his mind? Roger North, in his day, when the volumes of Reports were only sixty, spoke of them as innumerable. If he were now to revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would he say, finding 600 volumes, containing, down to the end of 1849, 250,000 points of law, or more, as any man may see by a reference to Harrison's or Chitty's Index, or Jeremy's Digest? How can a man be eloquent, whose best days and hours are spent in learning to digest matter, and arrange in his mind, or to learn where to discover, and how to apply this vast mass of legislative verbiage, and the decisions upon it? Talents of a popular kind—the power of giving effect to large and comprehensive views, wither under such a discipline as this. All the fire, energy, and enthusiasm of a young man—all the genius and general principles he has acquired at college, and in the bosom of his family, die within him, smothered and overlaid by the forms and technicalities of a system, narrow, crabbed, and barbarous.

Independently of this, the practical work-a-day, money-get-

ting, and business-like spirit of our time, is against the theory and practice of eloquence. A man particularly gifted with grace of manner and affluence of expression, is despised by the prig and the formalist, who has thoroughly conned his Chitty and his Archibald, and is looked on with ineffable disdain by the successful railway speculator, or the man or woman who has (what is called within the precincts of the City of London) three stars in India Stock.

The multiplicity and detail of modern affairs, abounding in particulars and small items, also tends to stifle and suffocate everything like eloquence. Ours is an age of debtor and creditor—of profit and loss—of tare and trett—of free trade and barter—of buying and selling—of quick returns and small profits; and men have neither the time nor the taste to make fine phrases as of old. If we have perfected the steam engine, and created railroads, we have also enthroned a servile, a crouching, and mammon-getting spirit in high places—we have deified dulness and formality, and worshipped mechanism, and drudgery, and cotton-spinning, and knife-grinding, as though they were things lofty, ethereal, spiritual, and immortal. With such feelings pervading the aristocracy of trade—aye, and the aristocracy of land, and of acres—is it any wonder that the mass of barristers are timid formalists—is it any wonder that they will not speak with decision, and fearlessness, and energetic eloquence, like Erskine—that they shrink from giving their better and nobler thoughts noble expressions—that they are dull, and decorous, and dead to the most generous and loftiest impulses? No doubt the times in which we live or vegetate are flat, level, and insipid. We are fallen on the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; yet we cannot but think that somewhat of the mediocrity of the profession in our day is owing to a man who was longer at the head of the bar as Attorney and Solicitor General than any man within a century. John Lord Campbell, though a sound and well-read lawyer, was neither a gifted nor a high-hearted man; neither a scholar, nor an orator, nor a distinguished gentleman; and his leaden influence has operated in many ways most disastrously. When eloquence, or even a graceful and fluent elocution, is not prized, men will take no pains—will make no efforts to become successful speakers. Advocates will not labour earnestly to become eloquent when such barristers as the — and the — lead the Great Northern Circuit of England. We do not deny that there is great ingenuity and skill—a happy facility of dealing with entangled and complicated facts—that there are great judgment, quickness, tact, knowledge of practice and of cases now at the bar of England; but of eloquence there

is none, and of scientific or historic learning very little. Ours is an age of no flagrant wrongs—of no deeds of violence or of rapine—of no great political trials—and the occasion has not perhaps arisen to call forth the eloquence of the ‘coming man.’ In Ireland, two eloquent advocates appeared at the state trials. One, a fine old gentleman of the name of Holmes, then in his 78th or 79th year, and a brother-in-law of the late Thomas Addis Emmetts; the other, Mr. Whiteside, the author of a book in three volumes on Italy.

It is possible that in the back rows of the Queen’s Bench and Exchequer there are some undiscovered Erskines, Currans, and Broughams; but so long as the system prevails among attorneys of giving the leading causes to seventy-nine Queen’s Counsel wearing silk gowns, or rather to the thirty among them who have business in law and equity—and to the four or five sergeants who are still employed in the Common Pleas, the Erskines, the Currans, and Broughams are likely to remain undiscovered. Half a century ago, there were not above twenty silk gowns in the profession, ten of whom were men of real ability, and the remainder of great professional learning; but now silk gowns are given to men neither of eloquence, of legal learning, or of high scholarship. Among the seventy-nine, there are not nine men capable of leading or conducting a cause better—many of them not so well—as the many astute and sensible men without a silk gown.

One might fancy that in the criminal branch of the profession we might find eloquent, ingenious, and able men at the Central Criminal Court. But there is scarcely one man above mediocrity, excepting Mr. Ryland and Mr. Prendergast.* Mr. Adolphus is dead, and Phillips is now an Insolvent Commissioner.*

The bar of England is now a very numerous body. In the beginning of the past year it consisted of 3,181 individuals, and there were called in the previous year of 1848, 130 gentlemen. The bar of England at this moment probably consists, to reckon new members, of 3,350 members, but the returns cannot be accurately ascertained till the publication of the ‘Law List’ for 1850, early in April. There are practising under the bar 72 special pleaders, and 32 conveyancers.

In Ireland the profession of the bar is relatively greater than in England, and the Queen’s counsel also more numerous. There are 66 Queen’s counsel, and 1,334 barristers.

* Mr. Sergeant Wilkins is said to have made some able defences, and consequently he is gaining *Nisi Prius* business rapidly. The writer, however, has only heard him once, and without further experience, he declines to pronounce an opinion on his powers.

We have no means of knowing the number of advocates in Scotland. No doubt there is much in success at the bar to ennoble and gratify the mind, and to attract the eyes of those whose hopes outrun their judgment, but laymen and spectators perceive the spangles upon the robe of the advocate, profoundly unaware that all is not gold that glitters brightly. If the advocate has his triumphs he has also his troubles, and to the vast majority the troubles far exceed the triumphs. Crowds, says somebody whose name and book we forget, but who spoke truly—crowds admire the figures upon tapestry—the splendour of the colours, and the rich intertexture of its purple and gold; but who turns the array to contemplate the jugged ends of thread, rags of worsted and unsightly patchwork of the reversed side of the picture, and yet it is from this side the artificer sits and works,—this is the picture as he sees it—the gay outside is for the spectator. Thus it is that we look upon life—ermine, lace, gold, jewels. Rank, station, ambition, glitter in our eyes, and we envy the good fortune of the possessors, and think they must be happy, seeing but the *show* side of their lives; yet not a life among them that has not, or has not had its rags and tags, and knotted ends, its wrong side in that in which the artisan has been drudging all his days, until the splendour he has made becomes distasteful, and only serves to enrich the eyes of ignorant lookers-on.

ART. X. *A History of Spanish Literature.* By GEORGE TICKNOR.
3 vols. Murray, 1849.

THE Spaniards are the Orientals of Europe. Unless this be distinctly borne in mind, we shall fall into inevitable errors in speaking of their literature. They are not wholly oriental in their cast of mind; but so powerful is the oriental colouring, that it distinguishes them from all other European peoples. The dark, luxurious splendour of their eyes is not more unlike the deep, involved, energetic, thoughtful grey eye of the Anglo-Saxon, than the tone of their literature, in its oriental gorgeousness and prodigality, is unlike the powerful and thoughtful, if colder literature of our own great nation. This comparison will bear any amount of detailed application. The Spanish eye, so celebrated for its lustrous warmth, is assuredly inferior to a fine English hazel or grey eye—inferior as an index of power—inferior in irresistible enthrallment—speaking less from the soul, and more from the senses—more passionate but less affectionate—more splendid but less spiritual—more dazzling but less enchanting.

We miss in Spanish art the spiritual element, elevating and

refining the sensuous world—we miss the noble and affecting presence of those grand thoughts and exalted aspirations, which, in *great* writers, recal us to a sense of our divine origin and destiny, and which teach us so vividly, because they do not *seem* to teach it, that through all our joys, through all our sorrows, we are working onwards to some purer end. The recognition of man's spiritual nature, except in the dogmatic form of religion, has scarcely a place in Spanish literature; the Spaniard is devout, but he seems willing to leave his spiritual nature wholly in the hands of his confessor. There is but one book, in the whole compass of their literature, which can be placed beside great European works—and that is *Don Quixote*; and in that there certainly is a rich psychological experience, more, indeed, than has yet been thoroughly estimated. It has been said, that to read *Don Quixote* is worth the labour of learning Spanish; perhaps so: assuredly if the object in learning the language be purely literary, there is little more than *that* to be gained from it; for although the profusion and prodigality of the Spanish writers cannot be questioned, it is for the most part a sterile abundance, and the seeker can find far greater wealth in his own country and elsewhere. The best thing to be said of learning Spanish is, that there must always be an advantage in possessing another language, and *this* is not difficult to learn.

Mr. George Ticknor, an American gentleman, has given us a history of Spanish literature, in three formidable octavos, which, however, is in many respects less instructive than the single volume of Bouterwek, because, amidst its amplitude of details, there is wanting a high historical spirit. Mr. Ticknor writes like a gentleman and a scholar, but more like a scholarly dilettante than like a true critic. We miss the historic grasp of a subject in its broad outlines: we miss the talent of the expositor and of the critic. The book is learned and laborious, it shows no traces of haste, no vain parade, no superficial trifling with the subject, and is indeed very commendable, as a gentlemanly, honest book. But candour forces us to say, that its deficiencies are very serious. We have ourselves studied, with more than ordinary care, some portions of Spanish literature, though we must confess a profound ignorance of the other portions, and our experience of Mr. Ticknor's book is this: that while our knowledge has not been sensibly deepened with respect to those portions we were familiar with before, neither have we any substantial or vivid accession from those portions of which we were previously ignorant. The book is agreeable to read, but it leaves behind it no abiding influence. It is rather a pleasant catalogue than a history. We feel bound to mention this with

all distinctness, because the book is costly and bulky, and our office as 'tasters' for the public would be indifferently filled, if we kept not an eye to the value of the books we notice. Although, therefore, persons directly interested in Spanish literature will do well to possess themselves of this work, which is really good of its kind, yet, for every one else, it can have but little attractions, and a more vivid and accurate idea will be gained of all the leading characteristics of Spanish literature from Sismondi and Bouterwek; simply because Sismondi and Bouterwek are better critics and expositors, and grasp more decisively the subject, round which Mr. Ticknor only gyrates.

Let us further record our disappointment at finding this 'History,' which wanders through three volumes of five to six hundred pages each, has nevertheless, without any explicable reason, omitted all account of the *modern* writers, who really form a new epoch in the history of Spanish literature. Gladly would we have cancelled many—very many pages, for the sake of some satisfactory account of Breton de los Herreros, Hartenbusch, (author of that striking play, *Los Amantes de Teruel*,*) the Duke de Rivas, Don José Zorilla, and the rest of the *école romantique*. What has become of that singular authoress—the Spanish George Sand—the Señorita doña Gertrudis Gomez de Avallaneda, whose tragedy of *Alfonso Munio* charmed Madrid a few years ago? Does Mr. Ticknor know nothing of her and her works? We can scarcely think that one whose knowledge is so extensive, and whose interest in things Spanish is so great, could possibly have turned a deaf ear to all the voices that have sounded through Spain for the last twenty years, producing a veritable revolution in taste; and if he has heard them, why has he forborne to speak of them?

Spanish literature is a vast field, but the flowers that grow therein have a wearisome sameness; and on a broad survey of it, there are but three points that rise into distinctive eminence—the Ballads, Cervantes, the Drama. Whoever thinks of Spanish literature sees these three subjects rise before his mind, and only these. We shall confine our remarks, therefore, to Mr. Ticknor's treatment of these three subjects.

The BALLAD LITERATURE of Spain is very striking; and the best portions of this history are those devoted to it. The details are ample and well arranged; the translations are free and elegant; and the criticism, though not in any way remarkable,

* Mr. Ticknor's omission of all allusion to this play is the more remarkable, because he has spoken of that on the same subject by Montalvan, the friend and follower of Lope de Vega, and by Tirso de Molina. It is a subject which has been often handled by Spanish playwrights.

is unobtrusive. But this is a subject so familiar to our public, that it would be idle merely to touch upon it here; nothing short of an extensive article could serve any purpose. We pass, therefore, to

CERVANTES. In sixty-three pages, Mr. Ticknor carefully and learnedly follows and compares all known details of the poet's life, briefly analyzes his works, and gives an excellent bibliography of the subject. Let us add, that in the Appendix, he examines the pretensions of *El Buscapié*, which our readers may remember as recently published under the name of Cervantes, purporting to be the work, so well known by name, but never yet seen by man, which the author of *Don Quixote* is said to have written in his own defence. In this examination, Mr. Ticknor displays considerable skill, and his accurate and abundant learning makes it impossible to hesitate, after reading his remarks. One of the points taken up by Mr. Ticknor, in his memoir of Cervantes, is the question of jealousy between Lope de Vega and Cervantes. He admits that there was no great intimacy or cordial feeling between the two, but denies, and justly, that there was any jealousy. The fact is, they exchanged praises and sarcasms. Lope de Vega, the idol of his age, was not likely to fall down and worship the man who was to become the idol of all succeeding ages, but who *then* was in a very inferior position; nor was Cervantes, in the proud consciousness of his superiority, likely to feel any ardent admiration for this idol of the nation. Still they were both too generous and keen-sighted not to recognise great merit in each other, though scarcely *that* degree of merit which we now desire to see recognised. Hear what Mr. Ticknor says:

'Most of the materials for forming a judgment on this point in Cervantes' character are to be found in Navarrete, (*Vida*, pp. 457-475,) who maintains that Cervantes and Lope were sincere friends, and in Huerta, (*Lección Crítica*, Madrid, 1786, 12mo, pp. 33-47,) who maintains that Cervantes was an envious rival of Lope. As I cannot adopt either of these results, and think the last particularly unjust, I will venture to add one or two considerations.

'Lope was fifteen years younger than Cervantes, and was forty-three years old when the First Part of the *Don Quixote* was published; but from that time till the death of Cervantes, a period of eleven years, he does not, that I am aware, once allude to him. The five passages in the immense mass of Lope's works, in which alone, so far as I know, he speaks of Cervantes, are—1. In the '*Dorothen*,' 1598, twice slightly and without praise. 2. In the Preface to his own *Tales*, 1621, still more slightly, and even, I think, coldly. 3. In the '*Laurel de Apolo*,' 1630, where there is a somewhat stiff eulogy of him, fourteen years after his death. 4. In his play, '*El Premio del Bien Hablar*,' printed in

Madrid, 1635, where Cervantes is barely mentioned (*Comedias*, 4to, Tom. XXI. f. 162.) And 5. In 'Amar sin Saber á Quien,' (*Comedias*, Madrid, Tom. XXII., 1635,) where (*Jornada primera*) Leonarda, one of the principal ladies, says to her maid, who had just cited a ballad of Audalla and Xarifu to her,—

'Inez, take care; your common reading is,
I know, the Ballad-book; and, after all,
Your case may prove like that of the poor knight—'

to which Inez replies, interrupting her mistress,—

'Don Quixote of La Mancha, if you please—
May God Cervantes pardon!—was a knight
Of that wild, erring sort the Chronicle
So magnifies. For me, I only read
The Ballad book, and find myself from day
'To day the better for it.'

All this looks very reserved; but when we add to it, that there were numberless occasions on which Lope could have gracefully noticed the merit to which he could never have been insensible,—especially when he makes so free a use of Cervantes' '*Trato de Argel*' in his own '*Esclavos de Argel*,' absolutely introducing him by name on the stage, and giving him a prominent part in the action, (*Comedias*, Caragoça, 1647, 4to, Tom. XXV. pp. 245, 251, 257, 262, 277,) without showing any of those kindly or respectful feelings which it was easy and common to show to friends on the Spanish stage, and which Calderon, for instance, so frequently shows to Cervantes, (e. g., *Casa con Dos Puertas*, *Jorn. I.*, etc.,) —we can hardly doubt that Lope willingly overlooked and neglected Cervantes, at least from the time of the appearance of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, in 1605, till after its author's death in 1616.

'On the other hand, Cervantes, from the date of the '*Canto de Caliope*' in the '*Galatea*,' 1584, when Lope was only twenty-two years old, to the date of the Preface to the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, 1615, only a year before his own death, was constantly giving Lope the praises due to one who, beyond all *contemporary* doubt or rivalry, was at the head of Spanish literature; and among other proofs of such elevated and generous feelings, prefixed, in 1598, a laudatory sonnet to Lope's '*Dragonte*.' But at the same time that he did this, and did it freely and fully, there is a dignified reserve and caution in some parts of his remarks about Lope that show he was not impelled by any warm, personal regard; a caution which is so obvious, that Avellaneda, in the Preface to his *Don Quixote*, maliciously interpreted it into envy.

'It therefore seems to me difficult to avoid the conclusion, that the relations between the two great Spanish authors of this period were such as might be expected, where one was, to an extraordinary degree, the idol of his time, and the other a suffering and neglected man. What is most agreeable about the whole matter, is the generous justice Cervantes never fails to render to Lope's merits.'—Vol. ii. pp. 77, 78, note.

We may *complete* this by a detail or two. Cervantes certainly

ridiculed Lope de Vega in a sonnet prefixed to 'Don Quixote,' and Lope replied in an irritated tone, in which he said that 'Don Quixote was waste paper, fit only for wrapping spices in, and other vile uses.'

' Por el mundo va
Vendiendo especias, y azafran rom'i
Y al fin en muladares parara.'

But irritated poets are not to be taken literally, and when Lope had to award Cervantes his place on Parnassus, he did so, not *coldly*, as Mr. Ticknor says, nor praising him *only* as a poet, but as a man, and one whose memory would be eternal. Mr. Lewes, referring to this passage, says, that therein Lope 'speaks magnificently of Cervantes, and touchingly alludes to the arm lost at Lepanto.'* To let the reader decide when these doctors disagree, we quote the whole passage:—

' En la batalla, donde el rayo austrino,
Hijo inmortal del Aguila famosa
Ganó las hojas del laurel divino
Al rei del Asia en la campaña undosa,
La fortuna envidiosa
Hirió la mano de Miguel Cervantes ;
Pero su ingenio en versos diamantés
Los del plomo volvió con tanta gloria
Que por dulces, sonoros y elegantes
Dieron eternidad a su memoria:
Porque se diga, que una mano herida
Pudo dar a su dueño eterna vida.†

To pass from this subject, however, to that work which has, perhaps more than any other single work, given the greatest delight to the greatest variety of minds—that which profoundly interests the boy, and remains an inexhaustible study and delight to the accomplished man—the 'Don Quixote' which it is worth Spanish to be able to read in the original (no easy matter by the way!)—upon this, if upon no other, we should expect the historian to put forth his strength. And he has done so: The following criticism exhibits Mr. Ticknor in his best aspect; and the reader will at once see, that a sort of pleasant good sense is the culmination of his critical power:—

'His purpose in writing the Don Quixote has sometimes been enlarged by the ingenuity of a refined criticism, until it has been made to embrace the whole of the endless contrast between the poetical and the prosaic in our natures,—between heroism and generosity on one side, as if they

* The Spanish Drama, by G. H. Lewes. Page 65.

† Lope de Vega. *El Laurel de Apolo*, Silv. 8.

were mere illusions, and a cold selfishness on the other, as if it were the truth and reality of life.* But this is a metaphysical conclusion drawn from views of the work at once imperfect and exaggerated; a conclusion contrary to the spirit of the age, which was not given to a satirical philosophical and generalizing, and contrary to the character of Cervantes himself, as we follow it from the time when he first became a soldier, through all his trials in Algiers, and down to the moment when his warm and trusting heart dictated the Dedication of 'Persiles and Sigismunda' to the Count de Lemos. His whole spirit, indeed, seems rather to have been filled with a cheerful confidence in human virtue, and his whole bearing in life seems to have been a contradiction to that discouraging and saddening scorn for whatever is elevated and generous, which such an interpretation of the Don Quixote necessarily implies.†

Nor does he himself permit us to give to his romance any such secret meaning; for, at the very beginning of the work, he announces it to be his sole purpose to break down the vogue and authority of books of chivalry, and, at the end of the whole, he declares anew, in his own person, that 'he had had no other desire than to render abhorred of men the false and absurd stories contained in books of chivalry,'‡ exulting in his success as an achievement of no small moment: and such, in fact, it was; for we have abundant proof that the fanaticism for these romances was so great in Spain, during the sixteenth century, as to have become matter of alarm to the more judicious. Many of the distinguished contemporary authors speak of its mischiefs, and among the rest the venerable Luis de Granada, and Malon de Chaide, who wrote the eloquent

* This idea is found partly developed by Bouterwek, (*Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit*. Göttingen, 1803, 8vo, tom. iii. pp. 335—337,) and fully set forth and defended by Sismondi, with his accustomed eloquence. *Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, Paris, 1813, 8vo, tom. iii. pp. 339—343.

† Many other interpretations have been given to the Don Quixote. One of the most absurd is that of Daniel Defoe, who declares it to be 'an emblematic history of, and a just satire upon, the Duke de Medina Sidonia, a person very remarkable at that time in Spain.' (*Wilson's Life of Defoe*, London, 1830, 8vo, vol. iii. p. 437, note.) The 'Buscapié'—if there ever was such a publication—pretended that it set forth 'some of the undertakings and gallantries of the Emperor Charles V.' See Appendix (D).

‡ In the *Prólogo* to the First Part he says, '*No mira á mas que á deshacer la autoridad y cabida, que en el mundo y en el vulgo tienen los libros de Caballerías*,' and he ends the Second Part, ten years afterwards, with these remarkable words: '*No ha sido otro mi deseo, que poner en aborrecimiento de los hombres las fingidas y disparatadas historias de los libros de Caballerías, que por las de mi verdadero Don Quixote van ya tropezando, y han de caer del todo sin duda alguna. Vale.*' It seems really hard that a great man's word of honour should thus be called in question by the spirit of an over-refined criticism two centuries after his death. D. Vicente Salvá has partly, but not wholly, avoided this difficulty in an ingenious and pleasant essay on the question, 'Whether the Don Quixote has yet been judged according to its merits?'—in which he maintains that Cervantes did not intend to satirize the substance and essence of books of chivalry, but only to purge away their absurdities and improbabilities; and that, after all, he has given us only another romance of the same class, which has ruined the fortunes of all its predecessors by being itself immensely in advance of them all. Ochoa, *Apuntes para una Biblioteca*, Paris, 1842, 8vo, tom. ii. pp. 723-740.

'Conversion of Mary Magdalen.'* Guevara, the learned and fortunate courtier of Charles the Fifth, declares that 'men did read nothing in his time but such shameful books as *'Amadis de Gaula,' 'Tristan,' 'Primaleon,'* and the like;† the acute author of *'The Dialogue on Languages'* says that 'the ten years he passed at court he wasted in studying *'Florisando,' 'Lisuarte,' 'The Knight of the Cross,'* and other such books, more than he can name;‡ and from different sources we know what, indeed, we may gather from Cervantes himself, that many who read these fictions took them for true histories.§ At last they were deemed so noxious, that, in 1553, they were prohibited by law from being printed or sold in the American colonies; and in 1555 the same prohibition, and even the burning of all copies of them extant in Spain itself, was earnestly asked for by the Cortes.|| The evil, in fact, had become formidable, and the wise began to see it.

'To destroy a passion that had struck its roots so deeply in the character of all classes of men,¶ to break up the only reading which at that time could be considered widely popular and fashionable,** was certainly a bold undertaking, and one that marks anything rather than a scornful

* *Símbolo de la Fe*, parte ii. cap. 17, near the end. *Conversion de la Magdalena*, 1592. *Prólogo al Letor*. Both are strong in their censures.

† 'Vemos, que ya no se ocupan los hombres sino en leer libros que es affrenta nombrarlos, como son *Amadis de Gaula*, *Tristan de Leonis*, *Primaleon*, &c. Argument to the *Aviso de Privados*, *Obras de Ant. de Guevara*, Valladolid, 1545, folio, f. clviii. b.

‡ The passage is too long to be conveniently cited, but it is very severe. See *Mayans y Siscar*, *Orígenes*, tom. ii. pp. 157, 158.

§ See *ante*, vol. i. pp. 226-231. But, besides what is said there, Francisco de Portugal, who died in 1632, tells us in his *'Arte de Galanteria,'* (Lisboa, 1670, 4to, p. 96.) that Simon de Silveira (I suppose the Portuguese poet who lived about 1500; *Barbosa*, tom. iii. p. 722) once swore upon the Evangelists, that he believed the whole of the *Amadis* to be true history.

|| Clemencin, in the Preface to his edition of *Don Quixote*, tom. i. pp. xi.-xvi., cites many other proofs of the passion for books of chivalry at that period in Spain; adding a reference to the *'Recopilacion de Leyes de las Indias,'* lib. i. tit. 24, ley 4, for the law of 1553, and printing at length the very curious petition of the Cortes of 1555, which I have not seen anywhere else, and which would probably have produced the law it demanded, if the abdication of the Emperor, the same year, had not prevented all action upon the matter.

¶ Allusions to the fanaticism of the lower classes on the subject of books of chivalry are happily introduced into *Don Quixote*, parte i. c. 32, and in other places. It extended, too, to those better bred and informed. Francisco de Portugal, in the *'Arte de Galanteria,'* cited in a preceding note, and written before 1632, tells the following anecdote:—'A knight came home one day from the chase and found his wife and daughters and their women crying. Surprised and grieved, he asked them if any child or relation were dead. "No," they answered, suffocated with tears.—"Why, then, do you weep so?" he rejoined, still more amazed. "Sir," they replied, "*Amadis* is dead." They had read so far.' P. 96.

** Cervantes himself, as his *Don Quixote* amply proves, must, at some period of his life, have been a devoted reader of the romances of chivalry. How minute and exact his knowledge of them was, may be seen, among other passages, from one at the end of the twentieth chapter of Part First, where, speaking of Gasabal, the esquire of Galaor, he observes that his name is mentioned *but once* in the history of *Amadis of Gaul*;—a fact which the indefatigable Mr. Bowle took the pains to verify, when reading that huge romance. See his *'Letter to Dr. Percy, on a New and Classical Edition of Don Quixote,'* London, 1777, 4to, p. 25.

or broken spirit, or a want of faith in what is most to be valued in our common nature. The great wonder is that Cervantes succeeded; but that he did there is no question. No book of chivalry was written after the appearance of *Don Quixote*, in 1605; and from the same date, even those already enjoying the greatest favour ceased, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to be reprinted;* so that, from that time to the present, they have been constantly disappearing, until they are now among the rarest of literary curiosities;—a solitary instance of the power of genius to destroy, by a single well-timed blow, an entire department, and that, too, a flourishing and favoured one, in the literature of a great and proud nation.

‘The general plan Cervantes adopted to accomplish this object, without, perhaps, foreseeing its whole course, and still less all its results, was simple as well as original. In 1605† he published the First Part of *Don Quixote*, in which a country gentleman of La Mancha—full of genuine Castilian honour and enthusiasm, gentle and dignified in his character, trusted by his friends, and loved by his dependants—is represented as so completely crazed by long reading the most famous books of chivalry, that he believes them to be true, and feels himself called on to become the impossible knight-errant they describe,—nay, actually goes forth into the world to defend the oppressed and avenge the injured, like the heroes of his romances.

‘To complete his chivalrous equipment—which he had begun by fitting up for himself a suit of armour strange to his century—he took an esquire out of his neighbourhood; a middle-aged peasant, ignorant and credulous to excess, but of great good-nature; a glutton and a liar; selfish and gross, yet attached to his master; shrewd enough occasionally to see the folly of their position, but always amusing, and sometimes mischievous, in his interpretations of it. These two sally forth from their native village in search of adventures, of which the excited imagination of the Knight, turning windmills into giants, solitary inns into castles, and galley-slaves into oppressed gentlemen, finds abundance wherever he goes; while the esquire translates them all into the plain prose of truth with an admirable simplicity, quite unconscious of its own humour, and rendered the more striking by its contrast with the lofty and courteous dignity and magnificent illusions of the superior personage. There could, of course, be but one consistent termination of adventures like these. The knight and his esquire suffer a series of ridiculous

* Clemencin, in his Preface, notes ‘D. Policisne de Boecia,’ printed in 1602, as the last book of chivalry that was written in Spain, and adds, that, after 1605, ‘no se publicó de nuevo libro alguno de caballerías, y dejaron de reimprimirse los anteriores.’ (p. xxi.) To this remark of Clemencin, however, there are exceptions. For instance, the ‘Genealogía de la Toledana Discreta, Primera Parte,’ por Eugenio Martínez, a tale of chivalry in octave stanzas, was reprinted in 1608; and ‘El Caballero del Febo,’ and ‘Claridiano,’ his son, are extant in editions of 1617. The period of the passion for such books in Spain can be readily seen in the Bibliographical Catalogue, and notices of them by Salvá, in the Repertorio Americano, London, 1827, tom. iv. pp. 29-74. It was eminently the sixteenth century.

† See Appendix (E).’

discomfitures, and are at last brought home, like madmen, to their native village, where Cervantes leaves them, with an intimation that the story of their adventures is by no means ended.'—Vol. ii. pp. 98—102.

Upon this we may be permitted to make two remarks expressive of our mediocore estimation of such criticism; the first remark is, that although Cervantes very probably had no such distinct *intention* as that attributed to him by those critics who see something more than a mere parody and satire in 'Don Quixote,' yet this by no means prevents our acknowledging some such idea to have been latent in his mind, and to have guided him with more or less consciousness on his part, in the treatment of the subject. The antithesis is so broad and so striking that Cervantes could scarcely have overlooked it. The second remark is, that Mr. Ticknor leaves unnoticed the peculiar art of Cervantes, and is silent on the one point which, above all others, distinguishes 'Don Quixote' from every delineation of madness we have seen—Shakspeare's included—we mean the subtle and profound truth of the changes indicated in the Don's soul—the ebb and flow of sanity—the fine and almost insensible gradations with which he passes from sanity to insanity, and back again to sanity, all in the compass of a single dialogue, according as the dialogue turns upon things suggestive only of ordinary life, or upon things suggestive, however remotely, of chivalry. Whoever has observed the inhabitants of asylums with anything like philosophic attention, will read 'Don Quixote' with never ending amazement. Shakspeare's delineation of madness, about which so much extravagant eulogy has been written, has no such finely discriminated truth as this of Cervantes.

Mr. Ticknor is correct, we believe, in preferring the second part to the first, and his observations are worth quoting, the more so as they contain an implicit contradiction of what he formerly said about the object of Cervantes; and an argument in favour of what we said above respecting the latent idea which was in the mind of Cervantes, moulding his conceptions:—

'This latter half of Don Quixote is a contradiction of the proverb Cervantes cites in it, that second parts were never yet good for much. It is, in fact, better than the first. It shows more freedom and vigour; and if the caricature is sometimes pushed to the very verge of what is permitted, the invention, the style of thought, and, indeed, the materials throughout, are richer, and the finish is more exact. The character of Samson Carrasco, for instance,* is a very happy, though somewhat bold,

* Don Quixote, parte ii. c. 4. The style of both parts of the genuine Don Quixote is, as might be anticipated, free, fresh, and careless;—genial, like the author's character, full of idiomatic beauties, and by no means without blemishes.

addition to the original persons of the drama; and the adventures at the castle of the Duke and Duchess, where Don Quixote is fooled to the top of his bent; the managements of Sancho as governor of his island; the visions and dreams of the cave of Montesinos; the scenes with Roque Guinart, the freebooter, and with Gines de Passamonte, the galley-slave and puppet-show man; together with the mock-heroic hospitalities of Don Antonio Moreno at Barcelona, and the final defeat of the knight there, are all admirable. In truth, everything in this Second Part, especially its general outline and tone, show that time and a degree of success he had not before known had ripened and perfected the strong manly sense and sure insight into human nature which are visible everywhere in the works of Cervantes, and which here become a part, as it were, of his peculiar genius, whose foundations had been laid, dark and deep, amidst the trials and sufferings of his various life.

But throughout both parts, Cervantes shows the impulses and instincts of an original power with most distinctness in his development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho; characters in whose contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humour, and no small part of what is most characteristic of the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages. He delights, therefore, to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene. They grow visibly upon his favour as he advances, and the fondness of his liking for them makes him constantly produce them in lights and relations as little foreseen by himself as they are by his readers. The knight, who seems to have been originally intended for a parody of the Amadis, becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage, into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honour, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good, that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was to mourn over his death.

The case of Sancho is again very similar, and perhaps in some respects stronger. At first, he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his master's peculiarities in a more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the First Part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterwards the staple of his conversation and humour; and it is not till the opening of the Second Part, and, indeed, not till he comes forth, in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as governor of Barataria, that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque, yet congruous, proportions.

Cervantes, in truth, came, at last, to love these creations of his marvellous power, as if they were real, familiar personages, and to speak of them and treat them with an earnestness and interest that tend much to

Garcés, in his '*Fuerza y Vigor de la Lengua Castellana*,' tom. ii., *Prólogo*, as well as throughout that excellent work, has given it, perhaps, more uniform praise than it deserves:—while Clemencin, in his notes, is very rigorous and unpardoning to its occasional defects.'

the illusion of his readers. Both Don Quixote and Sancho are thus brought before us, like such living realities, that at this moment the figures of the crazed, gaunt, dignified knight and of his round, selfish, and most amusing esquire dwell bodied forth in the imaginations of more among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent. The greatest of the great poets—Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton—have no doubt risen to loftier heights, and placed themselves in more imposing relations with the noblest attributes of our nature; but Cervantes—always writing under the unchecked impulse of his own genius, and instinctively concentrating in his fiction whatever was peculiar to the character of his nation—has shown himself of kindred to all times and all lands; to the humblest degrees of cultivation as well as to the highest; and has thus, beyond all other writers, received in return a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the universal spirit of humanity.—Vol. ii. pp. 106—108.

THE DRAMA next attracts us. It is the peculiar privilege of the Spanish drama to have furnished Europe with plots and situations, so that a modern student, even tolerably versed in the dramatic literature of other countries, is somewhat surprised and discouraged to find so little that is *new* in any Spanish play. Indeed, unless to an ardent dramatic student we can promise little entertainment from the perusal of these plays; their excellence is mainly theatrical, depending upon the rapid action of a complicated intrigue interspersed with effective situations and redundant poetry. They have scarcely ever any excellence of characterization; they have no insight into motive and the subtle windings of self-sophistication; they do not present grand passions working out heroism; they do not picture life in its nobler and more impassioned aspects; nor do they enrich their slender fabrics with embroidery of thoughtful jewels. Wisdom there is little; grandeur little. When something like the terrible intensity of tragic passion does appear, it is mostly spoiled either by its want of æsthetic truth, or by the distorted views from which it issues. There is a lurid glare in some of Calderon's plays, which lights up a hideous world of fanaticism, ignoble selfishness, and miserable pettiness, calling itself heroism. These may *startle* you; but there is no play that takes any serious hold of your mind, dwells in your memory with fructifying power, enriching the store of your experience and throwing light on the perplexities in your thoughts. We read Calderon; we do not re-read him. German criticism has placed him on a lofty pedestal, and gaping crowds admire; but only the German, who *will* read 'between the lines,' as they say—who *will* discover profundities in commonplaces, and sublimities in platitudes—only he can

seriously study Calderon, and talk of him in the same breath with Shakspere. Though we think the polemical tone adopted by Mr. Lewes in his chapter on Calderon, by no means suited to his purpose—though we think in his controversy with Schlegel, he has conveyed the false impression of having attacked Calderon, because he attacks the fulsome eulogies on Calderon—we are disposed to accept his estimate of the dramatist, which is substantially that of Sismondi, Southey, and Mr. Ticknor. What Schlegel has written upon Calderon is really midsummer madness; and although no other German of our acquaintance has been quite so extravagant, yet many, very many, have run away with the notion that Calderon was a profound thinker and a consummate artist.

In the history of dramatic literature, the Spanish drama is one of the most important and interesting chapters. Its main interest and strength results from its nationality. It is thoroughly autochthonous. Like the drama of England, it sprang from, and was fostered by, the people. It was not the product of pedantries and courtly influences. It rose upwards *from* the public square *to* the court; it did not descend from the court. Its beginnings were as rude as any of those performances by 'base mechanicals,' who gave delight in 'Athenian stalls'—and it rose to be an entertainment for which crowned heads were ambitious to furnish the literature, and princes of the blood to act the parts. The stage was merely four square blocks of wood, upon which rested five or six planks so as to elevate the actors a foot or two above the ground. The sole ornament of the theatre was an old curtain, supported at both ends by strings, which separated the dressing-room from the audience. Scenery there was none. 'Correctness of costume,' about which people now think so much, was a figment that never entered the Spanish head; *any* costume was accepted with serene credulity. Coriolanus wore a dress like that of Don John of Austria; Aristotle looked like an abbé with a curled peruke; and Satan himself was a 'perfect gentleman,' except that he wore *flame* coloured stockings, and horns.

Mr. Ticknor has given a curious sketch of the theatre, from which we extract these details:—

'The stage itself, in the two principal theatres of Madrid, was raised only a little from the ground of the court-yard where it was erected, and there was no attempt at a separate orchestra,—the musicians coming to the forepart of the scene whenever they were wanted. Immediately in front of the stage were a few benches, which afforded the best places for those who bought single tickets, and behind them was the unencumbered portion of the court-yard, where the common file were

obliged to stand in the open air. The crowd there was generally great, and the persons composing it were called, from their standing posture and their rude bearing, *mosqueteros*, or infantry. They constituted the most formidable and disorderly part of the audience, and were the portion that generally determined the success of new plays.* One of their body, a shoemaker, who in 1680 reigned supreme in the court-yard over the opinions of those around him, reminds us at once of the critical trunk-maker in Addison.† Another, who was offered a hundred rials to favour a play about to be acted, answered proudly that he would first see whether it was good or not, and, after all, hissed it.‡ Sometimes the author himself addressed them at the end of his play, and stooped to ask the applause of this lowest portion of the audience. But this was rare.§

Behind the sturdy *mosqueteros* were the *gradas*, or rising seats, for the men, and the *cuzuela*, or 'stew-pan,' where the women were strictly enclosed, and sat crowded together by themselves. Above all these different classes were the *desvanes* and *aposentos*, or balconies and rooms, whose open, shop-like windows extended round three sides of the court-yard in different stories, and were filled by those persons of both sexes who could afford such a luxury, and who not unfrequently thought it one of so much consequence, that they held it as an heirloom from generation to generation.|| The *aposentos* were, in fact, commodious rooms, and the ladies who resorted to them generally went masked, as neither the actors nor the audience were always so decent that the lady-like modesty of the more courtly portion of society might be willing to countenance them.¶

* C. Pellicer, *Origen*, tom. i. pp. 53, 55, 63, 68.

† Mad. d'Aulnoy, *Voyage*, tom. iii. p. 21. *Spectator*, No. 235.

‡ Aarsens, *Relation*, at the end of his *Voyage*, 1667, p. 60.

§ Manuel Morchon, at the end of his '*Vitoria del Amor*,' (*Comedias Escogidas* tom. ix., 1657, p. 242,) says:—

Most honourable Mosqueteros, here
Don Manuel Morchon, in gentlest form,
Beseeches you to give him, as an alms,
A victor shout :—if not for this his play,
At least for the good will it shows to please you.

In the same way, Antonio de Huerta, speaking of his '*Cinco Blancas de Juan Espera en Dios*,' (*Ibid.*, tom. xxxii., 1669, p. 179,) addresses them :—

And should it now a victor cry deserve,
Señores Mosqueteros, you will here,
In charity, vouchsafe to give me one :—
That is, in case the play has pleased you well.

Perhaps we should not have expected such a condescension from Solís, but he stooped to it. At the conclusion of his well-known '*Doctor Carlino*,' (*Comedias*, 1716, p. 262,) he turns to them, saying:—

And here expires my play. If it has pleased,
Let the Señores Mosqueteros cry a victor
At its burial.

Everything, indeed, that we know about the *mosqueteros* shows that their influence was great at the theatre in the theatre's best days. In the eighteenth century we shall find it governing everything.

¶ Aarsens, *Relation*, p. 59. Zavaleta, *Día de Fiesta por la Tarde*, Madrid, 1660, 12mo, pp. 4, 8, 9. C. Pellicer, tom. i. Mad. d'Aulnoy, tom. iii. p. 22.

¶ Guillen de Castro, '*Mal Casadas de Valencia*,' *Jorn.* ii. It may be worth

'It was deemed a distinction to have free access to the theatre ; and persons who cared little about the price of a ticket struggled hard to obtain it.* Those who paid at all paid twice,—at the outer door, where the manager sometimes collected his claims in person, and at the inner one, where an ecclesiastic collected what belonged to the hospitals, under the gentler name of alms.† The audiences were often noisy and unjust. Cervantes intimates this, and Lope directly complains of it. Suarez de Figueroa says, that rattles, crackers, bells, whistles, and keys were all put in requisition, when it was desired to make an uproar ; and Benavente, in a *loa* spoken at the opening of a theatrical campaign at Madrid by Roque, the friend of Lope de Vega, deprecates the ill-humour of all the various classes of his audience, from the fashionable world in the *apostentos* to the *mosqueteros* in the court-yard ; though he adds, with some mock dignity, that he little fears the hisses which he is aware must follow such a defiance.‡ When the audience meant to applaud, they cried 'Victor.' and were no less tumultuous and unruly than when they hissed.§ In Cervantes' time, after the play was over, if it had been successful, the author stood at the door to receive the congratulations of the crowd as they came out ; and, later, his name was placarded and paraded at the corners of the streets with an annunciation of his triumph.||

notice, perhaps, that the traditions of the Spanish theatre are still true to its origin ;—*apostentos*, or apartments, being still the name for the boxes ; *patio*, or court-yard, that of the pit ; and *mosqueteros*, or musketeers, that of the persons who fill the pit, and who still claim many privileges, as the successors of those who stood in the heat of the old court-yard. As to the *cazuela*, Breton de los Herreros, in his spirited 'Sátira contra los Abusos en el Arte de la Declamacion Teatral,' (Madrid, 1834, 12mo,) says:—

Tal vez alguna insípida mozuela
De ti se prende ; mas si el *Patio* brama.
Que te vale un rincón de la *Cazuela* ?

But this part of the theatre is more respectable than it was in the seventeenth century.

* Zavaleta, *Día de Fiesta por la Tarde*, p. 2.

† Cervantes, *Viage al Parnaso*, 1784, p. 148.

‡ Cervantes *Prólogo á las Comedias*. Lope, prefaces to several of his plays. Figueroa, *Pasagero*, 1617, p. 105. Benavente, *Joco-Seria*, Valladolid, 1653, 12mo, f. 81. One of the ways in which the audiences expressed their disapprobation was, as Cervantes intimates, by throwing cucumbers (*pepinos*) at the actors.

§ *Mad. d'Aulnoy, Voyage*, tom. i. p. 55. Tirso de Molina, *D-leytar*, Madrid, 1765, 4to, tom. ii. p. 333. At the end of a play the *whale* audience is not unfrequently appealed to for a 'Victor' by the second-rate authors, as we have seen the *mosqueteros* were sometimes, though rarely. Diego de Figueroa, at the conclusion of his 'Hija del Mesonero,' (*Comedias Escogidas*, tom. xiv., 1662, p. 182.) asks for it as for an alms, 'Dadle un Vitor de limosna ;' and Rodrigo Enriquez, in his 'Sufrir mas por querer menos,' (tom. x., 1658, p. 222.) asks for it as for the vails given to servants in a gaming-house, 'Venga un Vitor de barato.' Sometimes a good deal ingenuity is used to bring in the word *Vitor* just at the end of the piece, so that it shall be echoed by the audience without an open demand for it, as it is by Calderon in his 'Amado y Aborrecido,' and in the 'Difunta Pleyteada' of Francisco de Roxas. But, in general, when it is asked for at all, it is rather claimed as a right. Once, in 'Lealtad contra su Rey,' by Juan de Villegas, (*Comedias Escogidas*, tom. x., 1658,) the two actors who end the piece impertinently ask the applause for themselves, and not for the author ; a jest which was, no doubt, well received.

|| Cervantes, *Viage*, 1784, p. 138. *Novelas*, 1783, tom. i. p. 40.

'Cosmé de Oviedo, a well-known manager at Granada, was the first who used advertisements for announcing the play that was to be acted. This was about the year 1600. Half a century afterwards, the condition of such persons was still so humble, that one of the best of them went round the city and posted his playbills himself, which were, probably, written, and not printed.* From an early period they seem to have given to acted plays the title which full-length Spanish dramas almost uniformly bore during the seventeenth century, and even afterwards,—that of *comedia famosa*;—though we must except from this remark the case of Tirso de Molina, who amused himself with calling more than one of his successful performances '*Comedia sin fama*,'†—a play without repute. But this was, in truth, a matter of mere form, soon understood by the public, who needed no especial excitement to bring them to theatrical entertainments, for which they were constitutionally eager. Some of the audience went early to secure good places, and amused themselves with the fruit and confectionary carried round the court-yard for sale, or with watching the movements of the laughing dames who were inclosed within the balustrade of the *cruzeta*, and who were but too ready to flirt with all in their neighbourhood. Others came late; and if they were persons of authority or consequence, the actors waited for their appearance till the disorderly murmurs of the groundlings compelled them to begin.‡

'At last, though not always till the rabble had been composed by the recitation of a favourite ballad, or by some popular air on the guitars, one of the more respectable actors, and often the manager himself, appeared on the stage, and, in the technical phrase, 'threw out the *loa*,' or compliment,§—a peculiarly Spanish form of the prologue, of which we have abundant specimens from the time of Naharro, who calls them *intróitos* or overtures, down to the final fall of the old drama. They are prefixed to all the *autos* of Lope and Calderon; and though, in the case of the multitudinous secular plays of the Spanish theatre, the appropriate *loas* are no longer found regularly attached to each, yet we have them occasionally with the dramas of Tirso de Molina, Calderon, Antonio de Mendoza, and not a few others.'—Vol. ii. pp. 406—410.

And for the consolation of those dramatic authors who consider themselves ill used by actors, we will quote this:—

'The relations between the dramatic poets and the managers and actors were not more agreeable in Spain than elsewhere. Figueroa, who was

* Roxas, *Viage*, 1614, f. 51. Benavente, *Joco-Seria*, 1653, f. 78. Alonso, *Mozo de Muchos Amos*;—by which (tom. i. f. 137) it appears that the placards were written as late as 1624, in Seville.

† This title he gave to '*Como han de ser los Amigos*,' '*Amor por Razon de Estado*,' and some others of his plays. It may be noted that a full-length play was sometimes called *Gran Comedia*, as twelve such are in tom. xxxi. of '*Las Mejores Comedias que hasta oy han salido*,' Barcelona, 1638.

‡ Mad. d'Aulnoy, *Voyage*, tom. iii. p. 22, and Zabaleta, *Fiesta por la Tarde*, 1660, pp. 4, 9.

§ *Cigarrales de Toledo*, Madrid, 1624, 4to., p. 99. There is a good deal of learning about *loas* in Pinciano, '*Filosofia Antigua*,' Madrid, 1596, 4to., p. 413, and Salas, '*Tragedia Antigua*,' Madrid, 1633, 4to., p. 184.

familiar with the subject, says that the writers for the theatre were obliged to flatter the heads of companies, in order to obtain a hearing from the public, and that they were often treated with coarseness and contempt, especially when their plays were read and adapted to the stage in presence of the actors who were to perform them.* Solorzano—himself a dramatist—gives similar accounts, and adds the story of a poet, who was not only rudely, but cruelly, abused by a company of players, to whose humours their *autor* or manager had abandoned him.† And even Lope de Vega and Calderon, the master-spirits of the time, complain bitterly of the way in which they were trifled with and defrauded of their rights and reputation, both by the managers and by the book-sellers.‡ At the end of the drama, its author therefore sometimes announced his name, and, with more or less of affected humility, claimed the work as his own.§ But this was not a custom. Almost uniformly, however, when the audience was addressed at all—and that was seldom neglected at the conclusion of a drama—it was saluted with the grave and flattering title of ‘Senate.’

‘Nor does the condition of the actors seem to have been one which could be envied by the poets who wrote for them. Their numbers and influence, indeed, soon became imposing under the great impulse given to the drama in the beginning of the seventeenth century. When Lope de Vega first appeared as a dramatic writer at Madrid, the only theatres he found were two unsheltered court-yards, which depended on such strolling companies of players as occasionally deemed it for their interest to visit the capital. Before he died there were, besides the court-yards in Madrid, several theatres of great magnificence in the royal palaces, and multitudinous bodies of actors, comprehending in all above a thousand persons.||

* *Pasagero*, 1617, ff. 112-116.

† ‘*Garduña de Sevilla*,’ near the end, and the ‘*Bachiller Trapaza*,’ c. 15. Cervantes, just as he is finishing his ‘*Coloquio de los Peros*,’ tells a story somewhat similar; so that authors were early ill-treated by the actors.

‡ See the Preface and Dedication of the ‘*Arcadia*,’ by Lope, as well as other passages, noted in his Life;—the letter of Calderon to the Duke of Veraguas;—his Life by Vera Tassis, &c.

§ Thus, Mira de Mescua, at the conclusion of ‘*The Death of St. Lazarus*,’ (*Comedias Escogidas*, tom. ix., 1657, p. 167,) says:—

Here ends the play,
Whose wondrous tale Mira de Mescua wrote
To warn the many. Pray forgive our faults.

And Francisco de Leyba finishes his ‘*Amadis y Niquea*’ (*Comedias Escogidas*, tom. xi., 1675, f. 118) with these words:—

Don Francis Leyba humbly bows himself,
And at your feet asks,—not a victor shout,—
But rather pardon for his many faults.

In general, however, as in the ‘*Mayor Venganza*’ of Alvaro Cubillo, and in the ‘*Caer para levantarse*’ of Matos, Cancer, and Moreto, the annunciation is simple, and made, apparently, to protect the rights of the author, which, in the seventeenth century, were so little respected.

|| Don Quixote, ed. Pellicer, 1797, tom. iv., p. 110, note. One account says there were three hundred companies of actors in Spain about 1636; but this seems incredible, if it means companies of persons who lived by acting. Pantoja, *Sobre Comedias*, Murcia, 1814, 4to, tom. i. p. 28.

And, half a century later, at the time of Calderon's death, when the Spanish drama had taken all its attributes, the passion for its representations had spread into every part of the kingdom, until there was hardly a village, we are told, that did not possess some kind of a theatre.* Nay, so pervading and uncontrolled was the eagerness for dramatic exhibitions, that, notwithstanding the scandal it excited, secular comedies of a very equivocal complexion were represented by performers from the public theatres in some of the principal monasteries of the kingdom.†—Vol. ii. pp. 400-402.

No drama has ever been so flourishing as that of Spain in its great epochs; and the secret undoubtedly is that it was so thoroughly national in its scope and spirit. In the rest of Europe there had been no absolute suspension of the drama from its ancient traditions: rude, indeed, and ecclesiastical in scope and object, but nevertheless a drama, it survived every change and continued everywhere to be a popular amusement. But in Spain, during four centuries of Moorish dominion, there was a complete cessation of dramatic performances. When the drama once more raised its head, it had broken away from all classical traditions, and was heedless of all *literary* exigences. It addressed the people and in the popular language. The national genius, moved by its adventurous, daring spirit, broke forth in numberless pieces; plays with plots, plays without plots, plays in verse, plays in prose, plays in redondillas, plays in patois, plays in various languages, plays in one act, three acts, six acts, seven acts, one-and-twenty acts! plays with music, plays without music; with dances, duels, adventures, amours, murders, rogueries, buffooneries; one endless variation of one endless theme—the glory of Spain, the glory of the Church, and the glory of Love!

Much curious information will be found in these volumes respecting the early history of the drama; indeed, we may repeat here a former observation, that in respect of honest industry this work has great merits, and leaves scarcely any point open to criticism. It is as a critic that we can least praise Mr. Ticknor; accordingly, his long and erudite chapters on Lope

* Pellicer, *Origen de las Comedias*, 1804, tom. i. p. 185.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 226-228. When Philip III. visited Lisbon in 1619, the Jesuits performed a play before him, partly in Latin and partly in Portuguese, at their college of San Antonio;—an account of which is given in the '*Relacion de la Real Tragicomedia con que los Padres de la Compania de Jesus recibieron á la Magestad Católica*,' &c., por Juan Sardina Mimoso, &c., Lisboa, 1620, 4to,—its author being, I believe, Antonio de Sousa. Add to this that Mariana (*De Spectaculis*, c. 7) says that the *entremeses* and other exhibitions between the acts of the plays, performed in the most holy religious houses, were often of a gross and shameless character,—a statement which he repeats, partly in the same words, in his treatise '*De Rege*,' lib. iii. c. 16.'

de Vega and Calderon, labour under the very great disadvantage of conveying no distinct idea of the peculiarities of these writers. To persons tolerably well acquainted with these poets, Mr. Ticknor's chapters will be pleasant reading, and will furnish some nice glimpses; but we imagine no one, previously unacquainted with the Spanish drama, will derive any benefit whatever from them. A few meagre 'outlines' of plots will not convey a distinct idea of a dramatist. In what the Spanish drama specially consists; in what Lope de Vega and Calderon mainly differ; and in how far they both are separated from the European dramatists, Mr. Ticknor never attempts to unfold. The best observation we noticed was that on Calderon's morality. The two Schlegels very preposterously cried up Calderon's profound philosophical view of life; Sismondi, with one-sided earnestness, eloquently cried down the morality which shocked his protestant feelings in all Calderon's plays; and the battle has been fought by partizans of both views without a suspicion that Calderon really did no more than follow the ideas prevalent in his time: neither startling his age by any bolder or profounder views, nor by any heresies. Now Mr. Ticknor, after noticing Calderon's anachronisms, says:

'Nor is Calderon more careful in matters of morals than in matters of fact. Duels and homicides occur constantly in his plays, under the slightest pretences, as if there were no question about their propriety. The authority of a father or brother to put to death a daughter or sister who has been guilty of secreting her lover under her own roof is fully recognised.* It is made a ground of glory for the king, Don Pedro, that he justified Gutierre in the atrocious murder of his wife; and even the lady Leonore, who is to succeed to the blood-stained bed, desires, as we have seen, that no other measure of justice should be applied to herself than had been applied to the innocent and beautiful victim who lay dead before her. Indeed, it is impossible to read far in Calderon without perceiving that his object is mainly to excite a high and feverish interest by his plot and story; and that to do this he relies almost constantly upon an exaggerated sense of honour, which, in its more refined attributes, certainly did not give its tone to the courts of Philip the Fourth and Charles the Second, and which, with the wide claims he makes for it, could never have been the rule of conduct and intercourse anywhere, without shaking all the foundations of society and poisoning the best and dearest relations of life.

'Here, therefore, we find pressed upon us the question, What was the origin of these extravagant ideas of domestic honour and domestic rights which are found in the old Spanish drama from the beginning of the full-

* Of these duels, and his notions about female honour, half the plays of Calderon may be taken as specimens; but it is only necessary to refer to '*Casa con Dos Puertas*' and '*El Escondido y la Tapada*.'

length plays in Torres Naharro, and which are thus exhibited in all their excess in the plays of Calderon?

'The question is certainly difficult to answer, as are all like it that depend on the origin and traditions of national character; but—setting aside as quite groundless the suggestion sometimes made, that the old Spanish ideas of domestic authority might be derived from the Arabs—we find that the ancient Gothic laws, which date back to a period long before the Moorish invasion, and which fully represented the national character till they were supplanted by the 'Partidas' in the fourteenth century, recognised the same fearfully cruel system that is found in the old drama. Everything relating to domestic honour was left by these laws, as it is by Calderon, to domestic authority. The father had power to put to death his wife or daughter who was dishonoured under his roof; and if the father were dead, the same terrible power was transferred to the brother in relation to his sister, or even to the lover, where the offending party had been betrothed to him.

'No doubt these wild laws, though formally renewed and re-enacted as late as the reign of Saint Ferdinand, had ceased in the time of Calderon to have any force; and the infliction of death under circumstances in which they fully justified it would then have been murder in Spain, as it would have been in any other civilized country of Christendom. But, on the other hand, no doubt these laws were in operation during many more centuries than had elapsed between their abrogation and the age of Calderon and Philip the Fourth. The tradition of their power, therefore, was not yet lost on the popular character, and poetry was permitted to preserve their fearful principles long after their enactments had ceased to be acknowledged anywhere else.*

'Similar remarks may be made concerning duels. That duels were of constant recurrence in Spain in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as well as earlier, we have abundant proof. But we know, too, that the last which was countenanced by royal authority occurred in the youth of Charles the Fifth; and there is no reason to suppose that private encounters were much more common among the cavaliers at Madrid in the time of Lope de Vega and Calderon than they were at London and Paris.† But the traditions that had come down from the times when they prevailed were quite sufficient warrant for a drama which sought to excite a strong and anxious interest more than anything else. In one of the plays of Barrios there are eight, and in another twelve duels;‡ an exhibition that, on any other supposition, would have been absurd.

* Fuero Juzgo, ed. de la Academia, Madrid, 1815, folio, lib. iii. Tit. iv. Leyes 3-5 and 9. It should be remembered that these laws were the old Gothic laws of Spain before A.D. 700; that they were the laws of the Christians who did not fall under the Arabic authority; and that they are published in the edition of the Academy as they were consolidated and re-enacted by St. Ferdinand after the conquest of Cordova in 1241.

† Howell, in 1623, when he had been a year in Madrid, under circumstances to give him familiar knowledge of its gay society, and at a time when the drama of Lope was at the height of its favour, says, 'One shall not hear of a duel here in an age.' Letters, eleventh edition, London, 1754, 8vo, Book i. Sect. 3, Letter 32.

‡ In 'El Canto Junto al Encanto,' and in 'Pedir Favor.'

'Perhaps the very extravagance of such representations made them comparatively harmless. It was, in the days of the Austrian dynasty, so incredible that a brother should put his sister to death merely because she had been found under his roof with her lover, or that one cavalier should fight another in the street simply because a lady did not wish to be followed, that there was no great danger of contagion from the theatrical example. Still the immoral tendency of the Spanish drama was not overlooked, even at the time when Calderon's fame was at the highest. Guerra, one of his great admirers, in an *Aprobacion* prefixed to Calderon's plays in 1682, praised, not only his friend, but the great body of the dramas to whose brilliancy that friend had so much contributed; and the war against the theatre broke out in consequence, as it had twice before in the time of Lope. Four anonymous attacks were made on the injudicious remarks of Guerra, and two more by persons who gave their names—Puente de Mendoza and Navarro: the last, oddly enough, replying in print to a defence of himself by Guerra which had then been seen only in manuscript. But the whole of this discussion proceeded on the authority of the Church and the Fathers, rather than upon the grounds of public morality and social order; and therefore it ended, as previous attacks of the same kind had done, by the triumph of the theatre.*—Calderon's plays and those of his school being performed and admired quite as much after it as before.'—Vol. ii. pp. 362-366.

Curiously enough, Mr. Ticknor eludes all discussion of Calderon's claims to be considered as a great artist. From these volumes you could never gather a suspicion that criticism had exercised so much of its ingenuity and frivolity in endeavouring to understand the 'art' of Calderon; nor could you guess that he had been boldly placed on a pedestal beside Shakspeare, and even above him. This somewhat vague and declamatory passage is all that we can find as an attempt to characterise the poet:

'But we are not to measure Calderon as his contemporaries did. We stand at a distance too remote and impartial for such indulgence; and must neither pass over his failures nor exaggerate his merits. We must look on the whole mass of his efforts for the theatre, and inquire what he really effected for its advancement,—or rather what changes it underwent in his hands, both in its more gay and in its more serious portions.

* * Things had not been in an easy state, at any time, since the troubles already noticed in the reigns of Philip II. and Philip III., as we may see from the *Approbation* of Thomas de Avellaneda to tom. xxii., 1665, of the *Comedias Escogidas*, where that personage, a grave and distinguished ecclesiastic, thought it needful to step aside from his proper object, and defend the theatre against attacks which were evidently then common, though they have not reached us. But the quarrel of 1682-85, which was a violent and open rupture, can be best found in the '*Apelacion al Tribunal de los Doctos.*' Madrid, 1752, 4to, (which is, in fact, Guerra's defence of himself written in 1683, but not before published,) and in '*Discursos contra los que defienden el Uso de las Comedias,*' por Gonzalo Navarro, Madrid, 1684, 4to, which is a reply to the last and to other works of the same kind.'

‘Certainly Calderon appeared as a writer for the Spanish stage under peculiarly favourable circumstances; and, by the preservation of his faculties to an age beyond that commonly allotted to man, was enabled long to maintain the ascendancy he had early established. His genius took its direction from the very first, and preserved it to the last. When he was fourteen years old, he had written a piece for the stage, which, sixty years later, he thought worthy to be put into the list of dramas that he furnished to the Admiral of Castile.* When he was thirty-five, the death of Lope de Vega left him without a rival. The next year, he was called to court by Philip the Fourth, the most munificent patron the Spanish theatre ever knew; and from this time till his death the destinies of the drama were in his hands nearly as much as they had been before in those of Lope. Forty-five of his longer pieces, and probably more, were acted in magnificent theatres in the different royal palaces in Madrid and its neighbourhood. Some must have been exhibited with great pomp and at great expense, like ‘The Three Greatest Wonders,’ each of whose three acts was represented in the open air on a separate stage by a different company of performers;† and ‘Love the Greatest Enchantment,’ brought out in a floating theatre, which the wasteful extravagance of the Count Duke Olivares had erected on the artificial waters in the gardens of the Buen Retiro.‡ Indeed, everything shows that the patronage, both of the court and capital, placed Calderon forward, as the favoured dramatic poet of his time. This rank he maintained for nearly half a century, and wrote his last drama, ‘Hado y Devisa,’ founded on the brilliant fictions of Boiardo and Ariosto, when he was eighty-one years of age.§ He therefore was not only the successor of Lope de Vega, but enjoyed the same kind of popular influence. Between them, they held the empire of the Spanish drama for ninety years: during which, partly by the number of their imitators and disciples, but chiefly by their own personal resources, they gave to it all the extent and consideration it ever possessed.

Calderon, however, neither effected nor attempted any great changes in its forms. Two or three times, indeed, he prepared dramas that were either wholly sung, or partly sung and partly spoken; but even these, in their structure, were no more operas than his other plays, and were only a courtly luxury, which it was attempted to introduce, in imitation of the genuine opera just brought into France by Louis the Fourteenth, with whose court that of Spain was now intimately connected.|| But

* ‘El Carro del Cielo,’ which Vera Tassis says he wrote at fourteen, and which we should be not a little pleased to see.

† The audience remained in the same seats, but there were three stages before them. It must have been a very brilliant exhibition, and is quaintly explained in the *lira* prefixed to it.

‡ This is stated in the title, and gracefully alluded to at the end of the piece:—

Fué el agua tan dichosa,
En esta noche felice,
Que merecia ser Teatro.

§ Vera Tassis makes this statement. See also F. W. V. Schmidt, *Ueber die italienischen Heldenepische*, Berlin, 1820, 12mo, pp. 269-280.

|| The two decided attempts of Calderon in the opera style have already been

this was all. Calderon has added to the stage no new form of dramatic composition. Nor has he much modified those forms which had been already arranged and settled by Lope de Vega. But he has shown more technical exactness in combining his incidents, and arranged everything more skilfully for stage-effect.* He has given to the whole a new colouring, and, in some respects, a new physiognomy. His drama is more poetical in its tone and tendencies, and has less the air of truth and reality, than that of his great predecessor. In its more successful portions,—which are rarely objectionable from their moral tone,—it seems almost as if we were transported to another and more gorgeous world, where the scenery is lighted up with unknown and preternatural splendour, and where the motives and passions of the personages that pass before us are so highly wrought, that we must have our own feelings not a little stirred and excited before we can take an earnest interest in what we witness, or sympathize in its results. But even in this he is successful. The buoyancy of life and spirit that he has infused into the gayer divisions of his drama, and the moving tenderness that pervades its graver and more tragical portions, lift us unconsciously to the height where alone his brilliant exhibitions can prevail with our imaginations,—where alone we can be interested and deluded, when we find ourselves in the midst, not only of such a confusion of the different forms of the drama, but of such a confusion of the proper limits of dramatic and lyrical poetry.

‘To this elevated tone, and to the constant effort necessary in order to sustain it, we owe much of what distinguishes Calderon from his predecessors, and nearly all that is most individual and characteristic in his separate merits and defects. It makes him less easy, graceful, and natural than Lope. It imparts to his style a mannerism, which, notwithstanding the marvellous richness and fluency of his versification, sometimes wearies and sometimes offends us. It leads him to repeat from himself till many of his personages become standing characters, and his heroes and their servants, his ladies and their confidants, his old men and his buffoons,† seem to be produced, like the masked figures of the ancient theatre, to represent, with the same attributes and in the same costume, the different intrigues of his various plots. It leads him, in short, to regard the whole of the Spanish drama as a form, within whose limits his imagination may be indulged without restraint; and in which Greeks and Romans, heathen divinities, and the supernatural fictions of Christian

noticed. The ‘Laurel de Apolo’ (Comedias, tom. vi.) is called a *Fiesta de Zarzuela*, in which it is said (Jorn. i.): ‘Se canta y se representa;’—so that it was probably partly sung and partly acted. Of the *Zarzuelas* we must speak when we come to Candamo.

* Goethe had this quality of Calderon’s drama in his mind when he said to Eckermann, (Gespräche mit Goethe, Leipzig, 1837, Band. i. p. 151.) ‘Seine Stücke sind durchaus breiterrecht, es ist in ihnen kein Zug, der nicht für die beabsichtigte Wirkung calculirt wird, Calderon ist dasjenige Genie, was zugleich den grössten Verstand hatte.’

† A good many of Calderon’s *graciosos*, or buffoons, are excellent, as, for instance, those in ‘La Vida es Sueño,’ ‘El Alcaide de si mismo,’ ‘Casa con Dos Puertas,’ ‘La Gran Zenobia,’ ‘La Dama Duende,’ &c.

tradition, may be all brought out in Spanish fashions and with Spanish feelings, and led through a succession of ingenious and interesting adventures, to the catastrophes their stories happen to require.

'In carrying out this theory of the Spanish drama, Calderon, as we have seen, often succeeds, and often fails. But when he succeeds, his success is sometimes of no common character. He then sets before us only models of ideal beauty, perfection, and splendour;—a world, he would have it, into which nothing should enter but the highest elements of the national genius. There, the fervid, yet grave, enthusiasm of the old Castilian heroism; the chivalrous adventures of modern, courtly honour; the generous self-devotion of individual loyalty; and that reserved, but passionate love, which in a state of society where it was so rigorously withdrawn from notice, became a kind of unacknowledged religion of the heart;—all seem to find their appropriate home. And when he has once brought us into this land of enchantment, whose glowing impossibilities his own genius has created, and has called around him forms of such grace and loveliness as those of Clara and Doña Angela, or heroic forms like those of Tuzani, Mariamne, and Don Ferdinand, then he has reached the highest point he ever attained, or ever proposed to himself;—he has set before us the grand show of an idealized drama, resting on the purest and noblest elements of the Spanish national character, and one which, with all its unquestionable defects, is to be placed among the extraordinary phenomena of modern poetry.*' Vol. ii. pp. 368-373.

It seems to us that, misled by German criticism, people have been too ready to acknowledge Calderon's poetic and philosophic power, and not ready enough to acknowledge his gloomy grandeur, and the thrilling terror of his situations. Tragic intensity, in the highest dramatic sense, he has not; because, although he can invent situations of appalling horror—situations which spring up from the collision of profound passions, and which ought to bring the whole tragic capacity of a man's soul into energetic action—yet he cannot portray the agonies of a racked soul; he cannot transfer the tragedy of the situation to that of the sufferer. Give him the plot of *Othello*, and he will make little of it but a series of *coups de théâtre*: the desolation of an heroic soul, the whirlwind of its stormy rage, the piercing sobs of its affliction, and the deep calm of its concentrated resolve,—these are beyond Calderon.

* Calderon, like many other authors of the Spanish theatre, has, as we have seen, been a magazine of plots for the dramatists of other nations. Among those who have borrowed the most from him are the younger Corneille and Gozzi. Thus, Corneille's 'Engagements du Hasard' is from 'Los Empeños de un Acaso;' 'Le Feint Astrologue,' from 'El Astrólogo Fingido;' 'Le Géolier de soi même,' from 'El Alcaide de sí mismo;' besides which, his 'Circe' and 'L'Inconnu' prove that he had well studied Calderon's show pieces. Gozzi took his 'Pubblico Secreto' from the 'Secreto á Voces;' his 'Eco e Narciso' from the play of the same name; and his 'Due Notti Affanose' from 'Gustos y Disgustos.' And so of others.

But if not a dramatist in the highest sense of the word—if he must be placed in another rank from that of Sophocles, Shakspeare, Molière, Racine, Alfieri, and Schiller—Calderon has, nevertheless, great and incontestable merits. ‘Great knowledge of stage effect,’ it has been said, ‘great ingenuity and ‘spirit in the working out of complicated plots; an imagination brilliant and fertile, loving to lose itself in the dark regions ‘of terror; wonderful harmony and fluency of verse, with a ‘facility for the production of spirited dialogue amidst a pro-‘fusion of metaphors: these are not contemptible qualities, ‘and these Calderon possesses.’ We cannot terminate this paper better than by an analysis of one of Calderon’s great plays; for one analysis is worth a chapter of criticism; and to prevent this from being superfluous, we select a play which neither Bouterwek nor Sismondi, neither Mr. Lewes nor Mr. Ticknor have chosen for more than a passing allusion, but which we agree with Calderon’s latest editor in pronouncing ‘una de las mas grandiosas composiciones de Calderon.’ It is *A secreto agravio secreta venganza*, the Secret Vengeance for a Secret Wrong, and is, both in subject and treatment very like the celebrated *El medico de su honra* (the ‘Physician of his own Honour’) and *El Pintor de su deshonra* (the ‘Painter of his own Dishonour’).

Act the first opens with Don Lope de Almeida, a Portuguese nobleman, demanding permission of the king to retire from the army, where he has grown grey in service, and to devote the remainder of his life to his new-made bride. The king accords it with a flattering expression. Don Lope is left alone with his servant; and then there enters Don Juan de Silva, in a dilapidated state of wardrobe, having been wandering about the country for some time with a hue and cry after him. To his friend Lope he confides his sorrows. He is hunted because he stabbed a man who spoke disrespectfully of his mistress—a trifle, and yet such is the prejudice of the world, that he would be punished for it if caught. Having listened to his story with that complacency which distinguishes listeners only on the stage, and peculiarly on the Spanish stage, (the story runs over about two hundred lines,) Don Lope then relates *his* story; which is to this effect, that he has married by proxy Doña Leonor de Mendoza, the most lovely, most virtuous, most noble, richest, and wisest of her sex; and to her the ardent husband is now preparing to depart. He offers Don Juan his purse and his house; and the friends set off. The next scene introduces us to Doña Leonor, the bride; but no bridal flush of expectant happiness is on her cheek; her eyes are moistened

with tears, her bosom is oppressed with rising sighs. Her lover, Don Luis de Benavides, is dead, and she has consented to this marriage with Don Lope. This we gather from her conversation with her maid, Sirena. But is Don Luis dead? Not he. Never was he more alive, more daring, more loving. This is the first act; and lovers never die till the last. They only disappear, that 'reports' may spread, and an imbroglio be wrought up. So little is Don Luis dead, that he now appears, disguised as a diamond merchant, endeavouring to persuade her uncle, Don Bernardino, to purchase some for his niece. The complaisant uncle shows her one diamond, which, of course, Leonor recognises with a 'start' and an 'aside,' '*Que veo? Cielos!* What do I see? Heavens!' The *avayvovpiotis* takes place, and under the stalking horse of his assumed trade, Don Luis thus adroitly conveys his declaration:—

'It is I, Senora, who now find the long-desired occasion of parting with my jewels. I have here the rarest and the richest jewels; amongst them I have one named *Constancy*, which would adorn your bosom. I have another named *Cupid*. They say love is fragile; but I have formed mine of the most precious stones, that it may be eternal. I also bring a *Heart*, in which there is no speck of falsehood; and among the rings there is one named *Remembrance*. May I ask permission of your beauty to show you my *Constancy*, *Cupid*, *Heart*, and *Remembrance*?

'DON BERNARDINO.

'He plays on the names of his jewels, to induce her to look at them.

'LEONOR.

'Your jewels may be all that you describe them; but you have chosen the wrong time. I should have delighted in them had you come sooner; but now it is too late. What would be thought of me, now awaiting my noble husband, if I occupied my leisure with contemplating that *Constancy*, that *Heart*, and that *Love*? . . . No, I will not see them. Take back your diamond. I do not question its purity; but . . . do not accuse me of caprice; accuse only yourself for having chosen the wrong time.'

We have barely indicated in our prose the adroit and dramatic tone of the original. Don Lope arrives. Don Luis reproaches Leonor, aside, with her perfidy, fickleness, vanity, and demands how she can reconcile her conduct with her conscience:

'Qué me podías responder
muger tan fácil, liviana,
mudable, inconstante y vana
y muger en fin, muger,
que pueda satisfacer
a tu mudanza y tu olvido?

She justifies herself by telling him she believed him to be dead. Her husband enters; and as she has previously told her lover that, although addressing her husband, what she says is meant for *him*, the lover, she makes a very explicit declaration of her love. The act ends somewhat feebly; but with the express determination of Don Luis *not* to die, as Leonor loves him.

Act the second opens with a conversation, which tells us that Don Luis is very assiduous in his attentions. Leonor orders Manrique, the valet, to seek him out, and say that she counts upon his loyalty not to compromise her; that she implores him to renounce his love, and not to be so perpetually in the street, where his presence must excite suspicion:

‘que maravilla
cuidado en la calle tal
y no sufre Portugal
galanteos de Castilla.

No sooner has she given this order than her husband enters, accompanied by Don Juan. Don Lope is thinking of setting forth for the army, and Leonor urges him to do so; but Don Juan lets fall this sinister advice—‘Do not go, my friend; believe me, do not go, although a woman urges you, and a man restrains you.’ He leaves him with that sentence ringing in his ears; and, in a speech of terrific length, Don Lope gives vent to the agitation of his jealous thoughts, for he too has observed Don Luis waiting about in the street and . . . But in silence he will watch, in silence act. Here the dark cloud appears on the horizon which will grow and grow till it cover the whole heaven with its gloom. We see in the calm ferocity of Don Lope, the tragedy about to unfold itself. Accordingly, when in the next scene Leonor has accorded her lover an interview, we know what the upshot will be. They are surprised by Don Juan, but, in the darkness, Leonor escapes; the two men stumble against each other, and their swords flash out, but Don Luis discovering the door through which Leonor passed, follows her; meanwhile Don Juan, angry at receiving no answer, rushes upon the husband, Don Lope, who now enters, exclaiming—

‘Again I say, who are you?’

Lope. Who is it demands my name?

Juan. One who, if you speak not, will open a thousand mouths in your breast with the point of this sword.

Leonor (within.) Lights quickly!

Enter *Leonor*, *Sirena*, and *Manrique* with lights.

Lope. Don Juan!

Juan. Don Lope!

Leonor. Oh heavens!

Lope. What means this?

Juan. A man left this room as I came in.

Lope. A man?

Juan. Yes. I demanded his name; he spoke not but fled.

Lope (aside.) I must dissemble. Don Juan must not imagine . . .
(*Aloud.*) Ha! ha! by my faith it would have been a pleasant notion if we had killed each other. . . . I did not recognise your voice, and was about to reply with my sword.'

Don Juan is not, however, to be so easily satisfied, and declares that there *was* a man in the room. Don Lope, pretending to disbelieve him, says he will visit every room in the house, and taking a torch in his hand, proceeds, to the terror of his wife, to seek out Don Luis. Presently he re-enters with Don Luis, who explains his presence there by a most improbable story, which the husband pretends to believe. He preserves a haughty politeness, and bows Don Luis out. A fine touch occurs here—one of those dramatic and passionate bursts so seldom met with in the Spanish drama. Leonor endeavours to persuade her husband that she is innocent; he replies—'Do not exculpate thyself, thou killest me! Thou, Leonor, how couldst thou know anything of him?'

'No te disculpes Leonor
Mira, mira que me matas.
Tú, Leonor, pues de que habias
De saberlo?'

The wronged husband, trembling for the safety of his honour, masters all outward and visible sign of emotion, for, as he says, 'The man who broods over a revenge must await the best occasion, and meanwhile suffer, dissemble, and be silent.'

'Elque de vengarse trata
Hasta mejor ocasion
Sufre, disimula, y calla.'

With this concentration of a potent will the second act terminates, leaving the spectator in a state of foreboding and suspense, very favourable to proper attention to the *denouement*.

In the third act the King again crosses the scene for a moment, and lets fall an observation which convinces Lope that his dishonour is made public. Now then for his vengeance! It shall be something to startle the present and appal the future—the universe shall know what it is to outrage a Portuguese :

‘La mas pública venganza
 Será que el mundo haya visto.
 Sabrá ei rey, sabrá Don Juan
 Sabrá el mundo y aun los siglos
 Futuros, cielos! quien es
 Un Portuges ofendido.’

But Don Juan comes, who tells him that vengeance is but the publication of a wrong; and Don Lope resolves upon a secret vengeance. He has engaged the only boat there is to convey him across the river to his wife. Don Luis, who has an appointment with her for that evening, arrives, and is distressed at not finding a boat. The husband, suspecting his object, offers him a seat in his boat—an offer accepted joyfully. ‘Never was man so fortunate!’ exclaims the lover. ‘Thy vengeance is at hand!’ says the husband. ‘This is rather pleasant to be taken to his wife by him,’ says the lover. ‘I take him to his death!’ says the husband. With these thoughts they enter the boat. The suspense is terrible.

Leonor is in her garden awaiting her lover, sad because she fears he loves her less than he did. A shriek without alarms her. She sees a figure struggling with the waves; fears oppress her soul. Her husband enters, his clothes dripping with wet, a drawn dagger in his hand. He has stabbed his rival, and then flung him into the sea. With terrible formality he relates that a Spanish cavalier, by name Don Luis de Benavides, begged for a seat in his boat; the cables which fastened the boat broke; they were adrift; the boat upset, and Don Luis was drowned. Leonor, on hearing this, swoons. As there are others present, Don Lope adroitly gives a pretext for her emotion: ‘Leonor my life, my treasure! . . . Ah! her hands are cold! . . . Don Juan, the shadow of such a danger to me was too much for her; women cannot sustain these shocks. . . . Carry her in.’ Don Juan, who sees through the whole affair, applauds, to himself, the secrecy of this vengeance. But Don Lope is not yet satisfied: his rival dead, his wife still lives!

A cry is heard of ‘Fire! fire!’ The palace of Don Lope is in flames. Soon after Don Lope himself appears, bearing the corpse of his wife, exclaiming, ‘Oh, merciful heaven, restore my wife!’

‘*The King.* Don Lope, is that you?

Lope. Yes, sire. . . . If my sorrow has not quite unsettled my brain, I will inform you of all. This woman, sire, whom you see dead upon my arm, is my wife, my noble, haughty, chaste and virtuous wife, worthy of eternal fame. I loved her tenderly. I rushed

into her chamber to save her, but the flames stifled her, and she expired in my arms. . . . (*Aside to Don Juan.*) And you, valiant Don Juan, learn how vengeance may *not* be the publication of a wrong!

That this is a very effective *drama* our analysis must have made apparent; but it must have made equally apparent the absence of any great profundity or delicacy in its artistic construction. Of it, as of all Calderon's plays, we may say that it exhibits a fine knowledge of stage effect, but not a fine knowledge of dramatic development. The idea is always so much better than the execution.

In parting from Mr. Ticknor's volumes, against which we have been forced to make some serious objections, we must say a good word for the gentlemanly tone he everywhere preserves. With the amplest acknowledgment of the merit of all fellow labourers, he differs from them often as much by his superior courtesy as by his superior knowledge; and if his book cannot be praised for the depth or subtlety of its criticisms, neither can it be objected to for any extravagances, frivolities, pedantries, or misplaced ingenuities. It is fluent, sensible, and even elegant. A scholarly work; above all, a gentlemanly work; but a work which cannot be said to be worth the high price at which it is published in these days of cheap literature, especially not being of a kind which *forces* men to open their purses. While Mr. Bohn publishes Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe' for seven shillings, purchasers will consider some time before giving forty-two shillings for a history of Spanish Literature alone. Mr. Murray may say that Sismondi is not copyright; but neither can Mr. Ticknor's book be copyright, no foreigner having, we believe, the power of holding a copyright in England. That question, however, is not one which affects the public: *they* will only look at the figures, and will have to be assured that this history is very valuable before they give two guineas for it.

- ART. XI. (1.) *The Revue des Deux Mondes*. Nos. for June 15th, 1849, and January 1st, 1850.
(2.) *The Times Newspaper* for 1849.
(3.) *Lord Palmerston's Speech on Hungarian Affairs*. Session of 1849.

Six months ago, the Hungarian struggle was still going on, and the most clear-sighted man amongst us was incapable of foreseeing the issue. Now, however, the issue has declared itself; Kossuth, Bem, and the whole question that they and their comrades represented, have been swept from the surface of Hungary; and in that country, as well as in all the rest of the Austrian empire, there reigns a calm of death. Is the great movement, then, of which the so-called Hungarian insurrection was but a portion and a phase,—is that great movement done and over? May we now retract our eyes from the Eastern half of the European map, and once more go quietly about our ordinary avocations nearer home, satisfied that we have seen out the spectacle? It would be a great mistake to suppose so. The fatal close of the Hungarian struggle was not, and could not be, the close of the movement that so roused and interested us. It was, at the utmost, but the close of one of the acts of the drama; and, though the curtain has now fallen, it will certainly rise again, and present to us, on the same stage, a vivid succession of new scenes. Meanwhile, during the pause that is allowed us, we may find that, in consequence of what we have just witnessed, we are able to form much larger and clearer conceptions of the general drift of the story that is slowly evolving itself before our eyes; and that, acquiescing as we are obliged to do in the recent subjugation of Hungary as a *fait accompli*, we may yet think of that event, not necessarily as the catastrophe and consummation of all that was going on, but rather as a kind of decisive step, or simplification, bringing us within sight of a result too great to have been sooner anticipated. It is in the spirit of such a conviction that we proceed to offer some remarks on the state and prospects of Eastern Europe, and on the duties of England with respect to that part of the world.

The question of the condition and destinies of Eastern Europe has suddenly acquired an importance that it did not before possess. It is not many years since the most advanced political thinkers, both of this country and of France, were accustomed, in their speculations as to the future progress of the species, to take into account only the five great populations, of Western Europe—the French, the British, the Germans, the

Italians, and the Spaniards. The progressive civilization of the world, it was maintained, would be the work of these five nations, acting severally and jointly, each according to its peculiar tendencies; this pentarchy would occupy the van, and it would be for other nations to group themselves as they best could behind, and follow as closely as possible in the same route. This view, which, even at the time it was promulgated, might have been condemned as narrow, both on *à priori* grounds, and by positive reference to such phenomena as a growing Russia on the one side, and a great American republic on the other, has now, it would appear, sustained a blow that it cannot recover. The general effect of the late agitations in Hungary and elsewhere in the same geographical region, has been to make the phrase, *Eastern Europe*, and the conception involved in it, familiar to us. Hungary, Turkey, Croatia, the Slavonian nations, the Magyar race, Battlyanyi, Jellachich—the effect of the incessant repetition during the last twelve months of these and other equally uncouth and picturesque names of persons, places and things, has been to shake somewhat our occidental self-conceit, by bringing more vividly under our notice populations and states of society that, though we were always aware of their existence, we had not sufficiently regarded. As when, in the midst of a noisy party, some person that has hitherto sat silent and inactive, a stranger to all present, is heard to break in at last with a powerful voice, overturning some piece of nonsense that has roused him, and almost alarming people by his energy, till all eyes are fastened on him, and the inquiry goes round, who and what he is? so, in the midst of our occidental politics, have we been startled by demonstrations from an unsuspected quarter, and forced to turn our eyes in a direction all but new to them. We may appeal to all whether the Eastern portions of the European map, the flat, yellow expanse of Russia, the jagged figure of Turkey, and the motley face of Austria, are not now more frequently and studiously looked at than they were a little while ago.

Nor is this sudden interest that has been awakened in Eastern Europe a mere display of foolish enthusiasm. There are, indeed, amongst us men who would resolutely forbid all this kind of interest in remote matters, all outlay of attention on foreign objects, and who, when public feeling takes flight to battle-fields on the banks of the Theiss and wrongs done to patriots in Hungary, would call it back to questions of sanitary reform on the banks of the Thames, and to a consideration of the woes of Ireland. Not a few, also, we regret to say, would see the Hungarian people, or any other people, enslaved

or destroyed, without a sigh, if they deemed this necessary to the success of their particular trade, or the good estate of their particular dividends. But concerning the best thing to look at amidst these very natural objects of solicitude, we would say, in the words of the old adage, both are best. There is a wholesome action and reaction between a care for what is remote and a care for what is immediate. It has not yet been found, we think, that the expenditure of energy in foreign missions has at all impaired the force of Christian philanthropy at home; and those that assert the contrary are not generally the most active in making up for the deficiencies they denounce. Nor, in like manner, should we expect that the man whose sympathy is so diffusive in regard to matters of general social import, as to reach the extremities of Hungary and the frontiers of Turkey, would be the less able or willing on that account to entertain schemes for improving the condition of the sunken masses of our own population. Benevolence, whether exercised on behalf of the near or on behalf of the distant, has but one source and root; and there are times when one would rather see an interruption to all our current processes of domestic charity, were that necessary, than that a distant wrong should be done and no outcry made against it. Were we required to define such times, we should say that they are times when some profound generality is in abeyance, in favour of which a demonstration might be made by the temporary preference of the distant to the near; when, in short, some important truth or principle is dormant, that a marked preference of this kind would thunder abroad.

The present is one of those times. There is at present a great intellectual generality in abeyance, an important principle dormant, that ought to be reiterated and insisted on till all men perceive it. This is the principle of the mutual dependence, or, as the French call it, the political *solidarité*, of all the nations of the world. Notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of this principle, however it should be stated, and notwithstanding the unpalatable French form often given to it, there is incontestable worth and substance in it.

The doctrine of the mutual non-interference of nations, that much lauded product of the critical and negative spirit of the eighteenth century, is now, we venture to say, definitively abandoned, in theory at least, by every political thinker of any eminence, either in England or on the continent. Valuable as that doctrine has been as a critical protest against the military activity and the lust of conquest that distinguished the past, it is now felt that it has almost served its time, and that its perpe-

tuation in the same unlimited terms in which it has hitherto been announced, must necessarily lead to very disastrous consequences. It is now beginning to be felt, for example, that if we in England see any glaring wrong done in any other part of the earth, that wrong blighting, it may be, an area of thousands of square miles, and injuring, materially or spiritually, millions of human beings, living or yet to be born, we can hardly consider ourselves absolved from all concern in the matter, simply because between us and the scene of the wrong, there intervene extensive seas or peopled spaces, and certain traditional barriers of rule and courtesy. It is acknowledged, indeed, that the established method of procedure in such cases is not to be hastily superseded. It is acknowledged that the whole question is too grave to be soon settled, or to be settled by mere impulse. It is acknowledged that the idea of nationality, now inveterate in the mind of the civilized portion of our race, is an idea still based on positive external facts; that, for example, in the name, *The Russians*, there is expressed a large aggregate of real particulars relative to a specified mass of human beings, and that, in like manner, in the name *The French*, there is also expressed an aggregate of particulars true of no other fragment of the species than that designated. It is acknowledged, therefore, that the prevailing system of national division and subdivision, founded as it is, in the main, on such positive facts in real nature, is, in the main, and so long as the correspondence between the form and the fact lasts, to be revered and respected. Furthermore, and for the same reason, it is acknowledged that the natural and proper organ of the wishes and tendencies of a nation, in its intercourse with other nations, is its existing government, whatever may be the form of that government, or by whatsoever train of circumstances it may have been produced and constituted. But, though all this is acknowledged, the ground for dissatisfaction is not cut away. In the first place, it may be denied, and the denial may be supported with incontrovertible proofs, that in the present system of national division there is so close a correspondence between the form and the realities it expresses as there might easily be. The distribution of Europe and its inhabitants, effected or sanctioned by the treaty of Vienna, was in many points, it has been again and again asserted, essentially vicious; traversing, as it did in many instances, for the sake of temporary diplomatic effect, those enduring realities of race, language, and cherished tradition that ought to have been attended to, and thus compelling into union elements that ought to have been kept apart, and separating elements that ought to have been

kept together. It is this conviction of the want of correspondence between the existing national system of Europe, and the realities that can alone justify a national system at all, that lies at the bottom of all those theories of national reorganization that have of late convulsed Europe—the theory of Italian unity, the theory of German centralization, the theory of Hungarian independence. But quite apart from the argument thus arising in favour of some modification of the absolute doctrine of non-interference, there exists another argument, less solid, perhaps, to the popular apprehension, but even more powerful with a certain class of intellects. Admitting, it may be said, the operation of the principle of nationality in human affairs, is that principle to remain for ever the supreme one? Is there no likelihood that, out of the midst of the general progress of things, some still higher principle than that of nationality may emerge, worthy to be placed along with it or above it? Now, for example, that we are enabled to figure the world we inhabit as a round ponderable mass of land and water, and consequently to conceive the human race that is packed upon it as a definite and not very large whole, which, owing to their defective science, our remote ancestors could not possibly do, is no change of political feeling, aspiration, and practice to flow out of this conception; and are we to think and act politically precisely as if we had it not? Is it too much to affirm, that in all our views as to the future of our species, and in all our schemes having reference to that future, this conception ought to be present, and to have a part, lying, indeed, far in the background, on account of its extreme generality, but still operative to the extent, at least, of keeping us familiar with the notion of a possible future organization, that may ultimately unite into one vast commonwealth all the inhabitants of our planet? Now, too, that our machinery for locomotion has, as it were, contracted the earth into one-sixth or one-eighth of its previous dimensions, connecting distant places by steamers and railways, is it chimerical to anticipate a time, not very remote from the present, when, instead of having Austrias, Englands, and Spains for our largest political units, we shall have spaces as large as Europe, in the form, perhaps, of confederacies of nations, three or four such occupying the whole available surface of the globe? In short, out of the natural course of things, is there not inevitably arising for all educated men of any intellectual generality a sense of extra-national expediency, and a conviction of international *solidarité*, differing from the false and derided cosmopolitanism of the past, as that which has a basis in the actual facts and relations

of things differs from that which has none? That the case is so, must be known to all that have attended to the career of recent social speculation. Both Fourier and Saint-Simon, for example, arrange their systems on the evident pre-supposition, that a general organization of the whole human species must, sooner or later, be arrived at; thus putting the sense of extra-national duty and expediency foremost, and treating the revered nationalism of the present day as little better than an abstraction, destined at last to evanesce, as the abstractions of the gens, the clan, and the tribe have done before it, notwithstanding that these were once very real too. And, as minor, but equally characteristic exhibitions of the same mode of thinking, we may allude to the various proposals that are from time to time made even by men of practical sagacity for world-congresses, to initiate great movements affecting the species generally, and for European courts of appeal to decide controversies between nations. Altogether, and to state the matter in its lowest and least chimerical form, we repeat that it is beginning to be felt, and said that the so-called non-interference principle in international politics is a poor and beggarly thing, possessing, at best, but a negative value; and that the time is now come when a nobler and larger spirit must preside over the political intercourse of nations—a spirit not yet rightly phrased, nor, perhaps, understood, but equally distinct, it is to be hoped, from that of a wretched neutrality on the one hand, and from that of a boisterous military activity on the other.

In the connexion, therefore, that subsists between these great aspirations and generalities, and the present difficult problem of the state of Europe, whether in the East or the West, there is, we think, an ample justification for the expenditure of any amount of public interest and intelligence on foreign affairs. 'There is a principle involved,' as Sir Robert Peel somewhat clumsily said, when defending one of our Indian wars; and the evolution of this principle is a thing of sufficient moment to justify a larger degree of attention to foreign politics at the present crisis, than we insular folks, with our notorious stolidity and apathy when not personally affected, are at all likely to give. But if this will not rouse us, there may be a blast from another trumpet. The cry of 'England in danger' would, it is true, be ridiculously premature; but a pretty decided intimation to the effect that we are deeply interested as a nation in the issue of the great European movement that is now going forward, would be perfectly well-timed. Nor would it be difficult to bring down the reasons for such an intimation to the level of the lowest capacity. That there are epochs, waves, vicissi-

tudes in human affairs on the large scale as well as on the small; that kingdoms, empires, and dynasties rise and fall, come and go; that, to state the thing more abstractly, the organisms of nations and races as well as of individuals, are subject to a law of inevitable spontaneous decline—these are facts that no man, capable of observation or reasoning, can disbelieve or gainsay. That the present time is but the passing phase of a great wholesale evolution; and that, as a series of civilizations have preceded it and produced it, so another series of civilizations, should the world last long enough, will follow it and grow out of it, is a kind of axiom with all that have reflected on history. And let but this general truth be stated in a particular form; let but the speculation arise, for example, what may be the condition of our own island two, or three, or four hundred years after this; all cant about British courage and resources, the wooden walls of Old England, and that kind of thing, resolutely set aside, let the question be calmly entertained in the light of general historical analogy, whether the ultimate possession of our island by a race different from that now living on it—say a race with a Russian tincture, is not a probability, nay a certainty; and in what spirit, Mr. Bull, shall we receive the very blue conclusion? Or, retracting our vision from so remote a future, let us simply inquire what may be the upshot, as regards so called British honour and interests, of all this European conflict and agitation. The chimera of a great occidental pentarchy, leading the van of civilization, has, we have seen, just been knocked on the head by a very unexpected burst of independent opinion from Eastern Europe. Now, although Mr. Bull was hardly aware of the fact that he belonged to such a pentarchy, he was a member of it nevertheless—a kind of sleeping partner; and this attack upon the corporation is a matter concerning him as well as the others. And now, accordingly, that negotiations are going on between the old society and the new claimants, negotiations that may end either in a compromise or in a rupture, but that must at least break up the occidental monopoly, and procure new importance for Eastern Europe, it is surely his part to exercise a little vigilance. In other words, it is towards the great region of Eastern Europe that the speculative instinct is now looking, with the infallible conviction that it is there that the avatar of a new civilization is to arise, that it is thence that the new barbaric impulse is to come, that, according to the known laws of history, must reinvigorate and refresh the wasted vitality of the confederacy of senior races. Hence another very significant reason why Eastern Europe should be made a subject of thoughtful study.

Any attempt, however, to come at definite results with regard to these important speculations—whether the speculation as to our future law of international morality, or the speculation as to the probable direction that current events will give to the general movement of humanity—must be preceded by a detailed examination of the real facts of the case. What is Eastern Europe? For all intents and purposes Eastern Europe may be defined to be Austria, Russia, and Turkey; for though there are one or two bits of territory in Eastern Europe not formally included in that enumeration, yet whoever is thoroughly acquainted with Austria, Russia, and Turkey, thoroughly understands Eastern Europe. Before proceeding farther, therefore, with our general remarks and anticipations, let us glance at the condition of these three great countries in succession.

And first of Austria. The Austrian empire, the overgrown development as it is of what was originally but one of the marches or outposts of the Germanic power of Central towards the Slavonian masses of Eastern Europe, now occupies about a twelfth part of the entire area of Europe, or about 255,226 square miles, and consists of twelve countries or tracts of territory, presenting the greatest possible diversities as regards natural features, race, language, usages, &c., but forcibly held together in one political system. These twelve constituent portions of the empire are—the Austrian Archduchy proper; the duchy of Styria; the kingdom of Illyria; the duchy and principality of the Tyrol; the kingdom of Bohemia; the margraviate of Moravia, with the duchy of Silesia; the kingdom of Galicia; the kingdom of Hungary, including Croatia and Slavonia; the principality of Transylvania; the six military frontier districts lying on the borders of Hungary; the kingdom of Dalmatia, a narrow strip of territory on the east side of the Adriatic; and the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice, in northern Italy. The entire population of this great empire is estimated at about thirty-four millions. Of these not more than six millions belong to the German or Teutonic race, diffused pretty largely over all the component parts of the empire, but chiefly massed in the Austrian Archduchy and adjacent western districts; about sixteen millions are Slavonians—to wit, the vast majority of the inhabitants of Illyria, Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Dalmatia, Slavonia and Croatia, and a very large proportion of the inhabitants of Hungary; about four millions and a half, namely, the population of Lombardy and the Venetian States, are Italians; some five millions or thereby, inhabiting the central parts of Hungary and Transylvania, are Hungarians proper, or Magyars, a race of Turkish or Tatar origin; about two millions, living chiefly in Transylvania and eastern

Hungary, are Wallachs, or the mixed progeny of old Roman colonists and Slavonians; and the rest are Jews, gipsies, and foreign settlers. As regards religion, the population of Austria may be classed as follows:—Roman Catholics and members of the Greek church in communion with Rome, about twenty-seven millions; Greek Christians, not in union with Rome, about three millions, chiefly among the Slaves of Illyria, Croatia, Dalmatia, and other southern provinces; Protestants of various denominations, about three and-a-half millions, a considerable fraction of these being among the Slaves of Bohemia, Moravia, and northern Hungary, which countries, it is well known, were the theatre of the early Protestant movement under Huss and his followers; other sects, such as Jews and Mohammedans, about half a million.

Composed of such heterogeneous materials, the Austrian empire is rather a provisional aggregation of peoples for some future purpose, than a permanent consolidation. What we call Austria is a figment, a notion, a theory of the diplomatic brain, rather than a real portion of God's earth defined by any common tendencies, properties, or peculiarities. There is a real Spain, a real Italy, a real Russia; there is no permanent reality at all that answers to the name of Austria. The only semblance of a reality connected with the name and expressed by it is that compulsory political system, centralised at Vienna, that keeps the various parts of the empire together. Whether, therefore, that empire deserves to exist, whether we ought to desire its cohesion, or to pray for its dissolution, depends absolutely and exclusively upon the value of this political system as regards those within and those without it. If the system, that is, if the Austrian government is found on examination to be a good, energetic, and efficient one, then we might be content that this single reality of a good government should continue to overbear, and treat as of minor value, all the other realities of race, language, &c., struggling with it on the same space. Respecting the vigorous hand of the ruling power, and accounting strict and equal government, by whomsoever administered, as the highest blessing human beings can enjoy, we might look upon the various nationalisms of Italians, Hungarians, Bohemians, &c., as in comparison but so much rubbish, and resent their promulgation as mere idleness and insubordination. But if, on the other hand, the Austrian government is intrinsically vicious, or if it stands in the room of something possible and much better, then the Austrian empire merits not the slightest effort to preserve it, and ought to be broken up at once. And herein the case of Austria

differs from that of a real country, that is, of a country existing by virtue of certain unalterable and permanent arrangements of Nature. A verdict of incapacity, for example, against the old Polish government, did not necessarily imply a sentence of extinction against Poland itself, though that sentence did actually follow; for Poland was a fact graven by Nature's own hands on the physical face of Europe, and therefore, still venerable. But a verdict of incapacity against the Austrian government involves by the surest logical sequence, the dissolution of the empire it holds together; for if that government is destroyed, nothing survives in nature to which the name Austria can still refer. All therefore depends on what shall be thought of the government of Austria.

Two years ago the question of the merits of the Austrian government was less difficult of solution than it may appear to be now. For as, unlike most other countries, Austria has but an ideal or theoretical existence, so unlike other countries it may vary its character in obedience to any temporary intellectual pressure. Any form of government that could keep the Austrian states together would be equally Austria with the present. Two years ago, as all know, Austria was a despotism. Except in Hungary and Transylvania, the functions of legislation, taxation, and general administration were entirely centred in the Emperor; who in the exercise of his authority was restrained only by the inevitable necessities of his situation, and by certain traditions and charters possessed by the different provinces, and more or less operative. The representative bodies of the various provinces had only the right of petitioning, the right of apportioning the taxes among the various classes from whom they were to be drawn, and a few other offices and privileges of a similar nature. Thus virtually supreme over ten of the twelve great provinces of his empire, the Austrian ruler encountered a modified constitutional resistance only in two of them, Hungary and Transylvania. The amount of this resistance, however, in Transylvania, was not very considerable, consisting in little more than a less direct mode of administration than that exercised over the majority of the provinces. In Hungary alone was there a constitution of any force. The Diet of that country, an essentially aristocratic body, consisting of the Catholic prelates, and the chief Magyar nobles forming one table, and the representatives of the inferior nobles and deputies from the towns forming another, shared the power of legislation with the sovereign; and displayed great resolution in maintaining their prerogative. This peculiar Hungarian constitution, an anomaly as it was in

the heart of Austria, was a relic of ancient times; having, in fact, been the constitution of Hungary prior to its union with Austria, in 1526, in virtue of a marriage between a Hungarian princess and the Austrian sovereign then ruling. The theory of that constitution, a theory ingrained in the soul of the Magyar race, was that Hungary was not an integral part of the general Austrian empire at all, but only a country attached to that empire, by the fact that its hereditary sovereign was also the hereditary sovereign of Austria. A formality that betokened this was that every new emperor of the Austrian dominions had to go through a separate ceremony, and swear a separate oath, in assuming the Hungarian crown. As was natural, however, the spirit of the Austrian despot was too powerful in the House of Hapsburg to allow the sense of Hungarian constitutionalism to coexist with it, and hence, for centuries the peculiar liberties of Hungary had been in danger.

The official organization that intervened between the Austrian emperor and his subjects consisted of four great secretaryships or ministries—the Privy Chancery of State, the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Finance, and the Directory of Public Accounts. In each of these departments there was a secretary, with his subordinates, but the supreme rank, or, as we would say, the premiership of the whole Austrian empire, belonged to the president of the privy Chancery, called the Chancellor of State. The various great ministers of the several departments, together with one or two of the princes of the imperial blood, constituted the cabinet or council of the empire; and a number of household officers added to these constituted the court. Matured in the council, the decrees of the sovereign were carried over the empire through the medium of the four great branches of the executive, and locally applied through the presidents of the various provinces, and their apparatus of civil and military functionaries. In Hungary, of course, it was only through the Diet that the imperial authority could legitimately initiate any important measures. In all the other provinces, the exercise of power was immediate and absolute, and the government but a system of extended police. Concocted in Vienna by a few German heads, orders and regulations were conveyed through the mingled millions of Germans, Slavonians, and Italians, by sure and swift means, and were obeyed everywhere as enactments of fate.

At the head of this organization, as premier or great chancellor of the Austrian empire, was Prince Metternich. For an entire generation—that is, since the fall of Napoleon—the policy of Eastern Europe had been represented in him, till his

name had become a kind of myth to the rest of the world. He was the genius of aristocratic rule, the incarnation of the principle that all government is but a system of police. To preserve order, and that at any price, was his maxim as a statesman; and hence his whole policy was stationary or retrogressive. 'It would be a mistake, however,' as a brilliant French writer has said, 'to paint this obstinate defender of old traditions as a fierce tyrant, always ready to appeal to the cannon or to the knout as the last argument of kings. M. de Metternich is a man of pleasant manners, of elegant habits, enlightened, subtle, insinuating; he is the Circe of despotism. It is no aim of his to oppress the masses; he would rather win them over, benumb them, and so make them undergo the metamorphosis of the companions of Ulysses. 'Your governors,' he says to them, 'owe you comfortable subsistence and amusement, *panem et circenses*; very well, here they are; civil liberty—well, you may have that, too; political liberty—that you shall not have; it is not of the slightest consequence. Sing, laugh, live well, go to the Prater-gardens, to drink good wine at a low price, to eat roast chicken, and to waltz Strauss's waltzes; make light verses, or babies, if you like that better; but, above all, reason little, or, rather, do not reason at all, else we may be obliged, in a paternal way, to send you to Spielberg, where people are very ill off, I assure you.' A despotism, this, bereft, as some might think, of half its evil; bereft, at least, of half its unpleasantness to the bulk of those living under it, and therefore more secure. 'In Austria,' says another Frenchman, 'many parts of the man are satisfied and tranquil; the arms have work, the stomach has plenty to eat, and were it not that the head feels uneasy when it takes to thinking, everything would be right.' That everybody in Austria is perfectly happy is the constant information we receive from such of our countrymen as have resided for a month or two in Vienna—that paradise of pleasure, where neither a beggar nor a drunken person is to be seen in the streets, and where the illegitimate births are so many. And this information is, of course, duly repeated, as decisive against the Mazzinis and other reputed firebrands of the day, by such profound and high-souled English writers as Mr. Charles Macfarlane. 'Poor country,' said Madame de Staël, teased by these allusions to the happiness of the Austrians, 'where there is nothing but happiness.' But even as regards the alleged happiness, there are two sides to the question, as the Italians, more, perhaps, than any other class of the Austrian subjects, will but too cruelly testify. And even allowing, to the full extent, the assertion that the populations obeying

Austria are materially comfortable, and that this is the result especially of Austrian rule, it would surely be little less than an insult to offer this fact as an acquittance of the Austrian government from any further demands to men that have been accustomed to attach any positive meanings to the words, thought, spiritual liberty, immortality of existence.

That the Austrian government, with all its paternal patronage of the gay and the sensual, did not satisfy the wants of the nations it superintended, was shown by the fact how easily it was swept away. 'After me the deluge,' was the well-known saying of Metternich, anticipating the results of his own death. The saying was prophetic, but the deluge came sooner than had been predicted. Commencing in France, the ground-swell of an unexpected social convulsion rolled eastward over Europe. Germany was revolutionized in a month, and Metternich and the system he typified vanished from the Austrian soil.

To understand the situation of Austria immediately after the revolution of 1848, and the tenor of Austrian affairs from that time to this, it is essential to know what seeds of change existed in Austria before the crisis, what elements were already secretly at work in the bosom of Austrian society, that, when the crisis occurred, came forth to claim and take advantage of it. Several such elements, we think, may be enumerated. First of all, there was the element of *Italian patriotism*, the aim of which was simply and specifically this—to tear away Lombardy and Venice from the Austrian rule, and by driving the Austrians out of Italy, prepare the way for the political regeneration of that noble peninsula. The operation of this element was naturally confined to the Italian provinces of the empire. Akin to Italian patriotism, and, like it, confined to a specific portion of the empire, was the element of *Hungarian constitutionalism*, or, as its critics have begun to call it, *Magyarism*—the aim of which, as expounded by its most distinguished leaders, such as Batthyányi and Kossuth, was to unite all the inhabitants of Hungary, (about eleven millions and a half,) whether Magyars, Slaves, or Wallachs, into one free nation, in which all political inequalities and serfages should cease, and which, still acknowledging the sovereignty of the house of Hapsburg, should yet possess an independent and thoroughly Hungarian executive, so as to be no longer exposed, as heretofore, to the invasions of Austrian tyranny. Antagonistic, at certain points, to this Magyarism, and, if the extent of its diffusion through the empire is considered, still more important, was the element of *Slavism*, or *Slavonic nationality*. To do justice to this element, for as regards its splendour as a social speculation, or the

vast results that may yet flow from it, we must pause a little to describe it.

For more than twenty years prior to the revolution of 1848, a deep agitation had been going on among all the Slavonic populations under the rule of Austria, the cause and subject of that agitation being a kind of hope or presentiment that a great era was at hand, when the Slavonians, dejected and down-trodden as they had hitherto been, should rise up in glory and in terror as one of the ruling races of the earth, the equals and rivals, if not the masters of the Germans. Preached first in Bohemia, Moravia, and western Hungary, where its original apostle was John Kollar, a protestant minister at Pesth, this mystic doctrine had penetrated into Illyria, Croatia, and Slavonia proper, seizing on all the young and ardent Slavonic minds in these provinces, and ultimately it had even crossed the Austrian borders, and found its way into Russia, and into the Slavonian portions of the Turkish empire. A whole new literature burst forth in the service of this new creed. It had its poets, its historians, its philologists, its journalists. The peculiar form and impress which it at last assumed it seems to have received from the Bohemian or Tchekkish intellect—that intellect which, according to many credible testimonies, is among the deepest and most reflective in Europe; so that, for example, in the university of Vienna, some two-thirds of the professors are almost always Bohemians. Announced, as we have seen by the Tchekkh Kollar, it was immediately taken up by such Tchekkish scholars as Schaffarik and Palachy, and, by their erudition, armed at all points, till it became a sound and scholar-like theory. The following may be accepted as a succinct statement of the theory of Slavism, as it was propounded by these men:—We Slaves, they said, are by far the most numerous of the European races, consisting of about eighty millions, while the Germans, at the utmost, do not number more than thirty millions. We are an aboriginal race of Europe, having occupied the same great eastern region from the earliest historic times—that is, as long as the Germans have occupied *their* region. We consist essentially of four great divisions—the Russians proper, or Muscovites, forming the largest mass; the Lekhs, including the Poles, and their kindred, the Ruthenians or Little Russians; the Tchekhs, inhabiting Bohemia, Moravia, and the Slovakian parts of Hungary; and the so-called Græco-Slavonians, inhabiting Illyria, Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, with the neighbouring Turkish provinces or dependencies of Servia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. Politically we are shared out among four great powers—Russia claiming about

fifty-four millions of us, Austria between sixteen and seventeen millions, Turkey about six millions, and Prussia about two millions. As regards religion, about fifty-four millions of us belong to the Greek Church; about twenty-three millions are Roman Catholics, or Greek Christians, in union with Rome; about one million and a half are Protestants, and not quite a million are Mohammedans. But notwithstanding all these diversities, we are still one people. There are certain peculiarities about us, physiological and psychological, that distinguish us from every other people on the face of the earth. The dialects that we speak are but varieties of one Slavonic tongue; and though we have produced various literatures, they are but streams from a common source. We are a people marked out for a great career—less heavy than the Germans, more earnest than the French. There is a wild fire, an eastern sense of the supernatural in the Slavonian soul, not now found in the soul of any other European race. We have also the due versatility of faculty and talent. The Russians are cunning and good traders; the Poles and Ruthenians are energetic and brave; the Bohemians are profound and erudite; the Croats and Servians are fit for anything. That we shall have a career is decreed by heaven, is revealed to us by the cravings of our own hearts, is assured by all the certainties of historic science. But what shall that career be? Shall it be a political Pan Slavism or united empire of all the Slavonic nations under one flag—say that of Russia, either as Russia now is, or as she may soon be? Or shall it rather be a literary and intellectual Pan Slavism, based on a political distribution of the whole Slavonic mass into four groups of states, corresponding to the four great centres now existing—a Russian group, a Polish group, a Teckkish, a Bohemian group, and an Illyrian or Græco-Slavonian group. All this is mysterious to us; time alone can reveal it.

Such was the element of Slavism or Slavonic nationality as it was diffused through Austrian society during the ten or twenty years preceding 1848. It will naturally occur as surprising that an element of such revolutionary power was permitted by the Austrian government thus to spread and develop itself. The truth is, its extremely speculative aspect saved it. It passed as a harmless dream of the Bohemian scholars. Nay, more, it was a theory, from the propagation of which the Austrian government, confiding in the maxim, *Divide ut imperes*, might hope to reap considerable advantage. Such a theory let loose among the Croats, the Slavonians proper, the Slovaks, and other Slavic populations of the Hungarian soil, was the very thing to stir up the hereditary hatred of these populations towards the Magyars, and thereby weaken the force

of the movement for Hungarian independence. Accordingly, when, some fifteen years ago, an Illyrian journalist, Dr. Gai, imported Slavism into the Græco-Slavonic provinces, and promulgated, by means of publications and clubs established in Agram and other towns, the idea of a future union of all these provinces—Illyria, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Servia, Bulgaria, &c.—into one large Slavic state, to be called Great Illyria, the Austrian government did not interfere. Slavism spread over these provinces like fire over dry grass; young officers in the Austrian army, such as Jellachich, embraced it; and thus there arose in south-eastern Austria a vehement conflict between Slavism and Magyarism, grounded, at first, on very fair arguments on the part of the Slaves, derived from the state of subjection in which the Magyars had long kept them, but destined to survive even after, by the generous expansion of Magyarism in the hands of such men as Batthyanyi and Kossuth, all such arguments, or the greater part of them, had been met and answered.

A fourth great element existing in Austrian society prior to the revolution still remains to be mentioned. This was the element of *German liberalism*—an element very widely diffused, notwithstanding the censorship and other precautions of despotism, among the German portions of the Austrian population. The relations in which this element stood to the three that have been already enumerated were peculiar and complicated. With Italian patriotism and Magyarism, it may be said on the whole to have been in sympathy; for the majority of sincere German liberals would have ceded independence both to the Italian and Hungarian subjects of Austria, even though by doing so they should have had to strip the empire of its fairest provinces. But towards Slavism, the German liberals were probably less favourably affected; for what Slavism demanded—namely, the political emancipation of sixteen millions of Slaves, subjects of the empire, would have amounted to the extinction of Austria, as a German power, altogether. Possibly, however, there were some bold radicals that would have gone even this length—that would have consented to see Austria shivered and dis-integrated, her Slavish, Hungarian, and Italian subjects cast adrift to their own chances, and her six millions of Germans drawn back westward to form the skirt of a new and united Germanic empire.

Whoever has fairly conceived and appreciated the four elements of Austrian opinion that we have thus sketched, may consider that he has the key to the whole history of the Austrian revolution of the last two years. That revolution may,

in fact, be described as having been a confused struggle and encounter of the five great forces of *Statu Quo*, or hereditary Austrian policy, Italian patriotism, Hungarian constitutionalism, Slavism, and German liberalism—all five locked and writhing in each other's embraces, and all five carried resistlessly forward at the same time by the external impulse of the general European movement, like a battle in a panoramic picture.

At first, the four aggressive forces seemed to make common cause against *Statu Quo*, or Absolutism. Lombardy rose in arms; the Magyars spoke out their demands like men who knew they must be granted; Slavism rallied in Bohemia, intimidated her courage by at once demanding a separate constitution for that country, analogous to that of Hungary, and, in order that further measures of the same kind might be prepared, summoned a Slavonic congress to meet at Prague, to consist of deputies from nearly all the Slavic populations of Europe; and, lastly, German liberalism, already demonstrative and dogmatic at Frankfort, became rampant in Vienna. It was fortunate for the Austrian court that these several attacks and demands came separately and each from a different quarter. As it was, the policy pursued by the court was masterly, if that can be called masterly which consisted in abject obedience to the necessity of the hour, with a secret malice preposse all the while. Concession, as a first step, was absolutely inevitable; and accordingly concession was made. But concession was made as parsimoniously as possible, and to the various claimants, more or less, precisely as they were more or less near and more or less formidable. To German Radicalism, as being the nearest and most dangerous, a constitution was offered, an Austrian parliament, liberty of the press, a national guard, &c.; concessions that kept Vienna quiet. The Magyars, though not treated quite so well, were softly spoken with; their claims were, as a whole, allowed; and they were left to carry out their constitutional reforms in whatever way might seem best to them. With the Bohemians, a higher tone was taken; their petition for a separate constitution was refused; but at the same time they were allowed to talk Slavism, in the abstract, as much as they liked. For the Italians, there were fair words and—war.

A few months, and the position of parties was wholly changed. As Absolutism had treated with her antagonists one by one, beginning with the nearest, so she proposed to attack them one by one, beginning with the most distant, and conquering inwards. From the very first, indeed, the hope of success to

these antagonists had consisted in the chance of their union. Austria had seen this; and hence, from the very first, her efforts were directed towards the object of detaching one of the opposed forces from the others, and bringing it over to herself. The force selected as most likely to yield was the one that stood most alone, and that, as has already been pointed out, had least sympathy with the other three—namely, Slavism. In Jellachich and his Croats, Austrian Slavism, or at least its most energetic and efficient portion, the Slavism of the south, came over to the ranks of Absolutism. Even then, however, had Magyarism, Italian patriotism, and German liberalism struck a league, Austria might have crumbled to pieces. But that, it seems, could not be. The victories of Radetzki had already put the Italians out of the field; and when, at length, the two remaining parties—to wit, the Liberals of Vienna and the Constitutionals of Hungary—did come to an understanding with each other, it was too late. The cannon of Windischgrätz blew the liberalism of Vienna to atoms; and the last and bravest of the combatants, the Magyarism of Hungary, was left to fight out the battle alone. And alone it did fight, and would even probably have won the day; but that Austria, despairing of her own strength and the strength of her auxiliary Slavism, to boot, as matched against so heroic a foe, had called in to her help the overwhelming force of Russia. And so for a moment we leave her—substantially, it would appear, as we found her two years ago under the rule of Metternich, save that the wrecks of a revolution still strew her surface, waiting, perhaps, to be swept away.

Turning now to the second of the regions of Eastern Europe—Russia, and taking it for granted that the popular works of De Custine, Schnitzler, Kohl, and the author of the ‘Revelations of Russia,’ have already provided our readers with certain general conceptions of this great country, let us attend, specially, to one or two points that it is necessary more particularly to remember when one attempts to define the position of Russia, with respect to the rest of Europe, and to estimate her future influence.

Russia, then, we would observe above all, is distinguished from Austria by being a *real* country; no diplomatic fiction or ideal balance of forces, but a country that draws its title to existence from certain permanent and, as it were, intentional arrangements of nature. This observation, proved as it is beforehand by the very circumstance, that the popular impressions of Russia in this country are so distinct and uniform, while the popular impressions of Austria are so shadowy and

various, is corroborated by every inquiry that is instituted into the facts of the case. Physically, Russia (we speak of European Russia, which alone it is necessary to consider) is one vast plain, 2,110,000 square miles in extent, or more than half the whole area of Europe, lying partly within the temperate latitudes, but on the whole under a cold and wintry sky—a land that men may grow and thrive in, but not a land that, could they shift conveniently, and see a better in prospect, they would always care to live in. The country, in short, is but a tolerable accommodation for the people that occupy it; and it is to each other and not to it that they feel themselves wedded. Thus sitting loose to the soil they inhabit, but holding most strongly together as a nation, the Russians number, in all, about sixty millions of souls, or about a fourth part of the population of Europe. Of these sixty millions, the vast majority—namely, about fifty-four millions, are of the Slavic race; the remaining six millions consisting of Finns or Tchudes, Turks or Tatars, Germans, Jews, and Greeks. The Russians, therefore, are a thoroughly Slavic nation; and whatever are the special peculiarities of the Slavic character, these peculiarities, as modified by the physical circumstances of a northern climate, &c., and by the antecedents of their peculiar history, the Russians may be expected to exhibit. Partly spread over their vast country as agriculturists and cattle-rearers; partly gathered into such towns as St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Novgorod, Minsk, Kursk, &c., where they trade and manufacture with all the zeal arising from an inborn propensity for such kinds of industry, they are already, in the eyes of political economists, a very respectable people; and seeing that they are still but at the commencement of their career, and have an unlimited natural field to work upon, it is impossible to say how much, as regards the accumulation of capital, they may yet do. They are, moreover, a gifted, good-natured people, wonderfully patient and ingenious; and though accused, the Muscovite portion of them especially, of an inveterate tendency to lie and cheat, are not destitute of certain elements of moral heroism. In literature, they have hitherto been little more than clever mimics of the French and the Germans; but in Pushkin, and one or two other poets, they have given evidence of a dormant Slavic originality that may yet accomplish great things.

The impression of the unity of the Russian nation, and its organic distinctness from all others, that is thus derived from the first glance at the country and its inhabitants, is confirmed when we think of those broad social peculiarities, or as, in our occidental haste, we are apt to call them, those strange social

anomalies that constitute, so to speak, the *differentiæ* of Russian civilization. Among these the most obvious and important are the political system of the Russians; their religious creed; and their national tendencies and aspirations, as summed up and expressed in their private rhapsodies and speculations, and in their graver communications with western Europe.

That Russia is an absolute monarchy, that the sixty millions of human beings it contains, are, in liberty, life, and property, at the disposal of one man, called the Tsar, or Emperor, who is held responsible for his actions to God alone—this every one knows. It is also known to most persons that the mass of the Russian population are serfs—either crown-serfs, or serfs of private landowners; that above these serfs, or peasants, are a caste composed of burghers or retail traders, and merchants in three guilds; that on a level with this caste are the majority of the Russian clergy, who, as a whole, and especially the secular or parochial clergy, are not nearly so respectable a body as the clergy of other countries; and that highest of all, but still at the breath of the Tsar, are the boyars or nobles, who fill all the civil offices of consequence, and hold all the military and naval commissions. It is known, too, that the administration of Russia, certain kinds of local business excepted, is conducted by a vast hierarchy of functionaries intervening directly between the Tsar and the people. These functionaries, it is known, are miserably ill-paid, their salaries having been fixed generations ago and not increased since; and hence, as some think, that universal disposition to speculate and accept bribes which disgraces, from the chief down to the lowest commissary, all the departments of the Russian service.

But, while all this is known, we question if the true state of the case as between the Russians and their government, is in general rightly comprehended. Misled by our western associations, and by the tales of Russian insurrections, we are too apt to suppose that the Russian government is held down over the Russian people by the pressure of some external force, and that, if this force were removed, the Russians would exhibit constitutionalist tendencies, and arrange for themselves otherwise. We forget that there is not any evidence that constitutionalism is a universal instinct among even civilised men, and also that the Russians are yet a very rude nation. Were the whole social condition of Russia revealed to us in a flash, we should probably find that *Tsarism*, far from being a system held down over Russia by force, is a system witnessed to with a kind of religious fervour and infatuation by all the real heart

of the Russian people. During the Russian insurrection of 1825, Schnitzler tells us, Sergius Mouraviëff, one of the leading conspirators, imprudently mentioned Republicanism to a regiment of grenadiers, of which he was colonel, and called upon them to cry '*A Republic for ever.*' Puzzled as to the meaning of so new and singular a phrase, and suspecting something to be wrong, they hesitated; and an old grenadier, leaning on the barrel of his gun, spoke out for the rest. '*Vaché blagorodie,*' said he, 'so please your grace, we will shout *A Republic for ever!* or anything else you bid us; but after all who 'is to be Tsar?' And the colonel having explained that in a Republic there was no Tsar, 'Ah, then, your grace,' said the grenadier, 'it will not do in Russia.' Even when shouting on that occasion for the Constitution, the soldiers, it is well known, were under the impression that this *Constitution* was Constantine's celebrated Polish wife, whose name, for some purpose or other, their officers had thought it proper to bring forward in that prominent way. In short, *Tsarism*, abject, subjection to one master, is a Russian idea. The Tsar is, with the Russian people, a necessary part of the general scheme of things; they look up to him as a god, they call him by names that are titles of divinity; and to ask them to accommodate their ways to a world in which there should be no Tsar to think of, would be like proposing to them to take away the sun from the heavens, and provide something else in his place. A remark we have met with in Schnitzler, seems more than any other observation about Russia we are acquainted with, to set this whole matter in its true light. There are in Russia, says Schnitzler, two nations; the one consisting of the educated classes, who, thanks to that cultivation of everything foreign that has gone on among the superior portions of Russian society since the days of Peter the Great, are now very much in the same mental condition as the educated classes in other countries; and the other comprising the bulk of the Russian people. It is the former alone, that is, it is but a small upper fraction of the population, that cherish the ideas and theories of liberalism, or that would be prepared to receive a system embodying them; with the latter, that is, with some fifty or sixty millions of Russian subjects, the idea of the existence of a Tsar is, equally with the ideas of space and time, or any of the other *à priori* ideas on the metaphysical list, an absolute category of all possible thought.

We do not know a more striking illustration of the truth that all important historic movements leave great seeds behind them, than is now afforded by the fact that the old question of

the schism between the Greek and Latin Churches is beginning to be re-opened, in connexion with the present political aspect of Europe. Like ourselves, we should suppose that hitherto most of our readers have been accustomed to regard inquiries into the condition and prospects of the Greek Church, as among the last labours of investigation that even a theological scholar, not prompted by any special motive, would be likely to undertake. We much mistake, however, if, before a few years have passed, this very subject shall not be one with which even our political men will require to be, to some extent, familiar. Our reasons for this anticipation will soon appear.

The Greek Church, it is well known, is so called because it was the Church of the Greek half of Christendom—i. e., of the empire of the East, after the separation of that empire, in the fifth century, from the empire of the West. There were from the first certain small differences in faith and ceremonial that distinguished the churches planted in the Greek from those that were planted in the Latin half of the Roman world; and after the separation of the two empires these differences necessarily became greater. Still, down to the ninth or ten century, there was no formal schism, in ecclesiastical matters, between the East and the West. About that time, however, the growing supremacy of Rome over the churches of the West brought about a decided rupture between the Popes and their Eastern rivals, the Patriarchs of Constantinople; and after this rupture, the progressive development of the Roman-catholic system operated as a cause of still more extensive disunion. The Greek Church accused the Latin Christians of heresy on the subject of the procession of the Holy Spirit from the other Persons of the Trinity; of heresy, also, in believing in a purgatory; of deviations from true Christian practice in the matters of baptism, communion, and the celibacy of the clergy; and of various other ecclesiastical crimes and informalities. To these attacks, the Roman-catholics replied by similar charges; and, notwithstanding a substantial agreement, in the main, between the two Churches, on the great points of doctrine, worship, and discipline, mutual recriminations and excommunications continued to pass between them. Thus opposed to each other, it was not wonderful that the two Churches should quarrel as to which should have the honour of converting the mass of Slavonic heathenism that lay, as it were, like debateable ground between them. The dispute on this subject ended as might have been expected. The western portions of the Slavic mass—namely, the Poles, the Lithuanians, and the Tchekhs of Bohemia,

Moravia, and Hungary—fell to the share of the Latin Church; while the eastern and most considerable portions—namely, the Russians, the Bulgarians, &c.—became ecclesiastical subjects of the patriarchs of Constantinople. Hence that distinctness that still exists, in many respects, between the two great divisions of the Slavic family—the Slaves of the west naturally contracting the political and intellectual tastes of the western world, with which they were ecclesiastically connected; while the Slaves of Russia and Bulgaria received a Greek or Byzantine tincture. Nay, farther; the subsequent disintegration of the Greek empire by the Mohammedan and Turkish invasions having nearly extinguished the consequence of the Greek Church in its native region, its Russian extension acquired quite a new dignity and importance. At present, the Russian Church is by far the largest remaining fragment of the ancient Greek Church; the only other relics of that venerable ecclesiastical system, being those that are found in certain portions of the Turkish empire, in the kingdom of Greece, and in some corners of the Slavic provinces of Austria. As regards doctrine and worship, all these branches of the parent institution agree; in all there is the same weary formalism of chauntings, prostrations, and incense-burning, in lieu of reverence; the same extinction of intellectual, moral, and spiritual earnestness. As regards discipline and organization, however, there are differences. The political autocracy of Russia has necessarily eaten up the Church of that country, and concentrated that, like all other influences, in itself; and hence the Russian Church, instead of looking back to the source whence it drew life, and acknowledging the supremacy of the patriarchate of Constantinople, has constituted itself into a simple ecclesiastical executive of forty dioceses, administered by a body of four metropolitans, sixteen archbishops, and twenty bishops, all of them the servants of the Tsar. Nay, by this assumption of the spiritual as well as the temporal sovereignty in Russia, the Tsar has virtually constituted himself the real pope or universal patriarch of the Greek Church, both in and out of Russia; the poor patriarchate of Constantinople, under which the Greek Christians of the Turkish and Austrian dominions are nominally grouped, being really powerless beside such a blaze of patronage, while the independent Greek church in Greece Proper is but a diminutive institute. This fact, that Nicholas is pope of the Eastern Church as well as Tsar of the Russias, we do not sufficiently remember.

The third great study in Russian civilization, we said, is that afforded by the national tendencies and aspirations that are

now going on among the Russian people. These tendencies and aspirations are, of course, various among the various classes of Russians. According to the general rule that holds with regard to all societies, each class desires chiefly that social change that would remove the evil most pressing upon itself, and does not see or think of anything farther. Thus, what the serfs of the private landowners want is, to be made crown serfs; what the crown serfs want is, to be emancipated, so that they may become free peasants or traders; what the free peasants and traders want is to be taxed less, to make more money, and to be safe from the rapacity of officials—i. e., financial and administrative reform; what the cultivated classes want is constitutional government; and what certain bold spirits want is a republic. Thus there is a gradation of tendencies and a gradation of fitnesses; and although there might be a temporary coalition of all classes in a general insurrection, yet it would be with different desires and prospects, and, in the end, parties would arrange themselves pretty much as before, in a series in which a few republicans would occupy the front, a body of constitutionalists and financial reformers the middle, and a mass of staunch Tsarists the rear. Politically, in fact, Russia is in a singular position. To perpetuate Tsarism there is to keep thousands of educated and able men in a state of intellectual and moral thralldom, from which their capacities and tastes ought to exempt them; to follow the tendencies of these thousands in the matter of government would be to displease and stun the millions, and throw the country into confusion.

Fully aware of this sad state of things, eminent and patriotic Russians have long regretted that alienation between the educated classes and the mass of the population, that extirpation of national peculiarities, by the substitution of foreign tastes in the one, and that brutal degradation of the other, that have made Russia what it is—a barbaric society, with a superficial lacquer of useless civilisation. What they have demanded as the remedy has been some great aim, some general enthusiasm, some outlet for the whole energies of the nation, that would unite the educated thousands and the rude millions together; revive national feeling in the one, and give the other a national training, and lead on both, captains and men, in a career of greatness and glory.

The prayer, it would seem, is already almost answered. Even now, it seems, there is a general enthusiasm diffused throughout Russia, fusing all ranks together, making the Tsar forget the dangers of conspiracy, the constitutionalists their liberal projects, and the people at large much of their wretched-

ness. And this enthusiasm, this spirit sent by Providence, as some deem, to revive and recast Russian society, is essentially that which we have been describing in previous pages under the name of *Slavism*. Imported from Bohemia, the theory of the Slavic scholars of that country has been shaped in Russia into the form in which it has at length come practically before the world—the form, namely, of a Russian Panslavism. That Russia, the greatest of the existing Slavic nations, should take the lead in the movement for the regeneration of the Slavic race; should aggregate the others round herself slowly and gradually as opportunities may occur—those, at all events, that, like herself, profess the Greek faith; should thus form a united Slavonic empire of some eighty millions on the borders of the West; and should then, some day or other, let herself loose in thunder upon that world of atheism and profligacy, shattering the occidental confederacy to pieces, and edueing from its Russianized ruins the phœnix of a new Europe—such, and nothing less, is the Panslavic dream. Nourished, at first, but by a pedant or a poet here and there over Russia, the fanaticism of this astounding conception has crept gradually through Russian society; and at this moment, the man in all Russia most deeply imbued with it, really if not formally, is the Tsar Nicholas himself. Nay, already the spirit of the notion has entered largely into Russian policy—witness such facts as those told by Mr. Paton and other travellers among the Slavic populations out of Russia, respecting the courtesies that pass between the Greek clergy of such populations and the Russian court. In the late jealousies between the Croats and the Magyars, too, Russian influence was known to be at work.

Instead, therefore, of wasting time in inquiries into the financial state of Russia, and in founding calculations on these inquiries as to the probability of a war between Russia and any western power, let politicians strive to picture to themselves the broad moral features that make Russia what it is. Let them handle such realities as Russian Tsarism, the Russian ecclesiastical system, and the Panslavic aspiration now dominant in the Russian mind—realities, we beg to suggest, quite as substantial as bayonets, armies, and gunpowder, and capable even of producing these if wanted. There, and there alone, we affirm, lies the true programme of the activity of Russia. These are the things that give Russia her strength—that fervid and abject Tsarism, that debased ecclesiastical executive, that Panslavic furor, with its moral intoxication; not, we should think, in the first instance at least, her bullion in the bank, her crops of corn, her rotten ships in the Baltic. Mr. Cobden's expo-

tures, therefore, of the poverty of Russia, if true, may be valueless. To say that Russia is weak because she has no money in hand, or because we could blockade her ports, and blow her vessels into dust, is as if one were to try the historic worth of the Crusades before a committee of Manchester manufacturers, or estimate the probable effects of a Bible by carefully ascertaining its weight in ounces. All this we shall make clear anon by a somewhat startling verification; meanwhile let us complete our survey of Eastern Europe by a passing glance at Turkey.

In that hasty way in which popular judgments are often formed, a sudden benevolence seems to have just sprung up in England towards the Turkish empire. Out of gratitude and admiration to the Turkish authorities for their kind reception of Kossuth and the other Hungarian refugees, and for their refusal to give them up, the press and the people of this country have agreed to speak well of Turkey and all that is Turkish. There is justice in this as in most other instinctive manifestations of applause. The conduct of the Porte in this matter *was* noble; and goes far to make good the assertion, often repeated with regard to the Turks, by those who ought to know them—that, semi-barbarians and misbelievers as they are, there are traits of high worth and integrity in their character. ‘They have repeatedly,’ says an *Edinburgh Reviewer*, ‘shamed states of more lofty pretensions by their magnanimity, their generosity, their unswerving adherence to their plighted faith and presumptive duties, and by that disdainful grandeur of soul which refuses to avail itself of another’s error, and renders to misfortune a homage which has never been extorted from them by power.’ A eulogy in which all must acquiesce! But let not this little handsbreadth of just emotion spread out so as to obscure the greater question that is at present involved, the question, we venture to say, alone worth the notice of a mind that would march straight to the point,—whether, namely, the Turkish empire is a good or an evil thing; whether the portion of God’s earth, and the millions of God’s creatures comprised in it, are the better or the worse for its existence. Let our statesmen, our travellers, our reviewers, leave minor things alone, and grapple with that. Nor is the necessary course of study tedious or difficult. Let a general conception be but first formed of what the Ottoman empire really is—a vast area of some 640,000 square miles, lying partly in Europe and partly in Asia; this area rudely divided into about twenty-eight great provinces or eyalets, which again are subdivided into districts; and the whole overspread by about twenty millions of human

beings of different races, creeds, and languages, (Greeks, Slaves, Wallachs, Arabs, Syrians, &c.) held together and garrisoned by a mere handful of Turks. Let it be remembered also, what are the countries included in this empire—the plains of Assyria and Babylon; the seats of Greek splendour and civilization; and that little land, now so desolate,

‘ Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
That, eighteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, to the bitter cross.’

Then, with this conception in one's mind, let one turn to any of our multitudinous books of modern travel in the East; and out of these alone, we venture to say, one will find the doom of the Turkish government. Take, for example, Mr. Layard's book on Nineveh; and let that book be read with a reference throughout to the state of the Turkish administration among the Shemitic peoples. Honest and upright Turks do, indeed, figure in Mr. Layard's narrative; and on the whole there is a distinct impression conveyed that the Turks individually are men of sterner fibre than the pliant and fervid Shemites, amidst whom they are scattered; born, as it were, to make them obey, though they have not a spark of their genius, just as the stolid Romans governed the supple Greeks. But the general impression made by the book, if we may judge from its effect upon ourselves, is nothing short of this—that the Turkish rule is, and has been, a mere dead incubus upon the millions subjected to it; that horrors and atrocities go on under that rule that, if they were better known, would rouse the indignation of Europe; and that, were the time for chivalrous enterprises not past, there would be ample warrant, both divine and human, for such an interference on the part of England, or of any other western power, as might cashier the Turks from their position altogether, and transfer into better keeping the stewardship of their sacred and patriarchal lands. Nor, probably, is the hour distant when the vial shall be poured out on this part of the earth. True, as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* says, this is no new anticipation with regard to Turkey, which has already been in ‘its nominal agony’ for five generations. But there are peculiar signs at present that seem to betoken the approach of the long pending catastrophe; and among these by far the most important is that process of political disintegration that has for some time been going on among the Slavic populations of Turkey, under the two-fold influence of direct Russian intercourse, and the epidemic Slavic fever. Is it to Russia, then, that the stewardship of the Turkish portions of the earth is about to fall; or, content with absorbing her Slavic kindred, and with advancing her flag to the

Bosphorus, will Russia leave Asia Minor and Syria to the better care of England? A question for the prophet Zadkiel as it now stands; but a question that will soon be very distinctly asked!

Having thus glanced successively at the three great regions of Eastern Europe, and having presented what we consider the points of moral interest about each, it only remains to bring together the three sets of impressions that we have obtained, so as to catch what may be regarded as the true passing phase of the question under discussion.

To do this, we have only to consider what have been the issues of that transaction in which the three powers of the East were momentarily brought into contact—the struggle of the Hungarians for independence. In the first place, as regards Russia and Austria, the issue has clearly been the political aggrandizement of the one, and the political degradation of the other. Russia is now the mistress of Austria, and whatever moral relations formerly subsisted between the fifty-four millions of Slaves that are governed by the Tsar, and the sixteen millions of Slaves that constitute so large a proportion of the subjects of Austria—these relations are now drawn infinitely tighter. Secondly, as regards Russia and Turkey, the issue has been a demonstration of conscious power over conscious weakness, such as has rarely been exhibited in modern times. We believe that the demand of the Tsar for the surrender of the Hungarian and Polish refugees, was a stroke calculated for a deeper effect than appeared; that, in short, the surrender or refusal of the refugees was a matter of supreme indifference to him, and that what he wished was to elicit by this obvious and safe means, a greater and more extensive display of European opinion about himself and his measures than could have been procured otherwise. The demand made upon the Porte was, as it were, but a light thrown up to reveal by its instantaneous glare the appearances and positions of objects over a wide extent of surface. Had Europe made no demonstration on behalf of the Porte and the refugees, Nicholas would have persisted in his demand, convinced that the time had come for a great PanSlavic attempt against the Turkish Empire. As it is, however, he has made peace with the Porte; and agreed with himself to keep PanSlavism a little longer in the preliminary state of theory.

Slavism, therefore, PanSlavism, The institution under Russia of a great Slavonic empire that shall cover Eastern Europe—such are the phrases of the present crisis. All speculation that does not include and apprehend these phrases, or that occupies itself about anything less than the generalities they involve, is but

commonplace and rubbish. Let them be repeated and expounded till all know what they mean, and what to think about them. And, that this may be done, with reference to a text more authentic and significant than any expositions from a mere English pen, let the following sentences written in St. Petersburg itself, and revealing what may be called the most advanced developments of the Slavic theory, be duly weighed and considered. We translate them from the numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 15th, 1849, and January 1st, 1850. The first of these contains, in its fortnightly summary of news, extracts from a paper; a few copies of which had been brought from St. Petersburg, entitled, '*Memoir presented to the Emperor Nicholas since the Revolution of February, by a Russian in high employment in the department of foreign affairs*;' and in the second, just published, we find under the title of '*The Papacy and the Roman Question from the St. Petersburg Point of View*,' a complete and elaborate paper, which the editor assures us is a contribution to the *Revue* from the same Russian pen. What we here print may therefore be received almost as portions of an official Russian manifesto. And first, for a general definition of the position of Russia with regard to the rest of Europe.

'Russia is, above all, the Christian empire; the Russian people is Christian not only by the orthodoxy of its beliefs, but by something yet deeper than belief—by that faculty of renunciation and sacrifice that is the foundation of man's moral nature. The Revolution, on the other hand, is, above all, antichristian. The antichristian spirit is the soul of the Revolution, its proper and essential character. * * There is in all Europe but one man that has understood this moral situation; and that man is the Tsar. The reason is, that happily there is on the throne of Russia a sovereign in whom Russian thought is incarnate; and that Russian thought alone stands sufficiently out of the revolutionary element fairly to appreciate its effects.'—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, No. for June 15th, 1849, pp. 1053-4.

The following refers more especially to the Tchekkish portions of the Slavic population of Austria, and the position of Russia with regard to them:—

'People have forgotten that in the heart of this Germany for which they are dreaming unity, there is in the Bohemian basin, and in the Slavic lands surrounding it, some six or seven millions of men for whom, from generation to generation, during centuries, Germany has never ceased for an instant to be a foreign country. All that remains to Bohemia of her true national life is in her Hussite beliefs, in that perpetual protestation of her oppressed Slavic nationality, as well against the usurpation of the Roman Church, as against German domination. There is the bond that unites her to all her past of struggle and glory;

there also the chain that may one day attach the Tchekhs of Bohemia to their brothers of the East. One cannot insist enough on this point; for it is precisely these sympathetic reminiscences of the Eastern Church, these returns towards the old faith, of which Hussism in its time was but an imperfect and disfigured expression—it is precisely these things that establish a profound difference between Poland and Bohemia; between Bohemia submitting only reluctantly to the yoke of occidental communion, and that factiously Catholic Poland, fanatical organ of the West, always treacherous to her own kin?—*Ibid.*, p. 1054.

To the same effect are the allusions to the condition of the Slavic parts of southern Austria on the Turkish border; ‘where in every hut, side by side with the portrait of the Austrian emperor, travellers see the portrait of another emperor, whom these faithful races persist in regarding as the only legitimate one.’ And the conclusion is thus summed up:—

‘Why dissemble? It is little likely that all these shocks of earthquake that convulse the West will arrest themselves at the threshold of the East; and how can it be but that, in this war to the death, this crusade of impiety, which the Revolution, already mistress of three-fourths of Western Europe, prepares against Russia—how can it be but that the Christian East, the Slavic and orthodox East, she whose life is indissolubly connected with ours, shall find herself drawn along, in the struggle, in our train? And it is, perhaps, with her that the war will commence; for it is easy to foresee that all these propagandisms that have hitherto been working there,—Catholic propagandism, Revolutionary propagandism, all opposed among themselves, but all united in a feeling of common hatred to Russia,—are now likely to work with greater ardour than ever. One may be sure they will halt at nothing to gain their ends. And what, just Heaven! would be the condition of all these populations, Christians like ourselves, if, a prey as they have hitherto been to all these abominable influences, the only authority that they invoke in their prayers, were to fail them at such a moment! In a word, into what horrible confusion would not these countries fall, if the orthodox emperor of the East should still long delay his appearance?’—*Ibid.*, p. 1055.

In these passages, written, it must be remembered, before the late interference of Russia in the Hungarian war, two things are to be observed, besides their high Panslavic tone. The one is the careful and studious opposition that is kept up between the East or Russia, and the West or Revolutionary Europe; the other is the equally studious identification of these two opposed regions, or forces, with their ecclesiastical correlatives—the Greek, or as the writer calls it, the Orthodox, or Christian Church, standing as the synonym for Russia; while the Catholic, False, or Schismatic Church stands, a slight abatement being

made in favour of Continental Protestantism, as the synonym for Western Europe.

This last form or ingredient of Panslavism, already alluded to by us in the remark we made as to the importance that the old fact of the ecclesiastical schism between the East and the West is again beginning to assume, deserves a little further notice. The Tsar, it seems, is to revive the ecclesiastical controversy. That Greek Church, about whose rights and claims Western Europe has long cared so little, and against which even theological animosity seemed dead, is now suddenly seized with a new ambition, and arrogates in the face of Christendom, titles unheard of since the days of Hildebrand. She, and she alone, she pretends, is the depository of the truth; she is the Orthodox and Christian Church; she it was that persisted in the ancient apostolic forms and doctrines; and Rome, and not she, was the apostate. To woo or drag back this erring sister; to include the infidel West once more within the true orthodox pale; 'to change the axis of the religious world'—these, therefore, are her new-born intentions. And, in reply to any expressions of surprise or ridicule that may be elicited by such a declaration coming from such a quarter, a rodomontade so grand from a Church so abject, she knows beforehand what to say. It is the peculiar character of the Greek Church, she says, to serve the temporal power, to speak when it speaks, to be silent when it is silent; it is this that distinguishes her from the Latin Church; and hence her ambition is the proper accompaniment and result of a crisis such as the present, when the state she serves commands her assistance. In other words, the Papacy of the East is an appanage of the Tsarship of Russia; and the triumph of Greek orthodoxy is but a vast corollary of Panslavism.

The following passage, which forms the conclusion of the article, *The Papacy and the Roman Question from the St. Petersburg Point of View*, puts all this into its clearest and most memorable shape; and projects, as it were, the lurid scowl of the Tsar farthest into the condition of Western Europe:—

'Here, certainly, is a situation truly deplorable, (the situation of the Papacy has just been described,) and which presents all the characters of a providential chastisement; for what greater misfortune can be imagined for a Christian priest (the Pope) than that of seeing himself thus invested with a power which he cannot exercise except to the destruction of souls, and the ruin of religion? No; surely this situation is too violent, too contrary to nature, to last long. Chastisement or probation, the papacy cannot much longer remain shut up in this fiery circle, without God, in his mercy, coming to her aid, and opening to her a way, an issue mar-

vellous, startling, unlooked-for, or rather, we should say, looked for these many centuries. Perhaps she is still separated therefrom, she and the church subject to her laws, by many tribulations and many disasters; perhaps she is yet but at the beginning of these calamitous times. In effect, it will be no small flame, no mere conflagration of some hours, that, devouring and reducing to ashes whole centuries of worldly pre-occupations, and antichristian enmities, will remove from before her this fatal barrier, that hides from her the desired issue. And how, in the view of what is passing, in the presence of this new organization of the principle of evil, the most skilful and the most formidable that men have ever seen; in presence of this world of evil, all constituted and all armed, with its church of irreligion, and its government of revolt—how, say we, shall it be forbidden to Christians to hope that God will deign to proportion the strength of His Church to the new task which He assigns her? that on the eve of the combats now approaching, He will deign to restore to her the plenitude of her strength, and that, for this purpose, He Himself, in His time, will come to heal with His merciful hand the wound in her side made by the hands of men, this open wound that has bled for eight hundred years? The orthodox (Greek) Church has never despaired of this cure. She waits it, she reckons on it, not only with confidence, but with certainty. How shall that which is a pure principle, that which is one throughout Eternity, not triumph over disunion in Time. Despite the separation of several centuries, and athwart all human obstacles, she has not ceased to remember that the Christian principle has never perished in the Church of Rome, that it has ever been stronger in her than the error and passion of men; and this is why she has the profound conviction that it will yet be stronger than all its enemies. She knows, also, that at the present hour, as during centuries past, the Christian destinies of the West are still in the hands of the Church of Rome; and she hopes, with confidence, that at the hour of the great reunion, she (the Church of Rome) will restore to her (the Greek Church) intact this sacred deposit.

‘Let me be permitted to recal, in conclusion, an incident connected with the visit that the Emperor of Russia made to Rome in 1846. The recollection may still be fresh, of the general emotion that attended his appearance in the Church of St. Peter—the appearance of the orthodox emperor, returned to Rome after many centuries of absence! and of the electrical thrill that ran through the crowd, when they saw him go to pray at the tomb of the Apostles. This emotion was just. The kneeling emperor was not alone; all Russia knelt with him; let us hope that she did not pray in vain before the holy relics!’

It is certainly possible that, though these sentences came from St. Petersburg, they may have no official weight whatever, but may be merely the effusions of some clever fellow with a large incontinence of ideas, that has assumed to himself the task, easy enough on paper, of chalking out a career for Russia, and hewing the Colossus of the north into a second Charlemagne.

One can hardly but believe, however, that such daring things, published by one who styles himself 'A Russian Diplomatist,' must have received, before leaving St. Petersburg, some kind of authorization. And, in any case, as the highest and most exaggerated expressions that have yet appeared of a creed known to exist, and to be in active operation, they merit earnest attention.

To follow up the preceding elucidation of what appears to us most interesting in the present aspect of Eastern Europe, with anything like an adequate consideration of the duties that such a state of things devolves on the western nations in general, and on our own country in particular, would require far more space than remains at our disposal. Arrived, however, as we now are at that period of the year when the nation, assembling after its holiday, begins once more to bustle over arrears, and to ask, with such temporary zeal, the question, 'What is to be done?' we cannot close without a word or two as to the spirit in which we should desire to see the three parties, whose co-operation constitutes the efficient power of England abroad—to wit, the People, the Press, and the Parliament—severally entertaining the great Continental question.

As regards the People: what they want is certainly neither right permanent feeling nor right momentary perception as to what passes on the Continent. It was perfectly cheering to see the sudden outburst of sympathy that took place all over England some few months ago in behalf of the Hungarian patriots. Somehow, the cause of Hungarian independence came home more powerfully to the British bosom than even the noble cause of Italian liberty. And in this preference of Hungary to Italy, though it will not bear any very profound justification, there was still a kind of broad reasonableness. In the first place, the phraseology of the Hungarian struggle: its Constitutionalism, as distinct from Republicanism; its concrete and traditional character, as distinct from the abstract and philosophical aims inscribed on the banners of the Italian Revolutionists—all this gave it an advantage with us. Then, again, the qualities of the Magyar mind—massive, heavy, and obstinate, like our own, and blasting out such mingled smoke and fury when it had been roused—had naturally a greater chance of appreciation from us than the quick, flashing, and clear spontaneity of the Italian temperament. Kossuth, for example, seemed more an Englishman than Mazzini. And, lastly, we had a kind of parental interest in the Hungarian struggle; for while it was to France, gallant France, that Italy had always looked for hope and encouragement under her misfortunes, the soul of Hungary had nurtured itself with

English thought and with studies of English history. But whatever were the causes of British enthusiasm in behalf of the Hungarians, its display was a noble and significant spectacle. It is not right instinct, then, that the English people want; but rather substantial knowledge, real instruction, with regard to foreign matters. We should like to see England flooded with *the proper generalities* of the present crisis; the proper *isms*, so to speak; the proper descriptive and expository phrases. 'The butcher Haynau;' 'the woman-flogging Emperor of Austria;' 'the clutches of the Russian Bear'—such phrases are good and serviceable in their way; but we would willingly exchange whole cartloads of them for one such luminous glimpse into the true state of matters in the East as would be afforded to the people by even the casual appearance in a newspaper of such a word as 'Panslavism.' In short, we should like to see more of the historical and reflective spirit abroad, and less of the merely rhetorical and vituperative. Were the just and strong instincts of the British heart, as revealed in the recent demonstration in behalf of Hungary, to act through, and in subjection to, a few large political conceptions, a few dominant intellectual generalities, we know nothing that Great Britain could not do as a moral judge of other nations.

The British Press has, on the whole, behaved, in the question of Eastern Europe, as became the organ of British opinion. Headed by the 'Daily News,' whose labours in procuring ample and accurate information were beyond all praise, and whose own commentaries on that information did so much to spread among the people general conceptions of the very kind that we have been desiderating—the metropolitan newspapers may be said to have protested one and all against the atrocity of the invasion of Hungary; and to this protest the provincial press at once and universally gave in its adhesion. The 'Times,' too, yielded so far to the current of popular feeling, as to furnish a leader or two in the right spirit. But the curse of some mysterious preference for the less noble and generous, in every movement of any social importance, presides over the conduct of that newspaper. Hence that wretched style of mingled sophism and *reticence*, that has distinguished most of its recent leaders both on Hungary and Italy, suggesting always the idea of powerful writing from a mean heart; and hence, too, we must suppose, that tone of mingled drivelling and scandal in its correspondence from those countries, of which, for months past, everybody in London has been expressing so much contempt. But without referring more particularly to the past, we may simply express our opinion, that what is to be desired from the English press

for the future, is a more studious and reflective mode of writing on foreign matters—a larger share of that tendency to generality, and that taste for high political conception, rather than mere bluster and gossip, which it is one of the express functions of the journalist to assist in diffusing among the people. In this respect, the newspaper press of England is, with one or two exceptions, far behind that of France.

If the fault of the people at large in reference to foreign questions is that of depending too exclusively on the mere broad instincts of sociability and philanthropy, the fault of our political and official men is almost exactly the reverse—that of being too little under the dominion of such instincts, and too much under the dominion of certain traditionary abstractions that have ceased to have any effective meaning. ‘The Balance of Power,’ ‘The interest Great Britain has in the continued integrity of the Austrian and Ottoman Empires;’ we defy the best special pleading to make out any sense in these phrases that is grounded on the actual facts and arrangements of the existing world; and yet a few such forms of words constitute the whole stock in trade of many of our foreign politicians. Let these relics of an old metaphysical system of politics be thrown aside; and let our politicians accustom themselves to the conceptions of those hard and substantial realities—the physical conditions of various countries; the habits, tastes, and tendencies of those that inhabit them, &c.—on the due appreciation of which all right political conclusions must be based. When Turkey, for example, is under discussion, let it be always in mind that the word *Turkey* means ‘twenty-three millions of human beings inhabiting a specified portion of the earth’s surface;’ and let all the reasoning be with regard to these millions, their culture or ignorance, their happiness or misery, and not with regard to any mere abstract Turkey of the diplomatic brain. How efficient such a style of handling foreign questions may become, is proved strikingly in the case of Mr. Cobden. One of the principal merits of this gentleman is, that he applies plain general considerations, such as those of justice, duty, and expediency, to questions of foreign politics; throwing diplomatic fictions and forms of words overboard, and boldly seizing the *res ipsæ* that they help to conceal. And in Lord Palmerston, notwithstanding the greater reserve that his official position renders necessary, we have an example of the same sound and positive method. The country, we trust, will not soon forget his Lordship’s speech on the Hungarian war. Let us hope that with such a man as Mr. Cobden to stir the question of our foreign policy in the House of Commons, opportunities will be afforded in the midst of the Protectionist

debates, the new Sanitary propositions, and the new Irish measures that are to occupy the present session, for something like a distinct expression also of British opinion in reference to the foreign events of the last six months ; and let us hope, moreover, that, with a statesman like Lord Palmerston to conduct our foreign relations, such an expression will not be balked of some notable practical issue. The Hungarian Question, we repeat, is not yet at an end. The Panslavic movement may, indeed, triumph ; but even should a Panslavic empire be formed on the ruins of Austria and Turkey, Hungary will still remain an undissolved mass in the midst of it ; and when the day shall come—as undoubtedly it must come—when the Panslavic dominion, throwing off its Tsarism, shall itself be split up and constitutionalized, who knows whence may come the element of disintegration ?

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CRITICISMS ON BOOKS.

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Physical Atlas. 2. The Domestic Bible. 3. Rogers's Life of Christ. 4. Residence in New South Wales. 5. James's Protestant Nonconformists. 6. Fox's Religious Ideas. 7. Stowell's Memoir of Hamilton. 8. Cunninghame's Chronology. 9. Maurice on the Prayer book. 10. The Pastor's Wife. 11. First Settlers on the Oregon. 12. Thompson's History of Leicester. 13. Library of Christian Literature. 14. Dr. Cumming's Communion Table. 15. ———— God in History. 16. ———— Apocalyptic Sketches. 17. Strauss's Sinai and Golgotha. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 18. Pilgrimage to Walsingham. 19. Leifchild's Christian Emigrant. 20. Olshausen's Commentary. 21. Neander's Church History. 22. Horæ Paulinæ and Horæ Apostolicæ. 23. Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations. 24. Cheever's Water of Life. 25. Bishop on the Study of Mind. 26. Essays, by Sir James Stephen. 27. Capper on the Romish Doctrine. 28. Our Scottish Clergy. 29. Sworde's Apostolic Sketches. 30. Willan's Land of Israel. 31. Leask's Great Redemption. 32. Dixon's London Prisons. 33. Hall's Life of Dr. Gordon. 34. The Crisis of Being. |
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I. *The Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena.* By ALEXANDER KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S. Royal quarto. William Blackwood & Sons. 1850.

THIS is an edition of the 'Physical Atlas' reduced from the edition in imperial folio, for the use of Colleges, Academies, and Families. If we do not assign large space to our notice of it, it is not because the work is not eminently entitled to such notice, but because we have taken more than one occasion to express our high estimate of the folio edition which appeared some time since. The 'Natural Phenomena' included in this work are those embraced under the terms Geology, Hydrography, Meteorology, Natural History. On all these subjects the work gives large information, fully up to the latest discoveries in these sciences, admirably illustrated by coloured maps and diagrams. So complete are the several parts of the work, that not only the four great divisions, but the lesser subdivisions, are printed and sold separately. The folio edition is published at Ten Guineas; this, we believe, for about a fourth of that sum, while in appearance it is fit to take its place beside the most costly volumes in any nobleman's library.

II. *The Domestic Bible.* By the Rev. INGRAM COBBIN, M.A. Royal 8vo. Partridge & Okey. 1849.

This volume presents the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Versions, with the Marginal References, and the usual various Readings—together with Notes, Reflections, Questions, Improved Readings; Improved Divisions of Chapters; the Chronological Order; Metrical portions distinguished; and various other advantages, *without* disturbing the usual order of the books, verses, and chapters. It is enriched, moreover, with a large number of elegant and highly illustrative engravings. The title, 'The Domestic Bible,' suggests that the notes are not so critical, nor the reflections

so extended, as to preclude their forming a part of daily family reading. We trust that the liberal expenditure of the publishers that must have been incurred in giving existence to such a work will be amply repaid; and that this new effort on the part of the editor, who has already done so much to facilitate the study of the Bible, will be one of his most successful labours.

III. *The Life of Christ, illustrated in a Series of Twelve Lectures.* By J. G. ROGERS, B.A. Fcap. pp. 300. Whitaker. 1849.

These lectures are from the pen of a young minister, but they are not to be placed among ordinary productions. They indicate an intimate acquaintance with the course of modern thinking and authorship, both in this country and elsewhere, and are characterized by a broad intelligence, cogent reasoning, and devout feeling. As addressed to a popular auditory on the Sabbath-day, they do not of course descend into critical minutiae, but they often suggest much where little is elaborated. We feel assured that the mind which could produce such a volume, if spared to the church, will do more.

IV. *New South Wales: its Past, Present, and Future Condition; with Notes upon its Resources and Capabilities.* By a RESIDENT OF TWELVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE. pp. 140. Johnstone & Co. 1849.

The 'Resident' speaks well of his adopted country. The book is full of information, is liberal in spirit, and written with much apparent impartiality. It teems with the common cry against our Downing-street people. If there be any truth in the old adage—'what everybody says must be true,' there is much that marvellously needs mending in the Colonial Office. Our only complaint of this book respects its title. That a man should give us a treatise on the past or present state of Australia, we can understand, but a narrative of what is to come, is taking time by the forelock with a witness.

V. *Protestant Nonconformity: a Sketch of its General History, with an Account of the Rise and Present State of its Various Denominations in the Town of Birmingham.* By JOHN ANGELL JAMES. 12mo, pp. 279. Hamilton. 1849.

This is one of a class of works that frequently outlive the more elaborate productions of authorship, and do their appointed service long after the men who have produced them have been gathered to their fathers. The book is interesting now, but we can imagine that it will be greatly more interesting to the curious among the people of Birmingham, and to the historian of Nonconformity, two centuries hence. It is a narrative which reminds us of the past, and puts us upon asking questions about the future, and on this account we shall perhaps return to it ere long. In the meanwhile, the subject, and the name of the author, will suffice to commend it to our readers.

VI. *The Religious Ideas.* By W. J. Fox, M.P. 8vo, pp. 245. Charles Fox. 1849.

This book contains much that is true and beautiful; but it demonstrates, what we have long since feared, that Mr. Fox has ceased to be a believer in Christianity, as being, in the common meaning of the terms, of divine origin. His present creed, it would seem, is a simple Deism, if it does not lean towards Pantheism. Yet how much is there in his public sympathies, and even in his 'religious ideas,' on which all benevolent, patriotic, and devout men must be at one with him. His religious faith, so far as we can ascertain it, is in substance the same with that of Theodore Parker, but wide is the distance between the spirit and taste of this book and that.

VII. *Memoir of the Life of Richard Winter Hamilton, LL.D., D.D.* By WILLIAM HENDRY STOWELL, D.D. 8vo, pp. 498. Jackson & Walford.

This is no place in which to speak of the merits of the late Dr. Hamilton. Nor is it needful we should say much of the manner in which his accomplished biographer, Dr. Stowell, has performed the service assigned to him. The life of Dr. Hamilton, in common with that of all men possessing any real force of character, has its lights and shadows. If his biographer has laid in some of the less favourable tints with a tender hand, he has not exaggerated—and that is saying much—the play of brilliant colouring which belongs naturally to the picture. He has discharged the trust committed to him affectionately, modestly, reverentially, and with a degree of judgment, and a literary taste, by no means so common as we could wish it to be in this department of Nonconformist authorship.

VIII. *The Certain Truth, the Science, and the Authority of the Scriptural Chronology. In Three Parts. I. A vindication of the authentic date of the Passion; in reply to two articles in the Churchman's Monthly Review; and an Astronomical Demonstration of the true era of the Seventy Weeks. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. II. Proving that the Nativity and Passion of our Lord and Saviour are the chronological foci or concentric pivots of mundane times. III. Affirming, against Chevalier Bunsen's work on Egypt, that the Chronography of the Bible is of Divine original.* By WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, Esq. 8vo, pp. 374. Seeley & Co. 1849.

Having given this title in full, we scarcely need say that the topics of the volume do not admit of discussion in this place. Learning in abundance is brought to the questions examined, and is so presented as to be entitled to attention from the Biblical student interested in such inquiries.

IX. *The Prayer Book, considered especially in reference to the Romish System. Nineteen Sermons.* By F. D. MAURICE, M.A. 12mo, pp. 209. Parker. 1849.

In this exposition of the parts of the Prayer Book which are used in public worship, Professor Maurice looks to them, as his title indicates, more in their relation to the corruptions of Romanism, than in relation to the exceptions of Protestant Nonconformists. The sermons, in this view, are such as may be expected from such a man—orthodox, intelligent, devout, and well adapted to nourish the spiritual sympathies of a thoughtful worshipper.

X. *The Pastor's Wife; a Memoir of Mrs. Sherman.* By her HUSBAND. 12mo, pp. 374. Second Edition. Gilpin. 1849.

We vitalize principle by presenting it in action, and goodness moves before us a reality, as seen in its fruits. It would not be difficult to sketch the 'ideal' of a 'Pastor's Wife;' but the best effort of that art must be cold and unimpressive, compared with the effect, on a devout spirit, of such a memoir as is before us in this volume. We could wish it to be in the hands of the wife of every pastor; our sore regret is, that so large a number of them should be in circumstances to be so far weighed down by their own cares, as to be little at liberty to emulate so excellent an example.

- XI. *Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River: being a Narrative of the Expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor to establish the 'Pacific Fur Company'; with some Account of the Indian Tribes on the Coast of the Pacific.* By ALEXANDER ROSS, one of the Adventurers. 8vo, pp. 348. Smith & Elder. 1849.

The charm of this story is its naturalness. There is no straining for effect—no working towards the intense, but what appears to be an unexaggerated picture of the light and dark, and of the mixtures of both, natural to such an adventure as that in which the author had embarked. By the aid of Mr. Ross's map and narrative, the reader may manage to become familiar with the scenes of a settler's life on the shores of the Columbia, and with the Indian tribes on the coasts of the Pacific, at much less cost than the gentleman who is here ready to introduce him to such sights.

- XII. *The History of Leicester, from the time of the Romans to the end of the Seventeenth Century.* By JAMES THOMPSON, Member of the British Archaeological Association. Royal 8vo, pp. 483. Crossby; Leicester. 1849.

Topographical works have ever been, for the most part, among the driest of the 'dry-as-dust' school of productions. Mr. Thompson has had two objects in view—to add something to the knowledge supplied by his predecessors, and to give to both their knowledge and his own, a cast that may be a little more attractive to the general reader than is found to characterize this department of author-ship. In these objects our author has succeeded considerably, and the historian in general, and especially the good people of Leicester, owe him their gratitude for what he has done.

- XIII. *Illustrations of the Divine in Christianity; a Series of Discourses, exhibiting views of the truth, spirit, and practical value of the Gospel.* By the Rev. J. R. BEARD, D.D. 8vo, pp. 305. Simpkin & Marshall.

A Critical History of Rationalism in Germany, from its origin to the present time. By AMAND SAINTES. Translated from the second edition of the French original. 8vo, pp. 379. Simpkin & Marshall. 1849.

An Introduction to the Books of the Old and New Testament. By A. SCHUMANN. Translated from the German, by the Author of the People's Dictionary of the Bible.

These are the first three volumes in the series intended for publication under the title of 'The Library of Christian Literature.' We shall allow Dr. Beard, the editor of the projected 'Library,' to state for himself the object he has in view, and also his reason for placing a volume from his own pen as preliminary to the series.

'I have only one apology to offer for thus presenting my thoughts to the public. Should strength be continued, and the necessary support be given, I am about to publish a series of works, mostly translated from the German and the French, which by their general character appear to me likely to promote a more active and healthful study of theology and religion, and afford trustworthy aid and guidance to earnest seekers after religious truth, at a period when philosophies of various kinds, and a predominant worldly spirit, have gone some way to loosen the old ties which bound the Bible and its religion to at least the outward respect of most men. In the selection of these works I must be guided by general considerations; conformity with my own opinions I must by no means require. Accordingly, in such as I have already chosen, are found representatives of Christian communions the most widely distant from each other. I have, therefore, been desirous of placing a

general statement of my religious views at the head of the series, in order that I may not be held chargeable with any opinions that I do not entertain : and I have thought it possible that there may be found readers of 'The Library of Christian Literature' who would feel more satisfied if, at the beginning, they were frankly put into possession of the views of one, who in some sense offers himself to them as a guide.— *Preface.*

Dr. Beard's theological views are not our own. He interprets the distinctive language of the New Testament in a sense much below that which we attach to it ; but it is no more than justice to state, that these 'discourses' teem with truth, which will commend itself to all Christians, with devout sentiments, and with beautiful conceptions, beautifully expressed. The 'History of Rationalism,' by Amand Saintes, has been known to scholars for some years past, and will present to the mere English reader a large amount of information, both as to the *nature* and *history* of the form of religious speculation to which it relates. The translator of Schumann's Introduction is hardly less seasonable. Of course, a work on such a subject, restricted to a single volume, must of necessity be very much a summary of results ; but the effect of the summary here given is to show, in a very satisfactory manner, that the labours of our rationalist neighbours, during the last fifty years, have not sufficed to make any considerable breach in the walls of Zion, much less to capture the city. Each subscriber to the 'Library of Christian Literature' is to receive three such volumes as are now before us for the annual contribution of one pound. Readers who wish to be acquainted with continental authorship on theology, chiefly through the medium of their own language, will find this series of works rich in material to their mind. There is not a theological student in Great Britain who should not deem it a privilege to become a subscriber to the 'Library of Christian Literature.'

XIV. *The Communion Table, or Communicant's Manual.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 12mo, pp. 233. Arthur Hall. 1849.

Dr. Cumming writes, 'There is nothing in this treatise either new, or eloquent, or grand. Its plainness is the chief recommendation of its style, and its truthfulness the only excellency of its matter.' The book is a better book than this modest description would lead the readers to expect. Its exposition of the last supper is instructive, devotional, and practical.

XV. *God in History.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 12mo, pp. 156.

This is a lecture, enlarged until it has become a small treatise. All persons deserving the name of Christians believe that God is 'in History : ' but our interpretations as to what he is doing, or what he intends, are often beside the matter. Of this, however, we are certain—under His government the right doer shall not do in vain. If it is not in our power to become prophets, it is in our power to become virtuous, devout, and to wait the result.

XVI. *Apocalyptic Sketches.* By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. 12mo, pp. 592. 1850. Fourth Thousand.

This third publication from the same author, within a very short interval, is proof enough that the pen of Dr. Cumming is in as full requisition as his oratory, especially when it is observed, that this last book in the series has now the 'Fourth Thousand' on its title-page. That works produced with such rapidity will be works to awaken anything beyond a temporary interest is not to be supposed ; but to command so wide a popularity, they must be the works of a man of talent. These 'Lectures' are thirty-five in number, each embracing a topic suggested by the history of 'the seven churches.' The work is in handsome costume, and illustrated by some neat engravings.

- XVII. *Sinai and Golgotha; a Journey in the East.* By the Rev. F. A. STRAUSS. With an Introduction by Henry Stebbing, D.D., F.R.S. 12mo, pp. 390. Blackwood. 1849.

This 'Journey' is given in a series of parts, under the following titles:—Greece—Egypt—Sinai—Jerusalem—the Promised Land—the Return Home. Mr. Strauss is an intelligent and devout Prussian clergyman; his book has been read with much interest in his own country, and cannot be read by the Christian anywhere without interest.

- XVIII. *Pilgrimage to St. Mary of Walsingham, and St. Thomas of Canterbury.* By DESIDERIUS ERASMUS. Newly translated. With the Colloquy on Rash Vows, by the same Author; and his characters of Archbishop Wareham and Dean Colet; and illustrated with Notes by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Fcap. pp. 284. Nichols & Son. 1849.

An elegant and scholarly publication, reminding us of better days in the history of such authorship. The writings of Erasmus, here translated, indicate the influence of his works on the 'new opinions' which became so characteristic of his age; and, together with the antiquarian notes supplied by Mr. Nichols, they place before us 'a feature of our early religious history, in the most approved historical manner—that is to say, from contemporary sources of information, and accompanied by the citation of his authorities.'—(*Introduction.*)

- XIX. *The Christian Emigrant.* By J. LEIFCHILD, D.D. 12mo. Tract Society.

This book consists of observations on different countries and various natural objects, with short essays, discourses, meditations, and prayers—presenting, in a pocket volume of 260 pages, a small library of science, poetry, and religious truth, adapted to the circumstances of the emigrant, both on his voyage, and when in the place of his destination. The idea of the book is excellent, and the execution is like it. We should add, that the work is a joint production, the theological and directly religious portion of it, by Dr. Leifchild, being preceded by a series of interesting chapters, treating of those natural phenomena which will come as for the first time before many an emigrant, and *should* be contemplated devoutly.

- XX. *Biblical Commentary on the Gospels, adapted especially for Preachers and Students.* By HERMANN OLSHAUSEN, D.D. Translated from the German. 8vo, pp. 560. Clarke's Foreign Theological Library.

The third volume of Olshausen. Having expressed our favourable opinion of this work before, we only need say that this volume brings the commentary to the tenth chapter of the Gospel by John.

- XXI. *General History of the Christian Religion and Church.* From the German of Dr. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. 8vo, pp. 349. Clarke's Foreign Theological Library.

This is the fifth volume of Neander, translated by Dr. Stebbing, and brings the history to the end of the seventh century.

XXII. *Horæ Paulinæ; or, the Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul evinced, by a comparison of the Epistles which bear his name, with the Acts of the Apostles, and with one another.* By WILLIAM PALEY, D.D. With Notes, and a Supplemental Treatise, intituled, *Horæ Apostolicæ*, by the Rev. T. R. BIRKS, A.M. Feap. pp. 411. Tract Society.

The *Horæ Apostolicæ*, by Mr. Birks, extends the argument of Paley to the whole of the New Testament, and forms a treatise as large as that of the Arch-deacon. The *Horæ Paulinæ* of Paley we regard as the most original and able of his works; and this supplement to it by Mr. Birks, is the most valuable production of his pen. We were pleased to see in the preface a very proper reference to the anonymous author of 'The Literary History of the New Testament.'

XXIII. *Daily Bible Illustrations; being Original Readings for a Year.* By JOHN KITTO, D.D., F.S.A. 12mo, pp. 468. Oliphant. 1850.

This is the first in a projected series of volumes, presenting short 'daily readings' on sacred history, biography, geography, antiquities, and theology. The present volume embraces readings for two months, and is restricted to the 'antediluvians and the patriarchs.' The work is elegantly printed, and the name of Dr. Kitto is a sufficient guarantee of its general worth and fitness to its purpose. 'It has been an object of much solicitude,' says the author, 'to render this work really interesting, as a reading book to the family circle, for which it is primarily designed.'

XXIV. *Windings of the Water of Life—or the Development, Discipline, and Fruits of Faith.* By GEORGE CHEEVER, D.D. Wiley. London: 1849.

We dislike the first part of this title: the second part is descriptive of the work, the other is a cumbrous piece of fancy, as unsuited to a title page as an equally cumbrous display of logic. We do not mean, however, that our readers should be prejudiced against the treatise itself on this account, for they will find that teeming with the spirit, richness, and devout feeling so conspicuous in the other works of the same author. If Dr. Cheever preaches as he writes, and if his personal manner be such as his authorship suggests, he must be a highly effective preacher.

XXV. *An Introduction to the Study of the Mind, designed especially for the Senior Classes in Schools.* By DANIEL BISHOP. 8vo, pp. 148. Longman. 1849.

Had Mr. Bishop contented himself with attempting to simplify the ascertained truths of mental science, so as to have rendered them clear, interesting, and useful to young minds, we might have applauded his effort. But in a work designed for 'the senior classes in schools,' he has laid claim to the rank of a discoverer—to such discovery as must entitle him to a precedence of all who have treated of this science before him. In his preface, and with all the emphasis of italics, he writes, 'that amongst all the labours of the learned there is not to be found any work that develops the laws which regulate the rise and succession of thought!' So it is, it seems, after all that has been said about the 'association of ideas,' and many a kindred speculation, from the time of Aristotle downwards; 'Daniel has at last come to judgment.' Mr. Bishop may mean well, but he has not measured himself modestly or wisely.

XXVI. *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography.* By the Right Hon. SIR JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B. In two vols. 8vo. Longman.

We should have noticed these volumes earlier, had we not hoped to find occasion for giving utterance more at large to some of our thoughts both concerning them and their author. The appearance of the earlier of these papers in the 'Edinburgh Review,' mark an epoch in the history of that journal. Its manner of treating religious topics previously, had evinced, almost uniformly, the ignorance, the haughtiness, and the coarseness of feeling natural to irreligious men. If religion found favour at all, it was too much as a needy personage, that could not be too sensible to the obligation conferred upon it by such gifted patronage. Other circumstances, indeed, have contributed, during the last dozen years, greatly to lower the crest of the knight in buff and blue, but Sir James Stephen gave to this change a grace and dignity that no other man could have imparted to it. The philosophy, the catholicity, the genius, and the general taste with which he treated his ecclesiastical themes, taught the writers, and not less the readers, of the 'Review,' that a man may be a priest or a puritan, a monk or a methodist, and be a man such as the world does not too often see, 'for a' that.' With him, this was no course taken to serve a turn. It was all genuine. With a philanthropic heart he gave himself, during the intervals of leisure in a most laborious life, to doing right in respect to men who were receiving somewhat hard measure from the hand of a shallow and supercilious generation. We well remember the joy with which many good men read these beautiful papers as they appeared, and we are glad to see them assigned to that distinct and permanent place to which they are entitled. We regard these volumes as among the most precious productions of the literature of England during the first half of the nineteenth century.

XXVII. *The Acknowledged Doctrines of the Church of Rome, being an Exposition of the Roman Catholic Doctrines as set forth by the esteemed Doctors of that Church.* By SAMUEL CAPPER. 8vo, pp. 608. Gilpin. 1849.

This is a book full of material bearing on the many points at issue between Protestants and Catholics, the attempt of the compiler being to convict the Church of Rome, by authorities which are generally acknowledged in that communion, of holding the obnoxious doctrines commonly imputed to her. The depositions are from the Rhemish and Douay notes on the Old and New Testaments, and are classed according to the opinions to which they relate.

XXVIII. *Our Scottish Clergy.* By JOHN SMITH, M.A. Two vols. 8vo.

These volumes include about a hundred sketches of living ministers in Scotland. To the truthfulness of some of these descriptions we can ourselves attest, and from these we draw our conclusions as to the remainder. To be really truthful they must, of course, evince considerable power of analysis, observation, and general talent. The first volume, we see, is in the second edition.

XXIX. *Apostolical Sketches.* By the Rev. THOMAS SWORDE, M.A., Rector of St. Peter's, Thetford. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 190. Parker. 1850.

The volume consists of nine discourses on incidents in the lives of the first teachers of Christianity. The various topics are discussed with calmness and judgment, and to the majority of readers will be in many respects instructive.

XXX. *A Narrative of Journeys in the Land of Israel.* By ROBERT WILLAN. Fcap, pp. 158. Houlston & Stoneman.

Mr. Willan's narrative is one of the least pretending of its kind we ever read. It consists of the simplest possible statement of what he saw and what he heard, leaving the reader to make such comparisons, or to indulge in such reflections, as the matters which come successively before him may suggest. The author possesses none of the genius of the author of 'Eothen,' and the charm of his book is, that he does not affect to be what he is not.

XXXI. *The Great Redemption; an Essay on the Mediatorial System.* By WILLIAM LEASK. 8vo, pp. 346. Green. 1849.

We scarcely need say that the subject of this essay is one of great compass, and that the view of it presented in a single volume, lightly and handsomely printed like this before us, must of necessity be a view more in outline than in completeness. The matter of the volume is broken up into more than a hundred sections, but pertinent things are said within each of these brief compartments, and the style of the author is everywhere easy, fluent, and agreeable. The treatise is well adapted to that large class of persons who are disposed towards religious reading, but to whom a big book is by no means welcome. It may be read day by day in small apportionments, and so read would supply much material for wholesome thought.

XXXII. *The London Prisons; with an Account of the more Distinguished Persons who have been confined in them. To which is added, a Description of the Chief Provincial Prisons.* By HEPWORTH DIXON.

The history of prisons has rarely been made interesting, and to most persons nothing can be more dull and unacceptable than the discourses we have about prison discipline. Yet the materials of this subject are more marked by character, romance, tragedy, than will be found in any other section of social history. Mr. Dixon has aimed to divest his subject of dullness, to give it the interest of which it is susceptible, and has endeavoured to write to a higher end than mere amusement by taking care to write so as to be read. The history of prisons is relatively the history of a people. To our readers, generally, we earnestly commend the perusal of Mr. Dixon's volume.

— XXXIII. *The Christian Philosopher triumphing over Death, a Narrative of the Closing Scenes of the Life of the late Dr. Gordon, M.D., F.L.S., of Kingston-upon-Hull.* By NEWMAN HALL, B.A. Fcap. pp. 317. Snow. 1849.

Everything done by Mr. Hall is done with fervour, but in his earnestness to reach his point immediately, and if possible at a leap, he often overlooks much which calmer, more comprehensive, and more profound thinkers cannot so easily dispense with. It is quite true that the man who would be a Christian must come to Christ as a little child, but we must contend, that even in this act our duty is, not to 'cast reasoning aside,' but to assign to it only its proper place. It is clear Dr. Gordon's *convictions* as a Christian came from his *feelings* as such, and this is one of the ways in which men are brought to piety, but only one. The more general way is, that they are turned 'from darkness unto light,' preparatory to their being turned 'from the power of Satan unto God.' It is admitted that the internal evidence of Christianity must be *felt*, or the external evidence will only witness to our condemnation—but we are anxious that both forms of proof should retain the place which God has manifestly assigned to them, that the need of both the departments

of our spiritual nature—the head and the heart—may be duly provided for. We make these observations with every kindly intention towards the author of this interesting volume, because we fear that its usefulness with the class of persons expected to be impressed by it, will be less than it might otherwise have been from the want of a little more discrimination on this point. Even

limits, but the casting away of reason is a course not more opposed to the claims of reason than to the commands of the gospel. If reflecting men may not come to Christianity in ‘a reasonable service,’ they will not come to it at all.

XXXIV. *The Crisis of Being. Six Lectures to Young Men on Religious Decision.* By the Rev. DAVID THOMAS. Green, Paternoster Row; Spink, Holborn.

The subject of these lectures is of the highest importance to all. They are, however, no commonplace productions, nor are they adapted to minds of a commonplace order. An original thinker has expressed the results of his own meditations, and they will be found to excite, suggest, and guide the thoughts of the intelligent generally, and especially of the class for whose benefit the publication is peculiarly designed.

The first lecture is on *the Mental History of Religious Decision*: this is a topic which has hitherto excited but little philosophical notice, and yet it is not merely interesting to the Christian as such, because referring to a most important epoch in his religious history, but seeing that it relates to peculiar phenomena in the history of mind, is well worthy the attention of every student of mental science. The subjects of the succeeding lectures are—the moral hindrance to religious decision—the great argument for religious decision—the unconquerable power of religious decision—the exclusive way to religious decision. On all these points the author argues with considerable vigour. It were easy to select passages full of thought and power. The work is dedicated to a ‘Young Men’s Mutual Improvement Association,’ and to all young men desirous of religious as well as intellectual improvement, it will be a valuable acquisition.

NOTES.

The Congregational Year Book for 1849, with a Calendar for 1850. Jackson & Walford.

Two hundred and fifty pages of intelligence for one shilling—the cheapest publication in the kingdom, and at the same time the most valuable to all persons who wish information of any kind about English congregationalism as it is.

The Henry Family Memorialized. By SIR JOHN BICKERTON WILLIAMS. 12mo. Tract Society.

This little volume includes, besides abridged lives of Matthew and Philip Henry, and of Mrs. Savage, short accounts of Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Tylston, Mrs. Radford, Mrs. Hutton, and Mr. John Henry, all persons of marked piety, and members of the Henry family.

Views of Calvary. By W. LEASK. 12mo. Snow. 1849.

The chapters in this short treatise are on God, Man, Christianity, Philosophy, Time, Eternity. The author has aimed, either by original composition or by extracts from the most esteemed authors, to produce a book treating on these subjects in a manner that may be useful to ‘intelligent young persons.’

The Sunday School Library. Vol. III. Lessons for Infant Classes. 12mo.

Of this book, it is sufficient to say that it is adapted to its purpose; the style, however, might have had something more of Saxon idiom in it with advantage.

The Reformer's Almanack. 1850.

Information as to how the times go, and of much in them which needs amending.

The Christian Almanack. 1850. Tract Society.

A good digest of almanack matters, without politics, either good or bad.

Captain Sword and Captain Pen, a Poem. By LEIGH HUNT. *With a new Preface, Remarks on War, and Notes detailing the horrors on which the Poem is founded.* 12mo, pp. 101. Gilpin.

The title of this book sufficiently indicates its drift; and the name of Leigh Hunt is a sufficient guarantee for its being worth reading—the mystery of existence deepens, becomes terrible, after reading such a book.

A History of Great Britain and Ireland. By HENRY WHITE. 12mo, pp. 492. Oliver & Boyd.

This is a school-book, with the usual appendices of questions for examination at the close of each chapter. It is meant to embrace an account of the present state and resources of the United Kingdom and its colonies; and the author has aimed to bring out the mind and condition of the people, assigning less space than usual to accounts of court proceedings and battles.

The Second Reformation. By the Rev. B. C. HOLLIS. 12mo, pp. 182. Partridge & Oakey. 1849.

A book of pious thoughts; but the event which is to prove the first step in the expected 'Second Reformation' is, it would seem, still to come.

The Swiss Pastor, with a Preface. By Rev. C. B. TAYLOR, M.A. Tract Society. 24mo, pp. 144.

The life of the Rev. F. A. A. Gonthier, written by his nephews, is here translated, and presents an interesting picture of the pastor's life among the Swiss mountains.

The People of Persia—Life of Alfred the Great—Life of Lavater—The Crusades—Life's Last Hours—Plants and Trees of Scripture—Characters, Scenes, and Incidents of the Reformation. Tract Society. Monthly Series.

It will be enough to give the titles of these publications—they belong to a cheap and valuable series.

The Cholera no Judgment. By SENSUS COMMUNIS. 8vo, pp. 19. Aylott & Jones.

The doctrine is old as the beginning, that prayer put into the place of duty is a superstition and a mockery; but did we believe concerning prayer after the manner of the author of this pamphlet, and some others, we should find no consistent resting-place short of ceasing to pray for anything, under any circumstances. Verily our reputed evangelical guides are becoming the patrons

of strange crotchets. It is not possible, it seems, to oppose superstition, without broaching dogmas which lead to rank naturalism, without interpreting law as a form of fatalism, with which the Geneva watchmaker sort of deity who has given it existence must not be expected to interfere. Save us, say we, from this most withering form of rationalism. Pantheism would be to us more endurable than such a creed. Our readers will find this subject presented in a scriptural light in a neat reprint of Dr. Chalmers' discourses, intitled, 'The Efficacy of Prayer consistent with the Uniformity of Nature,' published by Partridge and Oakley.

Mental Culture. By W. BEALBY. 24mo, Seventh Thousand.

This little work is strongly recommended by the Rev. Alexander Fletcher, D.D., and the Rev. Caleb Morris; and the fact that six thousand have been sold, bespeaks its fitness to its purpose. That purpose is to assist young men engaged in business to cultivate their minds to the best effect in their intervals of leisure.

Lives of Illustrious Greeks. 8vo, pp. 412. Tract Society. For the Use of Schools and Families.

A book which gives you what is most valuable in Plutarch about the great men of Greece, without the historian's heathenism, and with something Christian in the place of it.

A Catechism of Scripture History, by ISAAC WATTS, with an *Introductory Notice* by Rev. W. K. TWEEDIE. 12mo, pp. 380. Stereotype Edition. Johnstone & Co., Edinburgh.

A neat reprint of a book, which deserves the ground it is retaining both in England and Scotland.

The Depopulative System of the Highlands, its Extent, Causes, and Evil Consequences. By AN EYE WITNESS. 8vo, pp. 24. Johnstone & Co., Edinburgh.

This is a plea for the poor man, to which the rich, whom it more immediately concerns, would do well to take heed.

A New Series of Class-books, Graduated for Children of all Ages. By CHARLES BAKER, Head Master of the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Graduations I., II., III. Varty, London.

In this series of books, the aim is to lead the young mind on from the most elementary to a fuller knowledge of the contents of the Old and New Testaments. The books are distinguished from other school-books by the care bestowed in this scheme of 'graduation.'

Mamma's Lessons on the History and Geography of Palestine. By ANNA MARIA SARGEANT. pp. 154. Snow, London.

Simple and familiar conversations, aided by twenty fine engravings, on the places mentioned in Scripture.

The Moral Statistics of Glasgow. By W. LOGAN. 12mo, pp. 73.

A sad picture of the effects of intemperance on the population of Glasgow: such exhibitions of human degradation and suffering are truly appalling, but should not be more painful than salutary.

A Glance at British India. By the Rev. F. TUCKER, B.A.

Mr. Tucker was formerly missionary at Calcutta; and in this lecture, with his characteristic judgment and good taste, he has given a picture of what his eye has seen.

Sunday-School Papers, Reprinted from the Independent Magazine.
By JOHN CURWAN. 12mo, pp. 32. Ward.

This publication consists of four useful papers on the following subjects—Proposals for remodelling a Sunday-school—Infant's classes in Sunday-schools—The Look-and-Say method of teaching to read—The style of address to young children.

The Political Franchise a Public Trust. By EDWARD SWAYNE. 12mo, pp. 36. Partridge & Oakey. 1849.

This is a lecture delivered to 'working men,' and one full of wholesome counsel, distinguishing with much judgment between liberty and licence, and showing that the value even of the best institutes must depend on the spirit in which they are worked.

The Young Working Man; or a Few Words to a Farm Labourer.
12mo, pp. 128. Tract Society.

Good advice, economical, moral, and religious, for the young 'Farm Labourer.'

The Lives of Ebenezer Erskine, William Wilson, and Thomas Gillespie, Fathers of the United Presbyterian Church. 12mo, pp. 306.
Memorials of Alexander Moncrieff, M.A., and of James Fisher, Fathers of the United Presbyterian Church. 12mo, pp. 193, 270.

When we say that this cheap issue of the lives of the above-named fathers of the United Presbyterian Church is from the pen of such men as Doctors Harper, Eadie, Lindsay, Young, and Brown, we need say no more to commend them to the attention of our readers.

England in the Eighteenth Century. 12mo, pp. 438. Tract Society.

A moderate and sensible history of the reigns of the House of Hanover, from the accession of George I. to the Peace of Amiens.

The Sabbath School and Bible Teaching. By JAMES INGLIS. 12mo, pp. 219. Gall & Inglis, Edinburgh.

A book full of admirable counsel to all persons engaged in Sunday-schools, or in the instruction of the young elsewhere.

Half Hours with Old Humphry. 12mo, pp. 356. Tract Society.

And very pleasant 'half hours,' good reader, may you find them; and if they are not as profitable as pleasant, it will not be the fault of 'Old Humphry.'

The Henderson Testimony, being Five Essays by Working Men of Glasgow on the Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes. 12mo. Fullarton; and the Tract Society.

The Light of the Week, or the Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath considered in relation to the Working Classes. By JOHN YOUNGER. Fcap. Partridge & Oakey. 1849.

The Torch of Time, or the Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath in relation to the Working Classes. By DAVID FARQUHAR. Fcap. Partridge & Oakey. 1849.

These seven essays are all prize-essays on the same subject, and from the same class—the working-class. Of course they vary somewhat in merit; but as a whole they are highly honourable to the class from which they proceed. The gentlemen who offered the premiums must be satisfied that *this* portion of their substance, at least, has not been spent in vain. In *such* efforts to elevate the working-classes there must be a unity of judgment among all sober-minded Christian men. The last two essays in our list are very elegantly printed; we presume there are other impressions for general circulation.

RAGGED KIRKS.

WE feel so much interested in the kind of effort to which the above terms refer, that we readily assign a place to the following bit of history relating to it. What is done in Aberdeen might be done with like effect in all our towns.—
EDITOR.

Aberdeen has become famous for its industrial schools, which have given a powerful stimulus to the Ragged-School movement in many localities through the United Kingdom. An effort not less important, and, in the particular locality in which it has been made, not less successful, has for some time been carrying out in the same city, for the improvement of the most degraded portion of the adult population, whose vices are the occasion of there being such a class of children as fill our Ragged schools.

* In the autumn of 1847, a room was opened for religious exercises on the ground-floor of a dilapidated building in Albion-street, Aberdeen. It measured twelve feet by eight; was seated with fir-slabs, and lighted by a single candle, which stood on the preacher's small deal table. At the first meeting, about a dozen people were present, whose appearance bespoke extreme destitution. They formed part of a population set down, by common consent, as the most depraved and vicious in the community, and who had long been looked upon by every denomination of Christians as irreclaimable. Yet they listened with attention to the gospel message, and thenceforth manifested a growing interest in the weekly service.*

Fever broke out in the locality, and interrupted the services for a time. When it had subsided, the benevolent work was resumed with increased energy. A piece of ground was leased, which had been formerly the site of a penny theatre of the lowest description. A temporary chapel was erected, and intimation circulated in the district that divine service would be conducted there every Sunday evening, under the auspices of Frederick-street Congregational Church, that the 'seats were free,' and that there would be no collections. Thirty persons assembled at the first evening's service, on the second Sunday of January, 1848. Next Sunday there were sixty present, and it was soon found that the place was inadequate to accommodate those who wished to attend.

* How to organize the meetings was a subject of much consideration. . . . The idea of a self-supporting Tract Society was suggested and approved. The people were told, that if they would subscribe one halfpenny per week, their subscriptions would be applied monthly for the purchase of religious tracts, to be apportioned to each according to the amount subscribed. The philosophy of self-reliance was thus enounced, and as the names and addresses of members were to be called over every Sunday evening, a knowledge of the circumstances, and causes of absence might, for all useful purposes, thus be gained. On the second Sunday after the formation of this society, sixty names were on the roll, and that number has since been fully maintained. At the first monthly meeting, 350 tracts, besides single leaf and hymn cards, were apportioned. It was quite a scene to witness this distribution. The poor people received the little messengers of truth like men and women who felt that they had value for their money, and not with that indifference which often attends the reception of tracts bestowed as a gift. At next meeting, cheap periodical literature was introduced. By and by, the subscribers made this institute their own, and took an active part in the management. Our average monthly distribution now consists of 258 tracts, and 69 copies of various monthly magazines.—*Ragged Kirks*, pp. 5, 6.

The next step was the formation of a penny-a-week society for the purchase of Bibles. The lowest price was charged for each copy, and in the course of two months, twenty-six Bibles were subscribed for. The society prospered and extended, and the results have been wonderful. 'Since the formation of the fund, the members have subscribed six shillings in silver, sixty sixpences, 1920 pennies, 4368 halfpennies—in all £19 1s. 2½d. With this money, there

'have been bought and distributed, as each member had subscribed, 1000 anecdote tracts, 1200 Christian Penny and other magazines, 4000 tracts from four to twelve pages, 30 psalm-books, 45 New Testaments, and 160 Bibles.'

In addition to these efforts, a Sunday-school has been formed, attended by about 100 scholars; a prayer meeting is held on Monday, the service being entirely devotional, at which the usual attendance is from eighty to one hundred. A music-class is taught by two working men; a temperance society has been formed, which has been the great means of preparing the soil for the reception of the good seed; and last, and not least wonderful, certainly, a course of popular lectures has been delivered to these people, on subjects of science, morals, and domestic economy.

The practical results have corresponded to the zeal, promptitude, and wisdom of the means adopted. Mr. Barclay, superintendent of police in Aberdeen, bears testimony to 'numerous instances known at the police office, of persons habitually given to intemperance, debauchery, and crime, having been reclaimed.' The material improvement has corresponded with the moral. Men who, for years, had nothing better than fustian clothing, may now be seen with good black coats. We must mention one remarkable instance. The mason who has acted as foreman in building the new chapel, was *nine times* in prison, chiefly for assaults. Under the influence of drink, his passions were ungovernable. Since he joined this society—nearly eighteen months ago—he has continued perfectly sober, has just been married to the woman with whom he had lived for nearly twenty years, and has applied for admission to the communion of the church.

We have derived most of these facts from the small pamphlet by Mr. Wilson, editor of the 'North of Scotland Gazette,' entitled 'Ragged Kirks, and how to fill them.' Mr. Wilson has been the life of this benevolent movement; he proclaims the gospel every Sabbath to these poor people. The accommodation being insufficient for the numbers attending, he, early this season, undertook, on his own responsibility, the erection of a substantial chapel of stone and lime. It is now, we are happy to learn, nearly completed. Many of his fellow citizens have supplied him liberally with materials, and the Queen has done herself honour by a subscription of 20*l.* Besides numerous smaller sums received from persons of distinction, who seldom contribute to such objects, Lord Aberdeen has given 10*l.*, Sir Charles Forbes, 5*l.*, Sir Charles Bannerman, 5*l.*, and Sir George and Lady Grey, 3*l.*

This case supplies an interesting and encouraging example of the carrying out of the territorial system of Dr. Chalmers on the voluntary principle. The main elements of success in city missions seem to be, localized and sustained effort; and that effort primarily directed to the enlisting of the exertions of the degraded and dangerous classes in their own improvement.

